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SCOTISH PASQUILS.

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A BOOK  
OF  
SCOTISH PASQUILS.

1568-1715.



EDINBURGH:  
WILLIAM PATERSON, 74 PRINCES STREET.

MDCCCLXVIII.

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FORTY years have elapsed since the third and concluding portion of a collection of satirical pieces of poetry, usually in Scotland called Pasquils, issued from the press. From the limited impression and the destination of the greater part of the copies for private circulation, they were speedily exhausted, and for many years past, complete sets, whenever they occurred for sale, brought a much higher price than their size or merit might be supposed to warrant.

Subsequently a variety of similar verses occasionally turned up,—and it having been suggested that a new edition, containing the original text, which was in many instances inaccurate, enlarged by additional new matter, and accompanied by illustrative remarks and notes, might be acceptable to those persons who take an interest in the relics of olden times, as tending to throw some additional light upon the

history of dissensions which, for upwards of a century, so seriously affected the tranquillity of Scotland, this present Book of Pasquils is offered to the Public.

In these satires there is great coarseness of expression and bitterness of feeling, which may not be a recommendation to the general reader, but they cannot fail to interest the historical student, as preserving valuable evidence of the state of popular feeling in the reigns of Charles I. and his descendants, and as illustrating the habits and morals of the people of Scotland for upwards of a century. Rugged as the versification in many instances certainly is, there is in almost the whole of these Pasquils vigour and power, and not unfrequently the satire is cleverly pointed and merited. The only material rejection of pasquils contained in the volumes originally printed, are some indelicate attacks on the Rev. David Williamson, a divine who was bold enough to encounter matrimony seven times, and an elegy on the death of the first Duke of Argyle, omitted for its great indecency. But in a work relating to a remote period, calculated to supply matter illustrative of the state of Scotland during very turbulent times, and to elucidate passages in its civil and religious history during the seventeenth century, suppression of passages and epithets otherwise objectionable could not be justified.

The first article of the collection is taken from the Bannatyne MS. It is a satire upon the want of faith in the fair sex, and has never previously

been printed. Similar productions might have followed, but their introduction would have extended the work far beyond the limits originally contemplated, and excluded the principal object in view, which was to collect together those fugitive and evanescent pieces which, although now existing only in manuscript, at one period, no doubt, were circulated in the guise of single sheets, denominated broadsides, and were scattered over the country with a lavish hand during the contest betwixt the Episcopalians and the Covenanters, which originated in the ill-judged attempt of Archbishop Laud to force the Service Book upon the denizens of North Britain. A very few of these broadsides, believed to be unique, are still preserved in Sir James Balfour's collection of State Papers in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

The verses relating to these times are generally interesting,—neither are those less so which followed upon the restoration of Episcopacy in 1660, and the repudiation of the Solemn League and Covenant. After the Revolution, when William of Orange patronised the doctrines of Calvin, the tables were again turned, and the Jacobites consoled themselves by libelling the Monarch who had saved them from Papal supremacy, and by abusing those eminent persons who had aided him in a measure which, however unpalatable to the advocates of the divine right of kings, had the beneficial effect of saving the monarchy. Specimens of these effusions form not the least valuable portion of the present volume.

The “*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*,” may ex-

plain the love the nation had for satirical ballads and songs—a passion which may be traced to a remote date. A pasquinade by the Scots upon Edward I. was the cause of the dreadful vengeance that monarch took upon the unlucky citizens of Berwick. The defeat of his effeminate son at Bannockburn produced verses in derision of the conquered. Unfortunately all that remain in both instances are fragments.

Many admirable specimens of satire occur in Dunbar, who may fairly take his place as one of the greatest poets of his native land. Sir David Lyndsay's satire of the Three Estates, boldly given to the world at a period when its Author might have suffered for his opinions, contains passages of great coarseness;—but to this charge even the great reformer himself is obnoxious, as those readers who have perused his reasoning with the Abbot of Crosraguel must be perfectly aware. Lyndsay sowed the seeds of that reformation, which gradually germinated, and which, under the fostering care of Knox and his associates, came to maturity, and latterly spread almost over all Scotland.

The same monarch who patronised Sir David Lyndsay, nearly got himself into trouble with his uncle, Henry the Eighth, for certain libels and ballads alleged to have been written against him by some of his Scotch subjects. James condescended to address Lord Wharton, the Warden of the West Marches between England and Scotland, on the subject, and in a letter to that nobleman, expressed his disbelief of the verity of the accusation. But in a later epistle



of the same monarch, addressed to the Bishop of Landaff, his Majesty evidently had arrived at a different conclusion, as he intimated to his Lordship that he would take every measure in his power to find out the authors, and would put down the circulation of the libels in every way he could devise. Both of these letters, which are preserved among the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum, will be found in the Appendix.

At a later date the publication of libellous verses again formed the subject of complaint, and government interfered, especially pointing out two of the most offensive, "Pasculus," and "The Bair." As no copies of these have come down to posterity, their nature can only be guessed at, but that "Pasculus" is just the Scotch word Pasquil latinised can hardly be doubted. In Zedler's Universal Lexicon there is this definition of the word Pasquil, "a paper written by a concealed author *animo Infamandi*, accusing a party of a crime which would result in '*infamia*' or loss of honour in the person accused."

King James VI. had so great a dislike to compositions of this kind, that he suppressed them on every occasion when he had the means of so doing. Shortly after his accession to the English throne, a flight of arrows sharply pointed was directed from Scotland against his Majesty's English subjects, intended, as he thought, to perpetuate the bad feeling which had previously existed between the two nations. With the view of extinguishing any further abuse of the kind, he, with consent of Parliament, passed the curious

act which will also be found in the Appendix, and which has been disinterred from the valuable but cumbrous edition of the Scottish Statutes, published under the authority of Parliament, by the late Thomas Thomson, Esq., Deputy Clerk Register.

Neither did James allow foreigners to indulge in satires, where the honour and dignity of Scotland was assailed. Of this there is a singular instance in the case of a Pole, by name Stercovius, who was capitally punished for having ventured to defame the Scottish nation. It appears that Stercovius had been induced to visit Scotland, where he met with anything but a hospitable reception. His retaining the costume of his country exposed him to derision, as we learn from a scarce poem, entitled a "Counter Cuff to Lysimachus Nicanor,"\* where it is stated that :—

"Hither he came, clad all in antique sort,  
Where, seen in streets, the subject of a sport  
He soone became to childish gazers, who,  
With skricchs and clamours, hiss him to and fro,  
Till forced he was with shame and speed to pack him,  
And to his feet and loathsome cabin take him."

As might be expected, on returning home, he penned and published "A Legend of Reproaches" against the nation by which he had been insulted. The fact of publication having come to the ears of King James, he was at great pains to procure the punishment of the enraged satirist, and in this he was successful. This vindictive act is said to have cost the King the

\* Printed in 1640, 4to.

large sum of six hundred pounds sterling; but in what way it was expended is not easy to imagine, unless bribery of foreign officials was resorted to.

This sum his Majesty very ingeniously tried to impose upon the Royal Burghs of Scotland; and there is preserved in the Charter-Chest of the City of Edinburgh, an extract of a decreet of the Lords of the Secret Council, dismissing the claim: their Lordships having adopted the views urged by the Burghs, that they “can nawyse be Judges Competent to cognosce on this caus, in respect the same is foundit upon the payment of ane soume of money and not upoun ane fyne for ony ryot comitit be thame, and thairfore should be remittit to the Judge-ordiner; and farder, it was allegit be the saidis commissionaris, that the said actionn was foundit upon ane impositioun upon the burrowis of this realme, being ane of the three estates of this kingdome, without the consent of the saidis estatis, quhilk could nawyse be done bot be ane generall conventioun of the same, or ane Parliament, and thairfore that the saidis Lords of Secrete Counsaill could be nawyse Judges Competent in this matter.” Accordingly, their Lordships “findis and declairis that they are nawyse Judges in the said Caus, and thairfore have remitted and remittes the decisions thairof to the Judge Competent.”

In the poem from which we have already made an extract, Stercovius’ libel consisted of:—

“A legend of reproaches stuff’t with lies,  
Was bold to print and vent those calumnies

Against the Scots, their manners, and their fame,  
Of purpose to obscure their splendid name,  
In all that Easterne clyme and tract of ground,  
Where squadrons of our nation did abound;  
Whence some choice men of ours did take in hand.  
To supplicat the Princes of that land,  
Their wrong for to redresse, so with great paine,  
Great search, and length of time, their point they gaine,  
For all vaste *Teutons'* states, the *Spruch*, the *Dan*,  
Dispatch, and arme with power some trustie man,  
Stercovius to pursue in any ground,  
Take and arraigne him where he may be found,  
Which is with great turmoil and travell done:  
Yet things well acted are performed soone.  
For this the Fox hunted from hole to hole,  
At length is catch't and unresolv'd did thole  
His head's divorce, which from his body fell  
Low to the ground: his soul I cannot tell  
Which way it went, for most unworthie I  
That should into the Eternal's secrets pry.

Every effort has been made to procure this satire of Stercovius, thus proved to have been printed, but without success. It is not however impossible that a solitary copy may one of these days turn up unexpectedly. It is interesting to learn that at the particular date of the libel, 1619, there were "squadrons" of the Scotch nation abounding in Poland, and probably scattered over the Teutonic states. Germany was a place of refuge during the religious burnings of Mary Tudor, and one branch of the unfortunate race of Ruthven found protection there, after the unexplained mystery called the Gowrie conspiracy compelled those of the name to fly from Scotland.

The individual by whose active exertions principally Stercovius was brought to execution, was Patrick Gordon, who at that time was the King's resident in Poland and author of the history of "The Valiant Bruce," written in heroic verse, and printed at Dort 1615, 4to. It is not unlikely that this gentleman got no small portion of the six hundred pounds sterling, which his Majesty asserts was expended in getting this unfortunate Pole put to death. He may have been the distributor of the money amongst the judicial functionaries abroad, taking care to keep, after the modern parliamentary fashion at elections, no inconsiderable portion to himself,—as the first Earl of Breadalbane is believed to have done with cash paid by the English Government to him to pacify the Highland chieftains. It is some satisfaction to think that his sapient Majesty was unable to recover the sum from the Royal burghs, and that the Lords of the Privy Council, who at that time had a sort of jurisdiction in such matters, were bold enough not to countenance the demand.

In July 1618 Thomas Ross or Roiss, a son of the deceased John Ross of Craigie, composed a Thesis in Latin which he caused to be published, and proposed to defend before the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, "and other places," the object of which was in "ten several abominable articles," to shew the propriety of expelling all Scotchmen from England, excepting the King, "his sone, and ane verrie few otheris." This Thesis he affixed "upoun the Marie kirk doors upon a Thursday, as the people were

skailing fra the sermone, and as Doctor Godwene, Vice-Chancellour of the Universitie of Oxford, was coming out of the Kirk, to the intent the samyn nicht be publicklye red and dispersit amangst his majesties subjects of England."

It thus would appear that the act, if criminal in reality, was committed in England, where undoubtedly it ought to have been tried, and there is no averment in the indictment that it was in any manner connected with Scotland, excepting that it proposed to eject Scotsmen from England: neither was it averred that the Thesis was put up at any of the Scottish Universities. Nevertheless the Author, who admitted what he had done, was tried before the Court of Justiciary in Scotland upon the 20th of August following, and was convicted; "the Assyse having rypelie and at length advyset therewith, together with the villanious and infamous Pasquell or Thesis and damnable appendices subjoined thairto; his judicial confessioun and acknowledging thair of," &c. Sentence was delayed until the 10th of September following, perhaps with the view of ascertaining the wishes of the King as to the punishment, which was that the youth should be taken to the Cross of Edinburgh, and there, upon a scaffold, have first his right hand struck off, next be decapitated, his head to be "set upone ane irne prick, upone the Nether-Boll-Port; and his said richt hand to be also affixit upone the West Port of the said Burgh of Edinburgh," which humane sentence was duly carried into execution.

The object in transferring Ross from an English to

a Scottish Criminal Court is plain enough. It was not probable that he would be convicted by an English jury, whereas a Scottish one would have no scruples on the subject. The sapient Monarch consequently did not choose to run the risk of any acquittal, and although the publication of the Thesis, or Pasquil as the jury term it, was at Oxford, the victim was dragged to Edinburgh, tried there, convicted and murdered by form of law.

No copy of the Thesis can now be found, the one used on the trial with the reasons appended, after being considered by the jury, was returned to the Lord Advocate. So, like the satire of Stercovius, the Thesis of Ross has also disappeared, and can only be found in the moon, where, as the Italian poet says, things lost on the earth uniformly go.

The sources from which the Pasquils in this volume have been derived, are mentioned in the prefatory remarks prefixed to each article. To Sir James Balfour of Denmylne, the Lord Lyon, we are chiefly indebted for the early portions of the contents of the volume. He was a Presbyterian, and consequently inimical to Episcopacy, which may account for his preserving so very carefully, the scandalous, and for the most part, unjust attacks upon the Bishops, many of whom were eminent for their piety, learning, and virtue. But then as now partizanship has the singular and uniform effect of creating blindness, and although Sir James was a worthy man and a staunch upholder of the monarchy, his perceptions were too much affected by his defective vision, as he could only

see what was progressing by the assistance of Covenanted Spectacles.

A similar remark may be made as regards Robert Mylne, from whose Manuscripts the greater part of the concluding portion of this volume has been taken. An uncompromising adherent of the House of Stewart, he had no sympathy with its political opponents, of none of whom he was inclined to speak well. Some account of his life will be found in the Appendix. That so little is now known of one who was held in estimation by the learned men of his time, shews the vanity of all sublunary things, and proves—if proof were requisite—that the lapse of a very few years removes all remembrance of persons who figured in their day as eminent in their various vocations.

Since the text was finished there has been found in a volume of the State Papers from Denmylne, now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, a pasquil which had previously escaped notice, in consequence of the defective state of the catalogues of Manuscripts preserved in that very valuable but neglected collection. As it was too late to be put in its proper place, the Editor has inserted it at the end of these remarks. The date must be previous to the year 1639, as Wentworth is called by that name, and not by that of Strafford, which title he obtained in March 1639, when at the same time he was made a Knight of the Garter. He was introduced as an Earl to the House of Lords 18th April following, that is to say, 1640, the year then commencing on the 25th of March preceding.



THE following is the Title of this Black-Letter  
Pasquil :—

BRITAINE AND IRELAND'S LAST ADEW  
TO ROME, AND BABEL'S CURSED CREW.

Since Jock and Jack, by happie chance,  
Are joynd in amitie :  
You Popish Monsieurs march to France,  
You Dons to Castalee.  
Let Romish frogs return to Rome,  
And meane them to the Pope :  
If here they haunt, expect a doome,  
No better nor a rope.

Our Irish Shane with weeping eye,  
Moanes he lov'd Rome so long :  
And now to God and Britaine he  
Regraits his woes and wrong,  
Entreating them for Christ's blest woundes,  
That he reliev'd may be,  
From error's pits wherein he swoons,  
Least blinded there he die.

For why ? in Turkie, Rome, nor Spain,  
Was not such eruelitie,  
Nor for God Saints such barbarous pain,  
Such shame and miserie.  
Such grinding of the poor one's face,  
Such plots of Church and State,  
Unpunished were within no place,  
As in our land of late.

Trueman to God and to his King,  
Did at Knockfergus die ;  
And there a spectacle did hing,  
Whiles traitours honoured be.  
March on brave Jock, thy lot is so,  
God's game for to begin :  
To free thyself and brethren two,  
From that proud man of sin.

Jack use thy time and busie be,  
To chase these frogs away,  
And with brave Jock bear company,  
Who will thee lend a day.  
At Tyne he'll on thy service stay,  
While thou well settled be,  
And for Schan's sake alongs the way,  
To Dublin march with thee.

Those Romish Brambles to root out,  
Which have overgrown that land,  
And Wentworth's weeds to dig about,  
Which in Christ field there stand.  
And when brave Jock returns from Tyne,  
And Schane from Rome set free,  
Jock will with Jack march to the Rhyne,  
The Palsgrave's bounds to see.

There to avenge the woes and wrong  
Of our Eliza faire,\*  
Whose Princely race born down so long  
Is by the Spainiard there.

\* Elizabeth of Bohemia.

I hope our Lyon once will wake,  
And with his Libbards\* strong,  
His sister's case to take to heart  
His martiall thoughts among.

The pricking Thistle shall convoy  
Christ's Eusignes to those bounds :  
And Hiber's Harps with greatest joy  
Shall warble forth their sounds.  
O if that blessed day would daw,  
Which Jock and Jack would see,  
Then they with courage in a raw  
Should march to Germanie.

To clip the Eagle's soaring wings,  
And curbe in pridefull Spaine,  
Then he as God in Rome who reignes  
Shall fall, not rise againe.  
The Lord who hath this work begun,  
Make it perfited be ;  
And when these troublous times are done,  
End Sion's miserie.

Amen, quoth he, who prayes these three,  
By God conjoin'd in unitie,  
May still in one Religion  
Fear God, under one tripled Crown :  
That *Dagon* heer as he hath been.  
May neer God's ark no more be seen,

\* Leopards.



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THE BOOK  
OF  
SCOTISH PASQUILS.





## WOMAN'S TRUTH.

THESE verses occur in the Bannatyne MS.,\* and have never previously been printed. Their object is to satirize the fair sex, by stringing together a variety of impossibilities which finish with a declaration, that if ever realized, then "women will be trew." The author never imagined that two centuries and a half afterwards, a blind man might be taught to read a "buke alane," or that dogs could be instructed to perform stranger things than "tell pennies."

\* Page 135.

Some of the words used are not common. "Malwart," does not frequently occur; it is presumed to mean Moudie-wart, or Mole. Maw—a Sea-Maw or Gull. Hurcheon—a Hedge-hog. The slakes are waste lands bordering on the seashore, which are covered with water when the tide comes in. The word is common in Northumberland, where the slakes between the Mainland and Holy Island, are much frequented by sportsmen for wild-duck shooting.

Probably the most curious portion of this strange production is the handless man playing at Caichpule—evidence of the antiquity of the game of tennis—still popular in Scotland.

I geid the gait wes nevir gane  
 I fand the thing wes nevir fund  
 I saw vnder ane tree bowane  
 A lowss man lyand bund

Ane dum man hard I full lowd speik  
 Ane deid man hard I sing  
 Ze may knaw by my talking eik  
 That this is no lesing

And als ane blind man hard I reid  
 Vpoun a buk allane.  
 Ane handles man I saw but dreid  
 In caichpule faste playane.

As I come by zone forrest flat  
 I hard thame baik and brew.  
 Ane rattoun in a window satt  
 Sa fair a seme coud schew (sew)



And cummand by loch lomont huch  
Ane malwart tred<sup>1</sup> a maw,  
Gife ze trow not this sang be suth  
Speir ze at thame that saw.

I saw ane guss virry a fox  
Rycht far doune in yone slak.  
I saw ane lavrock slay ane ox  
Richt hie up in zone stak.

I saw a weddir wirry (a) wouf  
Heich up in a law.  
The kitting with her meikle mowth  
Ane scoir horne lowde scho blaw

The partane with her mony feit  
Scho spred the muk on feild.  
In frost and snaw, wind and weit  
The lapstar deip furris teild

I saw baith bukk, da, and ra<sup>2</sup>  
In mercat skarlet sell.  
Twa leisch of grewhoundis I saw alswa  
The pennyis doun cowl tell.

I saw ane wran ane watter maid  
Her clais wer kiltit hie  
Vpoun her bak ane milstane braid  
Sche bure, this is no lie.

<sup>1</sup> *Tred*—Pursue or chase.

<sup>2</sup> I saw both buck, doe, and roe.

The air [hare?] come hirpland to the toun  
The preistis to leir to spell.  
The hurchoun to the kirk maid boun  
To ring the common bell.

The mowss grat that the cat wes deid  
That all her kin mycht rew.  
Quhen all thir tailis ar trew in deid  
All Wemen will be trew.



## THE FOUR ARCHBISHOPS OF ST. ANDREWS.

From the Rev. John Row's Kirk-History.\* The "godly fact" of the assassination of Cardinal Bethune, came off in his own palace at St Andrews, on Saturday, 29th May 1546. His successor was John Hamilton, a natural son of James, Earl of Arran, by a lady of the name of Boyd, said by Keith to have been of a good family in Ayrshire. He was a staunch adherent of Queen Mary, and having, after the battle of Langside, taken refuge in Dumbarton Castle, was surprised by his enemies, carried to Stirling, and there hanged on a gibbet, the first of April, 1572. He was the author of a catechism, printed at his own expense, at St. Andrews, in small 4to, black letter, 29th August 1552. A work of which only a few copies can now be found, and valuable for its having been written in "the Vulgar Tongue."

Patrick Adamson, a native of Perth, a man of cultivated mind, was made Archbishop of St Andrews in the year 1576. In Sir John Graham Dalziel's *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, there has been printed a contemporary MS. called the legend of the Archbishop of St Andrews, a most scandalous production. It has the initials R. S. at the end, meaning perhaps Robert Semple, the author of the Testament of King Henrie Stewart, which was printed by Lekprevik, at Edinburgh, shortly after the murder of that ill-fated youth. Adamson died in the year 1591. After his death the rents of the Archbishoprick were pocketed by the Duke of Lennox, and a successor was not appointed until 1606, when George Gladstones or Gledstones was translated from Caithness to St Andrews.

Row's opinion of this dignitary will be found prefixed to the Epitaph on his memory, page 12.

### EPITAPHIUM.

Restis Hamiltonum necat, ensis ut ante Betonum,

Diraque Adamsonum sustulit ecce fames.

Quid tibi Gladstoni quarto tua fata relinquunt ?

Hæredem cum te tres statuere trium.

Dira fames, crux prisca ; novum nova fata decebunt,

Flammæ animam, comedent, pingua colla canes.

Englished thus:—

The bastard Bishop Hamiltoun was hang'd,

And Cardinall Beatoun stob'd,

Proud Adamson with famine much

Of all comfort was rob'd,

Gladstane's thou'rt fourth, thy destinie

What hes it left to thee ?

For certainlie wee'll serve thee heire

To all the former three :

Famine and gallows are not enough,

Some new wrath waits for thee :

By hellish flames thy soule, by doggs,

Fat-necke, devoured bee.

## THE LEGEND OF LIMMERS' LIVES.

See Row's "Kirk History," p. 295.

Heir is a breefe but a most true narration,  
 Of the Scots Bishops' lives and conversation ;  
 First to the erection of old Abbacies  
 They all consented and of Priories,  
 Only to get their own erections past :  
 Though now them to undoe they seek at last,  
 Next, they are *puræ Fidei transgressores*,  
 Whereas they should be *Fidei defensores*,  
 Make rhetorick of ane oath, swear and forswear,  
 Recks not God's mercies nor his judgements fear.  
 To eat, to drink, to card, to dice, to play  
 In Princes Courts *placebo* night and day,  
 They endeavour *et vigilante cura*,  
 Daylie to seeke for *castra, prata, rura*,  
 Thus they desire to be *Episcopati*,  
 In nothing else but to be *elevati* ;  
 And though God's Law cryes *ne quis perjuraret*,  
*Ne quis adulterium furtumve patraret*,  
 Yet they lyke hirelings seek but *gregis lanam*.  
 And live prophanlie, *sectantes viam vanam* ;  
 Yea, they doe ride *per multas mundi plagas*,  
 To get great pomp and leave their ounge sheep *vagas*,  
 I know they'll say they have their substituts,  
 But I say these are not Christ's constituts ;  
 For they are not with libertie electit,  
 But contrair wayes intrusively erected ;

Thus though they seem to have true religion,  
 Yet craftillie in them they hyde ambition.  
 [And as for] those who their blest ministrie  
 Discharges well, for not conformitie  
 Before the High Commission they are called,  
 Confyned, deprived, imprisoned, and thralld.  
 Thus from a worse estate to worse they fall,  
 And so but change may look for worst of all.]\*

### PASQUIL AGAINST THE BISHOPS, 1610.

The following lines form a suitable supplement to the Legend of Limmers. They were for the first time printed in Row's History.

What shall we say now when we see,  
 The preachers of humilitie,  
 With pompe practise the Papall pride,  
 With potentats to sit and ryde,  
 And strive for state in Parliament,  
 Like lords in their abulziement,  
 They blew against the Bishops lang,  
 And doctrine in the people dang;  
 That Ministers should not be Lords,  
 But now their words and works discords,  
 Their braverie breaks their owne Kirke acts,  
 Such change mal-contentment makes,  
 Fy on that faith that turns with tyme,  
 Turne home, and I shall turne my ryme.

\* From Maitland Club edition of "Row's Historie."

## ANDRO MELVILL'S PASQUIL, 1608.

Melville admitted the authorship of the following lines, which had found their way into the hands of James I. He attacked subsequently Barlow, Bishop of Gloucester, who had eulogized Prelacy and panegyricized Archbishop Bancroft.

He concludes his last, but not particularly brilliant, Epigram as follows :

Praxitiles Venerem pinxit Divamne lupamve ?  
Pastorem Barlo pinxerat anne lupum ?

'Tis asked, did Praxitiles paint a goddess or an whoore,  
Did Barlo paint a pastor, or a wolf that doth devour

Andro was lodged in the Tower of London for his handiwork, which, to say the least of it, was both uncalled for and impertinent.

Cur stant clausi Anglis libri duo, regia in ara  
Lumina cœca duo, pollubra sicca duo ?  
Num sensum cultumque Dei tenet Anglia clausum  
Lumine cœca suo, sorde sepulta sua ?  
Romano et ritu dum regalem instruit aram  
Purpureum pingit religiosa lupam.

Thus translated :—

On Kingis chappell altar stands  
Blind candlestick, closed book,  
Dry silver basons, two of each  
Wherefore says he who looks ?

The minde and worship of the Lord  
Doth England so keep closse  
Blind in hir sight and buried in  
Hir filthiness and drosse ?  
And while with Roman rites sho doth  
Her tiny altar dresse  
Religiously a purpur'd whoore  
To trim she doth professe.\*

\* Row, p. 236.





## ARCHBISHOP GLADSTANES' EPITAPH.

From the Wodrow edition of Row's "Historie of the Kirk of Scotland," 1842, 8vo, p. 303. It is prefaced thus:—"Anno 1615 in the moneth of Maie, Mr George Gladstones, Archbishop of St Androis, departed this life. He lived a filthie bellie-god ; he died of a filthie and loathsome disease. In the tyme of his sickness he desyred not any to visit him, or to speak comfortablie to him, neither that they should pray publickly for him ; but he left a supplication behind him to the King that he might be honourable buried, and that his wife and bairns might be helped, because of his great povertie and debt at his death, (behold the curse of God, on Bishops' great rents and revenues). All whilk was done, for albeit his filthie carion behoved to be buried instantlie after his death, be reason of the most loathsome case it was in ; yet the solemnitie of the funeralls was made in the moneth of Junii following. The day of the funeralls being a windie and stormie day, blew away the pall that was caried above his head, and marred all the honours that was caried about his coffin."

The Rev. gentleman, after declaring that the poor Archbishop was "a wyld filthie bellie-god beast," concludes with his Grace's evening prayer, which the reader will find on page 304 of this curious specimen of "Kirk" History, but which is much too coarse for repetition here.

Judging by the calumnies lavished upon all church dignitaries by their opponents, it may be assumed that Gladstones great crime was being an Archbishop, and a staunch upholder of Episcopacy. He was a Dundee man—had been a minister at Arbroath in Angus, afterwards at St Andrews ; from whence he was made Bishop of Caithness, and ulti-

mately translated to St Andrews. Whether he was of the old southern families of Gledstanes of that Ilk, and of Cocklaw, in Tweeddale, supposed to be extinct in the male line, is uncertain. Nisbet says, "Gladstanes of that Ilk bears argent, a savage's head couped, distilling drops of blood, and there-upon a bonnet, composed of bay and holly leaves, all proper, within an orb of eight martlets, *sable*, crest—a griffin issuing out of a wreath holding a sword in its right talon—proper. Motto, 'Fide et virtute.'" A martlet, in Latin "*merula*, is counted one of the birds of passage that goes and comes to countries at certain seasons of the year, as the green plover or doterel." The bleeding head of the Saracen points to the crusades, and the martlets indicate that the Gladstanes were a flighty and fickle race."

THE EPITAPH OF MR GEORGE GLADSTANES, WHO  
TOOK UPON HIM TO BE A BISHOP IN THIS THEIR  
LAST RISING, 1610.

Here lyes beneath thir laid-stanes,  
The carcase of George Glaid-stanes,  
Wherever be his other half,  
Loe here, yee's have his Epitaph.

Heavens abject, for he was an earthlie beast,  
Earth's burthen for his bellie was his god,  
A Bacchus Bishop for a fleshlie feast,  
And for religion, but a Romish rod,  
Als false in heart, as fyrie in his face,  
Of civill conversation the shame,  
And lacked, what he lov'd be stylled, Grace,  
His life was still repugnant to that name ;  
As by his death his life ye may determine,  
A lazie life draws on a lowsie death,  
A fearful thing ! sith vile Herodian vermine,  
Did stop that proud presumptuous Prelat's breath.

## PASQUILLUS CONTRA EPISCOPOS,

1638.

THE Latin Pasquil upon the Scottish Bishops, according to Sir James Balfour, of Denmyln, amongst whose manuscript collections it was found, \* “was written by Ja. Cleye, School-master of Dundee, in Appryle 6, 1638.” It is in one or two places not very intelligible, the paleness of the ink having made it difficult to decypher.

The translation that follows is also from the Balfour MSS., but the name of the author has not been given. In violence it exceeds the original. Both poems are singular illustrations of the extent to which religious intolerance can be carried.

Atheus Andreas est, Stultus Glasgua, Brechin

Moechus, Edinensis Saccus Avaritiæ est,  
Gallua papista est, Dives Caledonius auri.

Aulicus est Rossen : Lismoriensis ædax.

Pauper Aberdonius : Morravius vafer : ebriæ satis  
Dumblanen : fraudem dira Sodora ferax.

Arcum Orcus tractat, Cathaneus pharma, Christi  
(Proh pudor) his sacrum prostituisse gregem.

Atheus Andreas tremit et mens conscia rupti

Fœderis, vltorem non cupit esse Deum.

Glasgua stultescit cerebri nutritius humor

Fluxit, et huic barba gravis est caputque leve.

Mœchatur Brechin, sponsi contemptor Jesu,

Servet legitimi quomodo jura thori

\* Pasquinades, MS., 19, 3, S.

Parcus Eden et anarus auct terrena ; nec vlla est  
Turgidula Christum prendere cura manu.  
Gallua papanus quare est ? Immite furentis  
Ingenium Recto non petit astra pede.  
Cur dives Caledon ? favet huic nam Plutus amico  
Post habito coluit quod sua regna Jove.  
Aulicus est Rosseu : pater illi et Regia cœli  
Sordet, honor, comites, principis aula placet.  
Hic patre plebeio, furiosa mater, catellus  
Prodiit, et fulmen fronte minasque gerit.  
Cur gula tam Argadio cordi est, quin quamlibet offam  
Vir pius et simplex autumat esse deum  
Vexat Aberdonium paupertas, quasque parabat  
Divitias animæ pro capione volant.  
Cur Morravius vafer est, putat ipsum demona tectius  
Vincere, et incautos caliditate viros.  
Ebibis et laticem Lambis Dumblane, Gehennæ  
Nec memor addiscis hic tolerare sitim.  
Insula quod gignat fraudes, nihil ipse moretur  
Infamis vitium est muneris atque soli  
Demon erat Christi, ex duodenis vnus, et omnis,  
Militat hæc stygio turba scelesta Deo.  
Arcum Orcus tractat ; Recte collimat, at illi  
Nervus amor, Christus mæta, sagitta fides  
Corporis atque Animæ curas Cathanæ salutem  
Præsulis et mediî munera solus obis.

## THE PASQUIL AGAINST THE BISHOPS VERSIFIED.

The insane extent to which hatred of Episcopacy was carried in Scotland at the time of the Glasgow Assembly can hardly be better instructed than by the following liberal versification of the preceding Pasquil, which is more of a paraphrase than a translation.

One of the excellent persons libelled was Bishop Wedderburn, a native of Dundee, who studied for some time either in Oxford or Cambridge. He was a prebendary of Whitechurch, in the Diocese of Wells in 1631, subsequently Professor of Divinity at St Andrews and Bishop of Dunkeld. After his deposition he returned to England, where he died the next year, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, with the following Inscription on his gravestone, within the chapel of the Virgin Mary :—

Reverendissimus in Christo Pater  
Jacobus Wedderburnus, Taoduni  
In Scotia natus, Sacelli Regii  
Ibidem Decanus. Dumblanensis  
Sedis per annos IV Episcopus :  
Antiquæ probitatis et fidei ;  
Magnumque ob excellentem  
Doctrinam ; patriæ suæ ornamentum.

In explanation of this Scottish Deanery, Bishop Russell, in his edition of Keith (p. 182), remarks in a note “that he was Dean of the chapel-royal, only as he was Bishop of Dumblane, and this Deanery was annexed by King James VI., whereas it was formerly in the See of Galloway.”

From the Bishop having been a native of Dundee, it is no unreasonable conjecture that he may have been a descendant of the James Wedderburn of that place, who is mentioned, under the year 1540, by Calderwood as the author of many "comedies and tragedies in the Scottish Tongue" exposing the corruptions of Popery.

Sydserff was successively Bishop of Brechin and Galloway.<sup>1</sup> He was deposed by the Glasgow Assembly, but, upon the Restoration, was translated to Orkney. He was the only Scottish Bishop that survived the Restoration. He died in Edinburgh in 1663. His body lay in state in St Giles's Church, and a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion by Mr William Annan.

The Bishop was the father of the versatile and clever Thomas Sydserff, author of a comedy called "Tarugo's Wiles," 1668, 4to, which was successful in London, and which is highly eulogized in the curious little volume entitled "Covent Garden Drollery." He was the compiler of the *Mercurius Caledonius*—the first newspaper printed in Scotland, and of which a complete set, forming a small 4to volume, will be found in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. During the great Civil War he was a valuable adherent of the monarchy; for, assuming various disguises, he traversed

<sup>1</sup> Sydserff was a man of learning and probity. He was unpopular for his exertions to introduce the liturgy, and was nearly murdered on the streets of Edinburgh by an infuriated rabble. His pupil, Lord Traquair, coming to his assistance, was soon in as bad a plight as the Bishop, the multitude shouting out, to his Lordship's infinite horror, "God defend those that defend God's cause! God confound the service-book, and all the maintainers of it!" Both the Peer and the Bishop would have been torn to pieces had assistance not been procured. The lapse of more than two centuries has not abated that intolerance which, under the guise of religion, has proved so injurious to Christianity.

the country to procure intelligence for the Royalists, in which employment he was generally successful. He was very serviceable to Montrose, a fact which Sydserrf brings under the notice of the second marquis in his dedication to him of a translation from the French entitled "The entertainment of the Cours," London, 1658, and which is also mentioned in the "Covent Garden Drollery," 1672, p. 84 :—

Once like a *Pedlar*, they have heard thee brag,  
How thou didst cheat their sight and save thy crag,  
When to the great Montrose, under pretence  
Of Godly *bukes*, thou brought intelligence.

He was also the manager of a Play-house in the Canongate in 1669, and there has been privately printed in the Abbotsford Miscellany, from the records of the Court of Justiciary, a report of certain criminal proceedings which were instituted for an assault by one Mungo Murray upon him whilst engaged in the Theatre.

Sydserrf does not appear to have reaped much, if any, pecuniary recompense for his services, and it is not unlikely that he shared the same fate with hundreds who had devoted their energies to the cause of the Stewarts, and who never obtained any recompense for having been so simple.

John Guthrie, the Bishop of Moray, was an excellent and benevolent person. Having a fine estate, which came to him by descent, he was independent in his circumstances, and the loss of his Bishoprick, as affecting his pecuniary resources, did not matter much. He incurred the resentment of the Pious folk because he had in 1633 preached in a surplice before the King a sermon, in the High Church of Edinburgh. He was ordered by the Glasgow Assembly to make a public repentance in the Metropolis for this enormity, under penalty of excommunication. Not choosing to admit

either the authority of the Assembly, or the heinousness of his offence, he refused to obey the Zealots, who deposed him. The necessary consequence was, he suffered the penalty of his disobedience, which, as it did not touch his person, or materially affect his pocket, was of no consequence whatever. He held the See from 1623 until his deposition in 1638. He then took up his abode in Spynie Castle, but in 1640 was forced to surrender it to Colonel Mouro, and retire to his own house of Guthrie, in the parish of Arbroath and county of Forfar, where he died peaceably before the Restoration.

St Andrews<sup>1</sup> is an Athiest, and Glasgow<sup>2</sup> is ane gouke :  
A Vencher Brechin :<sup>3</sup> Edinburgh<sup>4</sup> of auarice a pocke.  
To popery prone is Galloway :<sup>5</sup> Dunkeld<sup>6</sup> is rich in  
thesaure,

<sup>1</sup> Spottiswoode, translated from Glasgow to St. Andrews in August 1615, and made Chancellor in 1634. He died in 1639.

<sup>2</sup> Patrick Lindsay. Translated from Ross 1633. Deprived and excommunicated in 1638. He died at Newcastle in 1641.

<sup>3</sup> Walter Whitford, Subdean of Glasgow, and Rector of Moffat. He was deprived in 1638 by the Assembly, and died in 1643.

<sup>4</sup> David Lyndsay, translated from Brechin 17th September 1634, and deprived in 1638.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Sydserff, translated from Brechin; he was deprived and excommunicated in 1638 by the Glasgow Assembly.

<sup>6</sup> Alexander Lindsay, of Evelick. He abjured Episcopacy, submitted to the Presbyterian party, and accepted his former church of St Mados in 1638.



A courtier Rosse : <sup>7</sup> but glutton lyke <sup>8</sup> Argyle eats out  
 of measure ;  
 Dround Aberdein <sup>9</sup> in pouertie : vagge Murrayes <sup>10</sup> sub-  
 tile vitt,  
 Dumblaine <sup>11</sup> the criple, loues the Coupe : <sup>12</sup> Jylles for  
 all subject fitt.  
 Skill'd Orknay <sup>13</sup> is in archerie, as <sup>14</sup> Caithness is in  
 droges,  
 O quhat a shame Christ's flocke to trust to such  
 vnfaithful doges.  
 St Andreus athiest quakes and shakes, and villanouslie  
 o'rgrouen,  
 With hynous sins doth visch ther wer no God one him  
 to skouin ;  
 Glasgow thy braine is daft and dray, for mother  
 moyster flitts

<sup>7</sup> John Maxwell, deprived in 1638. In 1640 he was made Bishop of Killala in Ireland, and was translated to the Archbishoprick of Tuam in 1645, but died suddenly in 1646.

<sup>8</sup> James Fairley consecrated Bishop of Argyle 15th July 1637, deprived in 1638 : subsequently Presbyterian minister of Leswood in Mid-Lothian.

<sup>9</sup> Adam Bellenden, son of Sir John Bellenden, the Lord Justice-Clerk, translated from Dumblane, deprived in 1638 ; died soon after in England.

<sup>10</sup> John Guthrie of that Ilk, deprived in 1638.

<sup>11</sup> James Wedderburne, deprived in 1638 ; died in England the ensuing year, aged 54.

<sup>12</sup> Niel Campbell, parson of Glastrey, Bishop of the Isles, deprived in 1638.

<sup>13</sup> George Graham, translated from Dumblane to Orkney, 1615.

<sup>14</sup> John Abernethy, parson of Jedburgh, Bishop of Caithness, 1624.

Into thy clin and makes thy beird more vaighty then  
thy witts.

Wyle Lecher Brechin quho contems thy soulls bryd-  
groume our Lord.

Hou can thou keipe the Vedlocke band and not  
therfra debord.

Vrechit Edinburgh doeth gape for pelfe ; and neuer  
had the grace,

Once Symeon lyke with his full hands, Christ Jesus  
to embrace.

A papist thou art Galloway, in Heaven thoues never  
duell,

Thy crooked soule and fyrie head, will cause ye  
marche to hell.

Dunkell is riche and suims in wealth, God Mammon  
still he loues,

And he more subiect unto him, then to Jehova  
proues.

Rosse is a courtier, bot doeth, the court of heauin  
disdaine,

He prydes earthly princes courts, vaine glory, pompe,  
and trayne,

Of rascall father, and a dame distracted, doeth dis-  
cend,

This snarling quhelpe, within hes brou doeth pryde  
and vrath protend.

Argyle ingurgitats and eattes, with surfeit in a feast,  
For quhay, the simple soule makes god, each morsell  
to his taist.

Plunged Aberdeine with pouerty, the riches he  
devor'd,

By houpe for woodset\* of hes soule, ar blasted by the  
 Lord.  
 Slee subtile Murray thinks to catch, old Sathan by  
 hes wylles,  
 For he by slikey lyes and wourdes, some sillie men  
 begylles.  
 Dumblaine lickes out and chalice lickes, vnmmyndfull  
 that he may.  
 Heir learne to suffer thirst with those, sall tortur him  
 for ay.  
 Falsse Jylles that thou loues fraud, scarsse fault it is  
 in the,  
 A Bishope, and ane heighlandman, hou can thou  
 honest bee.  
 Off all our Lord and Sauiors 12. no traitor wes bot  
 one,  
 Bot all thesse 12 doe firmly ioyne our Sauour to  
 dethrone.  
 Good Orkney<sup>15</sup> onlie liueth right : is skilled in archery  
 craft,  
 His string is Loue, hes marke is Christ, a steadfast  
 faith hes shaft.

\* Meaning wadset, *i.e.*, mortgage.

<sup>15</sup> Bishop Graham is indebted to his truckling to the Presbyterian party for these high praises. He is said to have been of the family of Inchbrakie. He was first minister of Scoon, then Bishop of Dumblane, from whence he was translated to the See of Orkney, where he discharged the duties of the Episcopal function for twenty-three years. To avoid the penal consequences of excommunication, he submitted to the General Assembly at Glasgow, and was deprived 11th December 1638: and thus saved his purse at the expense of his reputation.

Both soule and bodey Cathnes<sup>16</sup> cures, thers none bot  
 only he,  
 Treu pastor and phisitian may only termed be.

<sup>16</sup> Abernethy seems to have gone farther than Graham; for we learn from Balfour's Annals, Vol. II. p. 311, that he "received sentence of deposition from his office of Episcopacy, and he to be received in the office of the ministrie upon his publicke repentance to be made in the kirk of Jedburgh." This benefice Abernethy retained during the time he was Bishop of Caithness—that is to say, from 1624 until 1638. He had it at least as far back as 1607. "In a Synod held by him at Dornoch in 1623, it was decreed that every entering minister should pay the first year's stipend to the reparation and maintenance of the Cathedral." In this Bishop's time Dornoch was made a Burgh Royal.—KEITH, p. 217.

The bishop was named John; but there was another Abernethie called Thomas, who created a sensation in the memorable year 1638, by taking the covenant. He had been previously a Jesuit, but, "hearing of God's wonderful work, wakened in conscience," and made a public confession "of his apostacie" in the Great Kirk of Edinburgh,\* upon the 24th of August, before a crowded and delighted audience. To give additional zest to the exhibition, the Rev. Andrew Ramsay commenced by preaching upon the text, "Come out of Babel" a little before "to make way" for Abernethie's confession and abjuration of poperie. Was this ci-devant Jesuit any relation of the prelate?

The Bishop of Caithness was in 1620 included by James VI. in the letter of commission passed under the Great Seal of Scotland for the purpose of abating an evil which had arisen by "impious and wicked men" guilty of offences cognizant by the Ecclesiastical Court, appealing to the Lords of Council and Session by suspension and advocacy, thereby delaying "their tryell and punishment." This commission conferred the power of trying all "offenders in doctrine, life, or religion, or any of these holden to be scandalous," and gave ample power to punish all attempts to frustrate its efficacy.

\* Now the High Church.

SATIRE ON THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT  
GLASGOW, 1638.



The following violent pasquil on the Glasgow Assembly was printed for the first time in the Scots Magazine for

February 1807, with this notice prefixed:—"This curious piece was obligingly transmitted to us, by a literary gentleman of the first eminence,<sup>1</sup> who found a copy, probably the only one which exists, written on the blank leaves of an early edition of the Bruce, in a hand of the middle of the 17th century. It was probably composed by Mr Thomas Forrester, Episcopal minister of Melrose, a man of considerable humour, who was deposed by the Assembly in 1638 on account of various alleged crimes, of which the chief was doubtless his attachment to prelacy, and to the royal cause. Milne, in his 'Description of the Parish of Melrose,' pp. 38, 41, expresses his surprise that a Satire, which made so much noise in its day, should not have been noticed and preserved by succeeding writers. He had searched in vain for a copy.<sup>1</sup> The piece is well worthy preservation, having much satirical and forcible expression. We have added a few notes, collected from the history of the times, to illustrate the leading characters mentioned in it." Several errors occurred in the transcription, which have been corrected, by collation with an MS. autograph of Robert Mylne, the well-known Scottish Bibliomaniac, who died in December 1747, on his birthday, at the advanced age of one hundred and three years.<sup>2</sup>

In the year 1724, there was printed "An account of the proceedings of the General Assembly at Glasgow, 1638. Taken verbatim from a letter written by one of the Members present to his Brother in the country." There is a note appended, mentioning that the tract is the "copy of a letter which a Reverend Divine of this church, now deceased, found among his fathers papers, also a minister of the church, who liv'd in the time of our first disturbance under K. Charles I."

<sup>1</sup> The late Alexander Henderson, Esq., of the Post Office.

<sup>2</sup> British Magazine, vol. i., p. 634, Edin.

This tractate has been to a certain extent referred to in the notes below the satire,—but it is so curious, as giving many particulars of the proceedings occurring on an occasion so momentous to Episcopacy, that it may not be out of place to make some additional extracts from it. At the outset the Marquis of Hamilton, the King's Commissioner, proposed that before any appointment of a Moderator, “the commissions should be tryed.” But this did not please the “Lord of Loudon,” who contended “that there behoved to be a settled judicatory before the commissions could be tryed, and no settled judicatory, till the moderator was chosen.” Thereupon a “scholar,” perhaps the writer of the letter, answered, that the trial of the commissioners should go first, because both the order of nature, and the order of lawful procedure required that the cause should precede and go before the effect. As the “tryed commissioners” are the cause of the moderator's lawful election, the commissions required to be scrutinized first.

Reference was made to the possibility of falsehood and treachery if the commissions were not tried before, but after, the election of the moderator, and distinct reference was made to certain practices of a disreputable nature arising “from the subornations of the Tables at Edinburgh.” Lord Loudon not being able to answer this objection “remained *Blancatus*,” but as he had the great majority “*Reason* behoved to yeild unto *Will*, the master to the servant,” and the Peer carried all before him.

This resolution was protested against by his Majesty's Commissioner, but his protest was disregarded. Those present proceeded to elect a moderator, and Mr Alexander Henderson, was chosen with the full consent of all, “yet there was some” secret murmuring against “him that he smelled something of popery,—because he was unmarried.” The worthy moderator apologized for his living in single blessedness, and declared that “he never thought virginity to be

a virtue, but that marriage is honourable in all, and the married life is far to be preferred before the single," neither "could he well allow of St. Paul's preferring the single life to the married," "as for himself, he protested it was the coldness of his complexion that debarred him from the felicity of marriage, and that if he were able 'solvere debitum,' he should not be so long unmarried after this, as Luther was when he came out of the cloyster." The suggestion that before a man could competently become Moderator in a General Assembly, he must be married, is amusing; it no doubt arose out of the celibacy of the Roman Catholic Priests, and a mistaken apprehension, that it was not from "*Vitium naturæ*," but from an inclination to popery, that Henderson was afraid to take to himself a wife.

The choice of a Clerk came next before the Assembly, when Mr James Sandilands was rejected because he came from "that unsanctified place" Aberdeen, and Archibald Johnston was chosen. This election was also ineffectually protested against by the Royal Commissioner. The individual chosen was the famous Johnston of Warriston, whose portrait has been usually painted, according to the political prejudices of those who delineate him. The Covenanters calling him a saint, and the Royalists a sinner. He was chosen "not for any excellence in his person, but as he is come of an holy race, as being one of Rachel Arnot, her posterity, that blessed Saint, whose posterity for her cause will be blessed unto the thousandth generation." "In a note the writer explains that this woman was the famous head of all mobs, and grandmother to Johnston, who was uncle to the late Bishop of Sarum (Burnet)." Elizabeth, the mother of Warriston, was a daughter of Sir Thomas Craig of Ricartoun, author of the celebrated treatise *De Fendis*, whose father, an Edinburgh



shopkeeper, had become proprietor of the Estate of Warriston, near Edinburgh.

In the Denmyln collections, the following epitaph will be found upon the death of Warriston's mother :—

Deevil suell ye Deathe,  
And burste thee lyke a tun ;  
That took away good Elspet Craig,  
And left the knave her son.

#### PART FIRST.

Frome Glasgow<sup>1</sup> Raid to which mad meeting,  
Huge troups frome all quarters came fleeting,  
With dags<sup>2</sup> and guns in forme of warre,<sup>3</sup>  
All loyal subjects to debarre ;  
Wher Bishops might not shew their faces,<sup>4</sup>  
And mushroome elders<sup>5</sup> fill'd their places.  
Frome such mad pranks of Catharus,  
Almighty God deliver us !

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the assemblage of discontented zealots who combined to put down Episcopacy.

<sup>2</sup> Bags. R. M.

<sup>3</sup> The Covenanters came armed to the Assembly, under pretence of securing their personal safety against the outrages which were said to have been committed in that neighbourhood by the clan of the Macgregors.—*Stevenson's Hist. of the Church*, vol. ii.

<sup>4</sup> The General Assembly in 1638, which threw off the King's authority.

<sup>5</sup> The Court was extremely urgent that Bishops should be admitted into this Assembly, and that one of their number should be moderator ; but this the opposite party, who were bent on the ruin of prelacy, successfully opposed.

From sitting in that convocation,<sup>6</sup>  
Discharged by open proclamation,<sup>7</sup>  
Who did not stirr till they had ended  
All the mischief they had intended ;  
Frome all their cobbling knobs and knacks,  
Set out in forme of public acts,  
And all such pranks, &c.

Frome usurping the King's forts,  
Frome fortifying the sea-ports,  
To shelter rebels and withstand  
The King's, nay God's revenging hand ;  
Frome usurping the King's rent,  
Frome threescore strange books in print,  
And all mad pranks, &c.

Namely Buchannan's Regni Jus,  
Among such books most pernicious,  
Now there is one worse, so God me save,  
Sent out I thinke from Hell's conclave ;  
I cannot hit its name, shame fall it,  
“ Defensive armes,” I trow they call it,  
And all such, &c.

<sup>6</sup> The Court urged also the exclusion of lay elders, wishing the Assembly to consist entirely of clergymen, with the view, doubtless, of excluding those powerful nobles who had espoused the party of the Covenanters ; but this proposal was rejected.

<sup>7</sup> On the 29th November 1638, a proclamation was made at the Market Cross of Glasgow, prohibiting, under pain of treason, any further meetings of the Assembly. The Assembly, however, in defiance of this proclamation, resolved to continue their sittings, and proceeded to the most violent measures against the Court and Bishops.

Frome usurping the King's presse,  
So that no book could have accesse,  
Which might maintaine the King's just title,  
Or crosse the covenant ne'er so little ;  
Its strange, but trew, books of that straine,  
Are bar'd under the highest pain,  
And all such pranks, &c.

Frome displaying the Covenant's banner,  
Frome taking up in savage maner  
Horses, cornes, cattle, every thing,  
Frome true men to God and King,  
Namelie from kirkmen, I am sorie,  
When I think on Breichen's<sup>s</sup> sad storie,  
And all such pranks, &c.

Frome attempting to translate  
The sacred monuments of state,  
From the sevententh of December,

<sup>s</sup>James Wedderburn, first, Bishop of Dumblain, and secondly of Brechin. Of all the Bishops he appears to have been the most zealous for Prelacy, and for the royal authority. When the Service-Book first came down, he allowed the clergy of his diocess no alternative, but either of reading it, or of immediate deposition. Afterwards, when dread of popular violence deterred the other bishops even from reading it themselves, he "resolved to serve the King at a time when other feeble cowards crouched." Accordingly, with his family he went armed to church, and having got in before the usual time, shut the doors and read the service ; but was so roughly handled on his return home, that he never ventured to repeat the experiment. [He was deprived by the Glasgow Assembly, as previously mentioned.—ED.]

Which day with horrou we remember,  
Frome threatening to renew the play,  
Hatch't on that black and dismal day,  
And all such pranks, &c.

Frome cassing acts of Parlament,  
Without the three estates consent,  
Nay, if th' assembly do command,  
The King himself may not withstand,  
Ecclesiastical decrees  
Against kirk lawes and liberties,  
And all such pranks, &c.

From abrogating prelacie  
In Parliament; one of the three  
Estates, it cannot be denied  
But that estate should be supply'd;  
But how I pray shall this be done?  
Unless it be brought from the moone,  
And all such, &c.

From making pricklows and the King  
Of equal power in every thing,  
Pertaining to kirk government,  
And that with Bellarmine's extent;  
To all things which in any sense  
To kirk maters have reference,  
And all such, &c.

From transcendant prerogative  
Given to a bodie collective,  
A mutinous muckle trouble-feast,

A prattie, peevis, monstrous beast ;  
 With many heads, and in all things  
 A Puritane; the bane of Kings,  
 And all such, &c.

From Boyd's<sup>9</sup> French " Ruling Elder's hors :"  
 His " Gilead's Balme," a great deal wors,  
 And last of al, his revocatione  
 (For his young sone) of donatione ;  
 Made by himself to pious use ;  
 Frome all such foolries and abuse,  
 And all such pranks, &c.

Frome one thing said, another seen,  
 Frome th' outrage done to Aberdeen ;  
 From hollow hearts and holy faces,  
 Frome ridiculous prayers and graces :  
 From peremptorie reprobatione,  
 Frome Hendersone's<sup>10</sup> rebaptizatione,  
 And all such pranks, &c.

<sup>9</sup> Lord Boyd. He was among the first noblemen who signed the Covenant, and was sent with some others to Glasgow, in order to overcome the scruples which were entertained against it by some clergymen there.

<sup>10</sup> Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars. Originally a supporter of Prelacy, he rendered himself so very unpopular that at his admission the populace blocked up the doors, and his supporters were obliged to break in at the windows. He was converted by a sermon of Mr Robert Bruce, a name famous in the annals of Presbytery. From that time he became the prime mover in all the measures against the Court and Bishops. On the meeting of Assembly in 1638, he was made moderator. (See Introductory notice. He died in 1646.

First when the baser sort began  
To act rebellious, O than  
It was base rebellious and rage :  
But when great men entered the stage,  
And act it over again, O strange,  
It was pure religion from that change,  
And all such pranks, &c.

From false and forged informations,  
Against the King's gracious declarations,  
Whereby they laboured to persuade,  
That he forsooth minds to invade  
His own subjects and to subdue them,  
Even as a King that never knew them,  
And all such, &c.

From Puritan's equivocations,  
And from their mental reservations,  
Wherein they do, there is no doubt,  
Jesuits in their own bow outshoot ;  
From all rebellious leagues and unions,  
Gathering to sections and communions,  
And all such, &c.

From kirkmen's independencie,  
The main pillar of papacy,  
From censures past on men for breaking  
Of kirk's canons before their making ;  
From ruling elders inspirations,  
And phanatick ejaculations,  
And all such, &c.

From turncoat preacher's supplications,  
And from their mental reservations,<sup>11</sup>  
Frome lawless excommunications,  
Frome laicks household congregations,  
Frome unsupportable taxations,  
Ther are the covenanting actions,  
And all such, &c.

## THE SECOND PART.

Frome Hendersone who doeth ourtope  
The Patriareks, for he is Pope,  
Yet Leckie makes bold to oppose,<sup>12</sup>  
His holines ev'n to his nose ;  
Leckie, a covenanting brother,  
Go to, let one divel ding another,  
And all such, &c.

From Leslie's quondam excellence,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Shameless recantations. R. M.

<sup>12</sup> The Laird of Leckie, a gentleman of property in Stirling-shire, who became the head of a sort of independent sect, and in imitation of some refugees from Ireland, held private meetings at his own house, where the Irish form of worship was used. As uniformly happens in religious innovations, he soon got followers. Leckie having spoken disrespectfully of Mr Harry Guthrie, and other ministers of Stirling, was arraigned before the Assembly, and long discussions took place on the subject. Baillie asserts that "Mr Henderson vented himself on many occasions passionately opposite to these conceits."

<sup>13</sup> Colonel, afterwards General Leslie, who commanded the army of the Covenanters, better known as Earl of Leven.

Who want's too long a recompence  
For his good service ; yet, however,  
Better he have it late than never ;  
The same I wish to all arch traitours,  
To all their favourers and fautors,  
And all such mates, &c.

Frome all who swear themselves mensuorne,  
Frome Louthian, Loudoun, Lindsay, Lorne,  
Prince Rothes, and Balmirino,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> So early as 1633, the Earl of Lothian, Lord Loudon, Lord Balmerino, the Earl of Rothes, and Lord Lyndsay, are enumerated by Guthrie as avowed supporters of the Presbyterian interest (Mem. p. 9). Loudon in particular was a most strenuous supporter of this cause. Even in 1626, when the king brought forward his scheme for the revocation of tithes and church lands, Loudoun, with Lord Rothes, went to London, and petitioned, though without effect, against that measure. These two were always employed in presenting the various representations and supplications which were afterwards made to the king on the subject of the liturgy and Perth articles. Loudoun was one of those employed in 1637 to draw up the complaint against the bishops and when, after repeated remonstrances, the Commissioners were at length admitted before the council, he made a long speech, enumerating all the grievances which Scotland had suffered, and declaring that, far from submitting to be tried by the Bishops, he could prove them guilty of the most shocking crimes. When Charles was compelled by his disasters in England to throw himself in the arms of the Scottish Parliament, he made Loudon Lord Chancellor. His Majesty having been afterwards reduced to the last extremity, he was one of those that presented the petition calling upon him to take the Covenant ; at which time he is said to have



And devout Lordlings many mee ;  
 Who lead the dance and rule the rost,  
 And forceth us to make the cost,  
 And all such, &c.

addressed his Majesty in the following *plain* terms:—"The difference between your Majesty and your Parliament is grown to such a height, that, after many bloody battles, they have your Majesty, with all your garrisons and strongholds, in their hands, &c. They are in a capacity now to do what they will in Church and State ; and some are so afraid, and others so unwilling, to proceed to extremities till they know your Majesty's last resolution. Now, Sire, if your Majesty shall refuse your consent to the resolutions, you will lose all your friends in the House and in the city, and all England shall join against you as one man ; they will depose you and set up another government ; they will charge us to deliver your Majesty to them, and remove our arms out of England ; and upon your refusal we will be obliged to settle religion and peace without you ; which will ruin your Majesty and your posterity." (Scots Worthies, p. 247.) On the establishment of Cromwell's government he lost all his influence, and was dismissed from his office. The restoration, however, was much worse, when, "it is inconceivable to express the grief this godly nobleman sustained," both on account of the renewal of "Popery, Prelacy, and Slavery," and the dangers which threatened his own person. These affected him so violently, that he died on the 15th of March 1662, before the meeting of Parliament.

Lord Rothes was equally zealous, and his name is generally coupled with that of Loudoun in the transactions of those times. In the Parliament of 1633, on the clerk's declaring that an important question had been carried in the King's favour, Rothes rose and affirmed the contrary. When the King went north shortly afterwards, the Earl of Rothes and Lord Lindesay assembled about 2000 of the Fife gentry to meet him ; but the King was so incensed at their previous

Frome Duns Lawe's rebels rabbled out,  
Rascalls frome all quarters sought out ;  
Faire England's forces to defeate,  
Without armour, money, or meat :  
True, some had forks, some roustie dags,  
And some had bannocks in their bags,  
And all such, &c.

Frome the table's emissaries,  
Frome mutineers of all degrees :

conduct, that he shunned them by taking a by-road to Dunfermline.

Lord Balmerino concurred in all the measures of the other Lords, and particularly in a petition which was to have been presented to the King in 1633, but was suppressed from the fear of offending his Majesty. This petition having been found in Balmerino's possession, a criminal process was opened against him, and, by the casting vote of the Earl of Traquair, he was condemned to die. But, "it was resolved, either to set him at liberty, or to revenge his death on the Court and eight jurymen;" which, Traquair learning, procured his pardon. This transaction, by irritating the Covenanters, and by showing them their strength, proved highly injurious to the Royal cause.

Archibald Lord Lorne, afterwards Marquis of Argyle, was much slower in declaring himself. He continued long a member of Council, though he is supposed to have made secret remonstrances against the imprudent measures of the Court. But in 1638, when the General Assembly determined to sit, notwithstanding their being dissolved, this nobleman agreed, though not a member, to continue a witness to their proceedings, which the Assembly considered "as the greatest human encouragement they could meet with," but which occasioned a complete breach between him and the Court.

Priests, Lords, Judges, clerks of touns,  
Proud citizens, poor country clouns ;  
Who in all courses disagree,  
Bot joyne to crosse authoritie,  
And all such, &c.

Frome these who put no difference  
'Twixt constraint and obedience,  
St Paul made Cæsar supreme judge,  
To Cæsar had his last refuge ;  
Fy then on these who dare appeal  
Frome Cæsar in preposterous zeal,  
And all such, &c.

Frome Prelates dumb<sup>15</sup> by self-confession,  
Frome Priests too nigh the same transgression,  
Frome those that ne'er gave any prooffe,  
Of loyalty ; bot hold, alooffe,  
Frome traitours under trust, yow'll say  
Ther is non such, yet we will pray,  
From all such mates, &c.

Frome Will Dick<sup>16</sup> that usurious chuff,  
His feathered cape, his coat of buff ;  
For all the world a saddled sow,  
A worthie man and Generall too ;  
Frome both the Duries,<sup>17</sup> these mad sparks,  
One brybing judge, two cheating clerks,  
And all such, &c.

<sup>15</sup> Damn'd in the printed copy.

<sup>16</sup> Probably the rich ancestor of Priestfield.

<sup>17</sup> Gibsons of Durie. The laird of Durie appears, like

Frome Hackertoun, if yow would know him,  
 His pointed beard, and breeches show him,  
 A whyted bauk of rotten timmer,  
 Is th' upright emblem of that limmer.  
 Thanks to the Covenant, his whoores  
 Live now at rest within his doores.  
 And all such, &c.

Frome corner-creeping parlour preachers,  
 Of blind disciples, more blind teachers ;  
 Frome cisternes that no water hold,  
 Frome Aberdeen's base and false gold,  
 Frome daubers with untempered mortar,  
 Frome Row,<sup>18</sup> the springal pulpit sporter,  
 And all such pranks, &c.

Argyll, to have once been a member of the Royal council. He came over, however, earlier to the other side ; for before the meeting of the assembly, we find him protesting against the substitution of the Confession of Faith for the Covenant. From that time the cause of the Covenant was strenuously supported by himself and all his family, particularly Alexander.

<sup>18</sup> John Row, minister at Carnock, the author of the History of the Kirk of Scotland from the year 1558 to August 1837. I suspect Mr Henderson is here mistaken, as probably "Pockmanty Mr James," so called from the celebrated sermon he preached in St Giles's Church, the last Sunday of July 1638, was the person alluded to. He was minister at Monivaird and Strowan, and the fifth son of the minister of Carnock. See a very scarce collection of fugitive pieces, called *Reliquiæ Scoticæ*, 8vo, Edin. 1828, where an account of him, taken from Mylne's, the younger, MS. genealogy of his mother's relations, will be found. In old Mylne's version the name is Reid.—ED.

Frome northern Dunbar, Murray's chanter,  
The knave became a covenanter ;  
To save his lyfe how may that be,  
The covenant its a sanctuary  
To felons and to false sirras,  
And all such cheating rogues as he is,  
And all such, &c.

Frome the most stupid senseles asse,  
That ever brayed, my consin Casse,<sup>19</sup>  
He is th' assemblyes voyce, and so,  
Th' assembly is his echo.  
The fool speaks first, and all the rest  
To say the same are ready prest,  
And all such, &c.

Frome Eliot, Tueddal's Jackanaips,  
In pulpit when it skips and leaps,  
It makes good sport, I must confesse,  
Its a mad monkie, questionlesse.  
Frome Selkirke's glory young and old,  
Selkirke's reproach if truth were told,  
And all such, &c.

Frome Minniboles Bonner,<sup>20</sup> out upon him,  
I could find in my heart to stone him ;

<sup>19</sup> Probably Cassilis.

<sup>20</sup> James Boner, minister at Maybole, often mentioned as an active Presbyterian. He was of the family of the "Lords of Bonnar," as modern genealogists have been pleased to style this respectable but humble race of Bonnet Lairds.

The knave affirms that ther's no odds  
 Betwixt his horses hous and Gods ;  
 Frome Eefoord's trumpeter of stryfe,  
 Who worships a deafe idoll wyfe,  
 And all such, &c.

Frome kirk Archie knave or foole,  
 He puts our court Archie<sup>21</sup> to schoole ;  
 Frome Lesly, that adulterous whore,  
 And devout palyards by the scoare,  
 Who among all whores reject not one,  
 Except the whore of Babylone,  
 And all such, &c.

Frome him that's neither cold nor hot,  
 Frome Ker, Salt-Prestone's, saltles sot,<sup>22</sup>  
 Frome Adamsone, pray know the man,  
 A palyard drunkard charlitan,  
 And principal in al three, its much  
 That any one man should be such,  
 And all such, &c.

Frome covenanting familists,  
 Amsterdamian separists,

<sup>21</sup> Archy Armstrong, the Court jester.

<sup>22</sup> In Row's "kirk" history will be found a most amusing account of this worthy clergyman's conversion when a youth from Puppyism to Presbyterianism, through the instrumentality of Mr John Davidson, the previous minister of Salt-Preston,"—Page 462 (Wodrow Edition). Mr John Ker was the son of the Lady Fadensyde.

Antinomians and Brownists,  
 Jesuitizing Calvinists,  
 Murranizing Buchananists,  
 All monster Misobasilists :

These are the maites of Catharus,  
 Almighty God deliver us.

Frome noble beggers, beggermakers,  
 Frome all bold and blood undertakers,  
 Frome hungry catchpoles, knyted lounes,  
 Frome perfumed puppies and babouns,  
 Frome caterpillars, moths, and rats,  
 Hors leiches, state blood-sucking brates,  
 And all such, &c.

Frome Sandie Hay, and Sandie Gibsone,<sup>22</sup>  
 Sandie Kinneir, and Sandie Johnstoun ;<sup>23</sup>  
 Whose knaverie made them covenanters,  
 To keep their neckes out of the helters  
 Of falshood greid whan yow'll't name.  
 Of treacherie they think no shame.

Yet thes the mates of Catharus,  
 Frome whome good Lord deliver us.

<sup>22</sup> Alex. Gibson, younger of Durie, advocate. When the King's declaration of the 4th of July was published at Edinburgh, he protested against it in name of the Barons. He was employed to collect evidence against several of the Bishops, at the time of their persecution by the Assembly in 1638.

<sup>23</sup> Alexander Johnston, better known as Lord Warriston.

ADDITIONAL VERSES FROM MYLNE'S MSS.<sup>24</sup>

From Williamson who had seaven wyves,  
 I tell not how they lost their lyves,  
 But how he pull'd fra his coad piece,  
 The Covenant as an odd piece :  
 I will not here relate the story,  
 But all was acted to God's glory.  
     From all thes pranks, &c.

From greedie, false, base John Kinnier,  
 In all thrie worse than Lourie<sup>25</sup> or Keir ;  
 A witches son, shame fa' his face,  
 Sa carling lyke, betydes no grace :  
 From churchmen's independencie,  
 The main pillar of poperie.  
     From sic mad mates, &c.

<sup>24</sup> These two stanzas are of a more modern date, from the mention of "Mass David Williamson," and his seven wives. Old Robert Mylne seems to have had no great respect for "Dainty Davy ;" and it is not unlikely that he thought this eminent person might, with no great impropriety, be introduced amongst the worthies described in the pasquil, overlooking the evident absurdity of placing amongst individuals who flourished in 1638-9, a person who then must have been a mere child, and whose purity did not become conspicuous till considerably more than thirty years afterwards.

<sup>25</sup> This no doubt was meant for Lowrie or Laurie, Tutor of Blackwood, who figures so prominently in the Ballad of Lady Barbara Erskine's Lament. — See *Scotish Historical and Traditionary Ballads*, Edin. 1868, vol. ii.



## THE NEW LITANY.

From Balfour's MS.

Littleton in the fourth edition of his Latin and English Dictionary gives the following definition of Catharus:—"Cathari quidam dicti *κυθαροι* puri ob simulatam puritatem. Puritans, a sect which denied oaths upon an occasion for the deciding of any truth; they maintained absolute perfection in this life; whence, with their master, Novatus, they denied repentance to those that fell away from baptism."

The three Apostles of the Covenant named in the second stanza of part second were Henderson, the moderator of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, of whom some account will be found in the preface to the preceding article, Dickson, and Cant.

David Dickson was a popular preacher. It is said that an English Merchant, who heard him at Irvine, where he was Minister, "described him as a well-favoured proper old man, with a long beard," who showed him all his heart, for he was famed for treating of all "cases of conscience." He was author of a "short explanation of the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews," which was printed by Edward Rabane, at Aberdeen 1635, 12mo. Mr Dickson, moreover, got up a flirtation with the muses, which resulted in the birth of a "Divine Poem," "on Christian Love," reprinted at the beginning of the next century. He composed several theological Treatises. He died in 1662.\* Wodrow, in his *Analecta*,† has preserved

\* Vol. iii., p. 6.

† Four volumes 4to.,—The Contribution to the Maitland Club of its late much esteemed President, the Earl of Glasgow. A book of great interest.

many particulars relative to Dickson. One anecdote may be given. Travelling with a young man, who proved to be a robber, and sought his purse, he told him "this is a very bad way of living you are now following, take my advice, if you will needs take my money from me, go and trade with it, follow some lawful trade of merchandizing, and leave off this woeful course of yours." The money was taken, and for years nothing was heard more of the robbery. Dickson left Irvine, went to Glasgow and lastly removed to Edinburgh, where he was both professor and minister.

One day a hogshhead of wine was sent to the College for Mr Dickson, but as it had not been ordered by him, he caused it to be put aside. Shortly after a gentleman called, who was received with much courtesy and was treated with a glass of ale, which the stranger greatly commended, but asked if there was no wine in the house. Mr Dickson said there was, and mentioned how it came there. His visitor said he had sent it, and asked if he remembered of being robbed of a purse, with four or five hundred merks, years before. His host "minded" the circumstance. The gentleman said he was the man; that he had followed the advice given; had traded and been successful, and that he now returned the money taken, with interest.

But of the trio, Master Andrew Cant was the most popular; Henderson and Dickson were men of talent and learning, but Cant's opinions were held in more esteem by the lower classes. Reference has previously been made to the account of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, and the picture there presented of the reverend gentleman's eloquence and acquirements is too graphic to be omitted. Mr David Mitchell, an Edinburgh clergymen, having been accused of Arminianism, Cant was desired by the Assembly to state his views on the point. He very "gravely and modestly did excuse himself in that matter, that there were many more learned

than he to speak of that matter; for I," saith he, "have been otherwise exercised than in reading Arminius's tenets; for after I had spent some years in the College of Aberdeen, I was promoted to be a doctor (*i.e.*, usher) of the grammar-school there, and in the meantime I did read Becanus his Theology." There was one sitting beside him who touched him on the elbow, and told him *Becanus* was a Jesuit, and that he should have said *Bucanus*. He crav'd the whole Assembly pardon, that he should have named a Jesuit, and protested that "he never read three lines either on *Jesuit* or any other Popish writer; yea," continued he, "I abhor these men whom they call the *Fathers*, for one told me, who heard it of Mr Charles Ferme, that they smell'd too much of Popery. *Bucanus* have I studied, and some English Homilies, but above all, I owe all I have to the most Reverend Mr Cartwright (the great English Apostle of Presbytery in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.) I would have studied *Mr Calvin's* Institutions, but I found them somewhat harsh and obscure to be understood." That is to say, observes the writer, he did not understand Latin, for Calvin writes in a plain, intelligible style, and his Latin is as refined as any work in that language this 1600 years; Cant next disclosed the startling fact that "when I should have studied most, I had such a prick in my flesh, that I behoved either to marry or burn, being of a complexion quite contrary to our moderator's." Here the narrator explains that this "may easily be believed if what is reported of him be true—viz., that he begot his son Mr Andrew upon a Sunday betwixt his forenoon and afternoon sermons." "Therefore, moderator, I request you to seek some other's judgment concerning that, for *Popery*, *Arminianism*, and the *Alcoran* are all alike known to me." The modest Henderson must have blushed to the ears, at this candid admission of Cant's heat of body, especially when the orator contrasted it with his own coldness of temperament.

Wodrow observes that the "malignants" called Cant one of the Apostles of the Covenant."

A still more ridiculous, but more excusable appearance was made by the enlightened commissioner of Forfar, a mender of soles, not of souls. He declared that, though a man of small learning, he had, by virtue of "Presbyterial commission," as "great a power to speak and decide matters as any that hath imposition of hands from a Bishop. Concerning Arianism"—some one bade him say Arminianism—he resumed, "I know not how you call it; but when I was in Holland buying leather, in order to my vocation, there was one *Barnavelde* who was arraign'd and beheaded; I asked what was the fault? They said he was found guilty of *Arminianism* and *treason* against the State. So, in my judgment, Arminianism is Treason against the Covenant, and deserves to be punished with death." Luckily, as the Assembly had not power to order Mitchell's execution, the members merely contented themselves with depriving him of his benefice, although they knew as little about Arminianism as they did about true Christianity. The author of the account of the Assembly asserts that the real cause of the deprivation was, that Mitchell had given offence to the pious and pure Earl of Rothes.

Andrew Cant, the younger, did not follow in the footsteps of the elder Cant, as he was a staunch Royalist; and when preaching in Aberdeen, spoke with such violence against the "bondage of the oppressours," that some of the soldiers who were in the church rushed forward to the pulpit with swords drawn. His colleague, Menzies, in a fright, crept in below the pulpit, but the undaunted Andrew stood firm, and exclaimed, "Here's the man that spoke," and opening out his bosom, declared, "here is a heart ready to receive the thrusts, if any will venture to give them, for the truth." His hearers gave no further indication of hostility. Wodrow has preserved this anecdote, adding, in his commentary, that Cant, "had once been a captain, and

was one of the most resolute, bold men of his day." Whatever may have been his original calling, one cannot avoid admiring the manly courage which he on this occasion displayed.

Henry Rollock, is called Rogue in the account of the Glasgow Assembly, so often referred to; "the name is Rollock, but it was then, and by some to this day (1726) pronounced Rogue, and never man deserved the name better, if we consult the minutes of that meeting."

Andrew Ramsay, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, is the other person referred to; he can hardly be classed with those zealots who endeavoured to override the civil power. The assembly approving of an act of the commission, repealed or attempted to repeal a Parliamentary enactment, had enjoined all the clergy to sign an approbatory declaration. Ramsay and Mr William Colville declined to do so, and were deposed. Whereupon, says Wodrow,\* "my Lord Eglinton, Graysteil,† left the house in a pet. That same day John Gilon, a pious but illiterate man who had no language but his mother tongue, was ordained a minister. My Lord, when he came out, said the assembly were going quite wrong. They had put out two great lights in this church, and had set up John Gilon at Linlithgow, a ruff and dark lanthorn in comparison with them."

Ramsay was a man of superior attainments to his brethren. He was author of a small and now rare volume of sacred poems, in Latin verse, of great excellence, which were printed at Edinburgh in 1633, 12mo. It has been conjectured that Milton borrowed from him several of the speeches and descriptions in his *Paradise Lost*, which was printed subsequently: in an old Edinburgh Magazine several parallel passages have been given.

The "glass," mentioned in the fourth stanza, was that used for the purpose of enabling the preacher to know when

\* Vol. iv. p. 271.

† His Lordship's sobriquet.

it was time to terminate his discourse. A humorous story has been preserved of one of the Earls of Airlie, who entertained at his table a clergyman, who was to preach before the Commissioner next day. The glass circulated, perhaps too freely; and whenever the divine attempted to rise, his Lordship prevented him, saying, "another glass, and then." After "flooring" (if the expression may be allowed) his Lordship, the guest went home. He next day selected as a text, "The wicked shall be punished, and that RIGHT EARLY." Inspired by the subject, he was by no means sparing of his oratory, and the hour-glass was disregarded, although repeatedly warned by the precentor, who in common with Lord Airlie, thought the discourse rather lengthy. The latter soon knew why he was thus punished, by the reverend gentleman when reminded, exclaiming, *not sotto voce*, "another glass, and then."

Gutter Jennie, in stanza eleven, refers to the holy woman who threw a stool at Archbishop Spottiswood. Kirkton, in his History, says, that as the first Reformation that abolished Popery began at Perth "with the throw of a stone in a boy's hand, so the second Reformation, which abolished Episcopacy, began with the throw of a stool in a woman's hand." This heroine of the Covenant was Geddes, but whether called Margaret or Janet is not quite certain. Mr C. K. Sharpe, the Commentator on Kirkton, observes in a note, that it was said she had done penance on the stool of repentance for fornication the Sabbath previous to this exploit. How curious it would be if the cutty stool, as it is commonly called, was the identical one which, after having brought Janet to repentance, should have been the original cause of the popular and successful attempt to abolish Episcopacy.

Females were uniformly the great supporters of the Covenant. In Archbishop Sharp's time a female association was formed for the very *feminine* purpose of murdering him.

## FIRST PART OF THE NEW LITANY.

From knocking priests and prelatis crouns  
Without respecte of coates or gounés,  
From Lanrick wyffes, euill be ther fate,  
They knock't my deir friend one the pate ;  
From all such bick'ring south and northe,  
Or in the innes tuix Tay and Forth,  
And all mad pranks of Catharus,  
Almightie God deliver us.

From the withstanding the solemne mentione,  
Of Christ's birth-day, rysing, assentione,  
From withholding the sealles of grace,  
Quhen neid requyred in every place ;  
From branding the quhole Liturgie  
With poperie, quherof it is free,  
And all mad pranks of Catharus,  
Almighty God deliver us.

From fasting one the Lords auen day,  
Fasting without wairand, I say,  
And fasting wich the Lord does hate,  
For mantining stryffe and debait ;  
From Ancrum bridge wee understand,  
Such fasting spred throughout ye land,  
And all mad, &c.

From vpeside, downesyde brought of lait  
Wnto ye church, wnto the stait,  
Since Emperour Hacketts rainge I meine,

The lyke wes neuer hard, nor seine ;  
From standing without feare of falling,  
From extraordinary calling,  
And all mad, &c.

From vorshipinge of imaginations,  
From relaying upone Revelations,  
From praying nonsense, and from saying,  
That Gods good Spirite neids no such praying ;  
From tuoching of the Lords anoynted,  
From a poore kirk, and stait disjoynted,  
And all mad pranks of Catharus, &c.

From running heidlong to perditione,  
From Presbeteriall inquisitione,  
Quherin I wes once toss'd amaine,  
I houe neuer to come ther againe ;  
From hurlie-burle, powder, shote,  
From taying of a Gordian knot,  
And all mad pranks of Catharus, &c.

From visards, musties, and baitted hookes,  
And all pernicious pamphlet bookes,  
Namlie Buchanan's Regni Jus,  
Wich is the most pernicious,  
From mending vronges vith vorss and vorsse,  
From stabbing of a poor coatche hors,  
And all mad pranks, &c.

From him quhat thinkes not quhat he sayeth,  
And from a disobedient faith,



From cobling acts of parliament,  
Agains the Lawers intent.  
Frome a basse church and staitly table,  
From brecking the communion table,  
And all mad pranks, &c,

From the long prayers of dewot sisters,  
From master madecaps rotten glisters.  
From sermons made to blow the fyre,  
All over the land for Balaams hyre.  
From Bischopes<sup>1</sup> that betray the cause,  
And advocatts that vretts the lawes,  
And all mad pranks, &c.

From the table, na tabellis three  
Of Lords, Barrons, and Ministrie,  
From ther decrees and all neu glosses,  
And from pitfalls, quakmyres and mosses ;  
From all wich is not renell'd with resson,  
From all conspiracy and tresson,  
And all mad pranks, &c.

From sitting church assemblie free,  
From all Royal authority,  
A free assembly falsely named,  
Wich is not by the King proclaimed,  
And crossing that wich he proclaimed,  
From ther most dangerous extremes.  
And all mad pranks, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Fairley, Bishop of Argyll ; Graham, Bishop of Orkney ; and Abernethy, Bishop of Caithness.

From euery band of combinatione,  
 Wich wants the princes approbatione,  
 And more from manifest repyning,  
 Against his will in such inioyning;  
 But most of all for standing to it,  
 Against all persons quho darr doe it,  
 And all mad pranks, &c.

From proud and perwers suplications,  
 Pute wp in lawless conuocations,  
 From creids made vpe of poore negotiations,  
 Inlarged with faithless explications,  
 Informations, protestations,  
 The couenant and all hes actions.  
 Thesse ar the pranks of Catharus,  
 From wich the Lord deliuer us.

#### SECOND PART OF THE NEW LITANY.

From pedler, shewbleck, and pricklous,  
 Elders and reulers of God's housse,  
 From menders of the magnificat,  
 Quho knowes not *quid significat*;  
 From stripling staitsmen, stout and bold,  
 Some 10, some 12, and 9 zeir old,  
 And all mad mattes of Catharus,  
 Almighty God deliver us.

From the Catholicon of Spaine,  
 From the Jesuit knave in Graine.

From Henderson, Dickson, and Cant,  
 Apostles of the Couenant,  
 From Rollock, Ramsay, patriarks,  
 And their adherents all mad sparks,  
     And all mad mattes, &c.

And the good Christians of the West,  
 As from ane waspe or hornets nest,  
 And, namlie from the town of Aire,  
 And the old rascall Dumbar ther;  
 From all such brats to mischeiffe borne,  
 Some tuisse banisht, some tuisse mensuorne,  
     And all mad mattes, &c.

From preachers that haue words in store,  
 And faces too, but nothing more;  
 From thosse quho quhen ther matter fails,  
 Run out ther glass with idell tailles;  
 And from lay lads, in pulpit preaching,  
 And tuisse a day rumbling and ralling,  
     And all mad mattes, &c.

From Jack on both syde, so and so,  
 Quho suers *pro contra, contra pro*,  
 With *rentis et nunc plantibus*,  
*Et rebus et nunc stantibus*;  
 From such Camelions, and such foxes,  
 And from the knock dome race of Knoxes,  
     And all mad mattes, &c.

From pyet preachers with shoulder ruffles,  
 Or shoulder bands with elbow cufes ;  
 With knaping, traping, strapping strings,  
 Buttons, boulace, ribands, and ringes,  
 Poynts tangling heir, poynts tangling ther,  
 And cotane spangaries eury quher,  
 And all mad pranks, &c.

With French jouks and Spanish cappes,  
 And in a word lyk Jack-ane-appis,<sup>2</sup>  
 From tope to toe buskit lyke a sport,  
 From them as from a uitious sort ;  
 Quho in ther clothing vpe and doune,  
 Doe represent the countrey cloune,  
 And all mad prankis, &c.

From preachers, chamberlanis and factors,  
 The Lords rent-rackers and exactors,  
 Corn mowngers, vsers, and fermors,  
 Store masters, montebanks, and charmers ;  
 In sum, quho employes both vitt and paine  
 One traids, though neuer so basse, for gane,  
 And all mad pranks, &c.

From typset preachers drunk all night,  
 And dreich againe e'r day be light,  
 From him that feasts, quhen he should fast,  
 And from a trencher paraphrast ;

<sup>2</sup> Jackanapes.

From bussie Bishops without orders,  
 As master shrifts in ther borders,  
 And all mad pranks, &c.

From them that drink drunk to God's glorie,  
 And often tymes tell a pretty storey  
 Of Bischope Laude, or of the King,  
 Of Pope, of Spaine, or of some such thing,  
 Neuer without grosse calummie,  
 Quherin ther faith doeth fructifie,  
 And all mad mattes, &c.

From pupill, pastor, tutor, flocke,  
 From Gutter Jennie,<sup>3</sup> pupit Jocke,  
 From all such head countrolling taylles,  
 And from small barks, with too big saylles ;  
 From him that Jesus name defaces,  
 And violats all holy places,  
 And all mad mattes, &c.

From couenanting, tage and rage,  
 From horsruber, scudler, scold and hagge,  
 Tinker, treulerd, slouene and sluit,  
 Dick, Jacke, and Tom, long taill and coitt ;  
 Drunkard, and dyuor, theiffe and whore,  
 Infamous rascails by the score,  
 These are the mattes of Catharus.  
 From wich the Lord deliuer us.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Henry Guthrie in his *Memoirs*, after mentioning that women and maid-servants were the usual originators of these disturbances, particularly names two of the Craigs—one evidently the mother of Johnston of Warriston.

## THOMSON'S LETTER TO SIR JAMES CARMICHAEL VERSIFIED.

"This Ryme," says Balfour, "was composed of a letter sent be Master Alexander Thomesone, one of the ministers of Edinburghe, to Sir James Carmichael, Thesaurer-depute at Courte. The letter was written after the first tumult in Edinburghe anent the service booke, miscarried, and divulged, and turned in this Ryme to scoffe the minister."

Alexander Thomson and William Struthers were the ministers of the Great Kirk called commonly "St. Geills Kirk," in 1630.\* The tumult was occasioned by the Bishop of Edinburgh reading from the service-book; whereupon "all the common people, especiallie the women, rose up with a lowd clamour and uproare, so that nothing could be heard." Some cried out, "Woe, woe," others "Sorrow, sorrow." "for this dooleful day that they are bringing poperie among us." In those days the congregation sat on stools, and some of their number took and threw them at the Dean, Dr. James Hamay. Spottiswood and the Bishops present ineffectually entreated quietness. A sermon was then preached by David Lyndesay, Bishop of Edinburgh, but his sermon was "a verie short one." When his Lordship left the church he was mobbed by the crowd, and accused of bringing in "Poperie." He was very much alarmed, and got into "my Lord Wemyss' lodging," which apparently was up a common stair, exclaiming in his flight that he "had no wyt of the matter."

In the afternoon Lyndesay returned to the Kirk, and the magistrates kept the door guarded to prevent the intrusion of malcontents; but so much time was consumed in reading

\* Row, 352.

the service "that it was about four o'clock at night before Mr. Alexander Thomson began his sermon," which was like that of the forenoon, "verie short." On his Lordship leaving the church in a coach with Lord Roxburghe, the populace pelted it with stones until it reached the abbey of Holyrood, where the Bishop had his residence.

A scene not unlike this occurred in the "great kirk" in 1586, when James VI. was present, in which the females were "*more solito*" principal performers. They raised so great a clamour that the congregation fled precipitately, leaving the nobility and gentry in the "Lord's loft," and the Provost and Magistrates in the one set apart for them. The King on witnessing this exodus rose up and cried, "what the divill aills the people that they may not tarry to heare a man preach." This anecdote is better evidenced than most stories of the kind, for Row says he was present during the time, and was an "eye and ear witness."\*

In all these indecent exhibitions, arising from the ill-judged attempts to force the service-book upon a nation disinclined to accept it, there is one circumstance deserving consideration—that it was the *form*, not the *substance*, that was brought into operation to inflame the passions of the masses. Things of no vital moment were impressed upon the minds of the populace, such as the use of the organ, the "kist fu' o' whistles,"—incense—candles at the altar—consecrated water—ringing of bells, &c. &c. The doctrine of transubstantiation was, in the opinion of Protestants, erroneous, but its belief had nothing to do with Papal domination, whereas the *substance* did. The supremacy of a foreign prince as head of the Church of Christ—auricular confession—absolution—the priestly power to remit sin—are antagonistic to the well-being of any country wishing to be free. The arbitrary rule of churchmen

\* Row, 116.

not under the control of the civil power, would lead to a despotism worse than that of the most absolute tyrant.

Sir James Carmichael was the founder of the family of Hyndford, and being a devoted adherent of the Royal cause, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia on the 17th July 1627. He held the office of Lord Justice-Clerk in 1634, but resigned this office on being appointed Treasurer-Depute 14th Oct. 1636. On the 27th December 1647 he was made a peer, having been created Lord Carmichael by Charles I.—an honour confirmed to him by Charles II. 3d January 1651. He died 29th November 1672 in the 94th year of his age. He was the father of the first Earl of Hyndford.

Carmichael had a sister in Galloway called by Wodrow "The Lady Hairshough or Haircleugh."\* She was a widow, was "under an ill fame of a witch," and had been "debarred from the Table by the Session." Nevertheless she appeared at the tables on "Mr. McClelland's last communion." This reverend gentleman, as she had no token, would not allow her to receive the sacrament, and made her rise from the table, whereupon she threatened him, and said he should be made to repent this ere long. There was "likewise" a Laird called "Old Barmagechan," who it seems had incurred the Lady's ill-will, for she prophesied he should never thrive in the world. "By common repute she was deemed a witch."

The sapient magistrates of Kirkeudbright committed the Lady Hairshough to prison, but were frightened into speedily liberating her by the threats of her influential brother. Why a subject of Satan could have been so desirous to partake of the Lord's Supper is extraordinary—her anxiety on the subject being at least presumptive evidence that she did not believe that the Father of evil held an hypothec upon her soul for favours done.

\* *Analecta*, vol. ii., p. 323.



Wodrow says nothing about the fate of Old Barmagechan, but records that M'Lellan sickened "in a little time, dwined in a lingering distemper, and died in about a quarter of a year thereafter. Some of the people," continues the Church Historian, "were extremely damped that Satan's instruments had got power over him." M'Lellan consoled them by this sensible answer, "If my father be calling me home, I care not who be the messenger; and though it should even be brought about by Satan's agency." The date of the reverend gentleman's death is not precisely given—all that is said is that it was about 1650. The reason why the Devil killed the clergyman because Lady Hairshough was not allowed to participate in the communion has the merit of not being very intelligible. The worthy clergyman himself does not appear to have given any credit to this suggestion of the parishioners.

### Thomson's Letter Versified.

My Lord, your unexpected post,  
 To courte: made me to misse  
 The happiness quhilk I loue most,  
 Your Lordship's hand to kisse.

Bot tho with speed ye did depairt,  
 So fast ye shall not flee,  
 As to wntay\* my louing harte,  
 Wich your conuoy shall be.

I neid not to impairt to you  
 How our church stait does stand,

\* Untye.

By this neu seruice book which nou  
So troubells all this land.

Nor darre I the small boate adventure  
Of my most shallow braine,  
Wpon thesse fearfull seas to enter  
In this tempestuous maine.

Wnless that by authoritie  
I charged be to doe so,  
Wich may command and shelter me  
From shipwreck and from woe.

Therfor to God its to dispoisse  
This cause I will commend,  
For woefully it is by thoise  
Abussed quho should it tend.

And lyke it is to bring grate ill,  
Since it intrustet wes,  
To thesse had nather strenth nor skill  
To bring such things to pas.

Better thesse flames should quenschit be,  
That they have set one fire,  
Bot wisdom and authority,  
That matter doeth requyre.

Ane warrlyk nation still we ar,  
Wich soune may slatrit\* be,

\* Slaughtered.

Not fore'd, but broken, quhen wee ar  
Most loth then to aggre.

So I commend you to the Lord,  
And shall be glad if I  
My countrey service can afford,  
My loue to you to try.

And housoeuer I remaine  
Your Lordships quhill I die,  
And for your saue returne againe,  
Your Beidman I shall be.



## A CAVEAT FOR SCOTLANDE,

1638-9.

From Sir James Balfour's MS.

Stand to thy covenant, read, sworne, and signed,  
Stand for the treuth Chryst's gospel hath combyn'd,  
Thy sneet spread leaves in ends for faith and zeall,  
Sall sure triumphe, God's glorey must prewaill.  
Most pairts of Europe praisse the : ar enclyn'd  
To pray for grace, to blisse thy constant mynde.  
These trayells sift thy wipers, kirk bred slaues,  
Would's cled in lambskins, basse deceauning knaues ;  
And turne-coate temporizers, this poynts fourth  
Ther falshood in thy trew religious worthe.  
Flie superstitione then : thy sister soyle  
Is swallowing Popery : O ! she's made a spoyle  
To pollicy and poyson ; each kirk is fore'd  
To reare wpe altars, and quhat, (Ach !) is worste  
They bow ther heads to stockes, books, and blue  
candells,  
See hou the Deivell and Popery with them dandells.  
The factione fast pravails, and Rome sho guesses  
That pouer will cause proclaime her idole masses.  
Ther's heir a misterie tuixt zea and no,  
Pouer wold punish ; bot terror stopes the blow.  
Live then free, Scotland, for ther's non dare grive the,  
If thou stand fast religione will not leaue the.

For dotting Spootswood,<sup>1</sup> that pernicious weed,  
 That cormorant of smouke, that shakis the head,  
 Hes palsey letts, hes conscience quakes, and how  
 To make our heads lyke his to Balaam bow ;  
 Bot last and worste, three snakes from hell arrysse,  
 Three changelings, wold God's worde and kirke  
 surprysse.

First Bishope Mackivell<sup>2</sup> Pelagius bastard,  
 That sterne faced turne coat tyranizing dastard.  
 Curst Canterberries creture : he domineris  
 Lyke Nuncio Con ;<sup>3</sup> and in hes shape appeiris  
 With Gallaway Tam :<sup>4</sup> that squint eyed stridling asse,  
 That vinking vrighter, he may a shavelling passe,  
 For spight a scribe : for tyranny and scorne,  
 Lett Gallway curse the day this wretche wes borne.  
 The youngest snake, Quhytefoord<sup>5</sup> comes pleading for it,

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop of St Andrews, afterwards Lord Chancellor  
 —a worthy and able man.

<sup>2</sup> Maxwell, Bishop of Ross. This Prelate, in a pamphlet  
 entitled "Sacra Sancta Regum Majestas," which was answered  
 by Rutherford in his "Lex Rex," made use of an "apothegm"  
 of King James VI., "that Monarchy and Scottish Presbytery  
 agree as well as God and the Devil." He was deposed by the  
 General Assembly at Glasgow, 1638, but was elevated by  
 Charles to the Archbishopric of Tuam, 30th August 1645.

<sup>3</sup> Signior Con, the Pope's Nuncio. A copy of his instruc-  
 tions from Rome will be found in Balfour's Annals, vol. ii.,  
 p. 348. See further, p. 75.

<sup>4</sup> This passage does not represent Bishop Sydserff as par-  
 ticularly well-favoured.

<sup>5</sup> Walter Whytefoord, who with Mr David Lindesay,  
 Bishop of Brechin, were deposed and excommunicated, 7th  
 December 1638.

He cannot preach none, that makes him abhorre it.  
He loves the barre, as lawers love dissentione,  
And creel lyke lives in the fyre of contentione.  
Thesse hoodwinks now, thesse black wasted crowes ar  
stolne

Lyke theives to courte, O how, their breists are swolne  
To be revenged ? with basse John knaue ther man,  
Edinburghs foe, hes knaueries quho wold scan.  
Sall find this sycophant ane odious traitour,  
A miscreant willaine, a perfideous creture ;  
Wyffes,<sup>7</sup> ather stone or hange him, you must doe it,  
As for the rest, lett Scotland look vnto it.  
Goe breck ther neckis, els banish them thy border,  
To live lyke rogues ; the Lord confound the order.

<sup>6</sup> John means John Spottiswood, the Primate.

<sup>7</sup> An appeal to Elspet Craig, Janet Geddes, Euphan Henderson, and their followers.

WIL. DRUMMOND'S LYNES ON THE  
BISCHOPES, 14TH APPRYLL, 1638.

These lines, which do not add to the poetical reputation of the author of the *Flowers of Zion*, were first printed from the MS. of Sir James Balfour in 1828, and were thereafter included in the complete collection of Drummond's Poems, page 404, presented to the Members of the Maitland Club by William Macdowall, Esquire of Garthland, 1832, 4to. This valuable work, which contains several poems not previously printed, was edited by the late Thomas Maitland, Esq., afterwards a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of *Lord Dundrennan*.

DOE all pens slumber still, darr not one tray  
In tumbling lynes to lett some pasquill fly ?  
Each houer a satyre crauith to display,  
The secretts of this tragick comick play.  
If loue should lett me vrett, I think you'd see  
The Perenies and Alpes cum skipe to me, .  
And lauch themselues assunder ; If I'd trace  
The hurly-burly of stait bussines.  
And to the vorld abused once bot tell  
The Legend of Ignatian Matchiuell ;  
That old bold smouking monster and the pryde,  
Of thesse vsurping prelats, that darr ryde  
Vpon authority, and looke so gay  
As if, goodmen they ought forsuith to suay ;  
Church, Stait, and all : plague one that damned crew,  
Of such Hell's black-mouth'd hounes ; its of a new

That Roman pandars, boldly dar'd to ov (woo ?)  
 Nay straine a gentle king thesse things to doo.  
 That moue the French, Italian, and Spaine,  
 In a luxurious and insulting straine  
 To sing *te Deum* ; cause they houpe to see  
 The glorie of the popeish prelatie  
 Raissed aboue hes Royall throne apaice,  
 To droune hes minor light with prouder face !  
 Thesse hounds they have ingaged him on the stage  
 Of sharpe-eyed Europe, nay, ther's not a page,  
 Bot thinks he may laugh freily quhen he sees,  
 Kings, Buffons acte, and Bishopes, tragedies.  
 Should aney dauly with the Lyon's pau,  
 Then know a distance, serpents stand in aw.  
 Nay, pray you heavens once lend me bot your thunder,  
 I'le crusch and teare thesse sordid slaues assunder,  
 And leuell with the dust ther altars horne,  
 With the lassicivious organs, pietie's scorne ;  
 Or let me be as King, then of their skine  
 I'le cause dresse lether and fyne Marokin.\*  
 To couer coatches (quher they wont to ryde)  
 And valke in bootes and shoes made of ther hyde,  
 Vhipe them at neighbour princes courts to show,  
 That no nouations Scotts zeall can allow.  
 I sacrificse vold such presumptious slaues  
 To my deir people, beat to dust the knaues.  
 Then, if the poulder of ther bones to dray  
 The hare and pereuiget to the popes Lackay.  
 I noblie should resent and take to heart,  
 Thesse pedants pryde that make poore Brittane smart,

\* Morocco.

† Periwig.



Confound the church, the stait, and all the nation  
 With appish fooleries and abomination,  
 Leaves churches desolate, and stopes the mouth  
 Of faithful vatchmen, quho dare preach bot treuth ;  
 Incendiary fyrebrands whosse proud wordes  
 Drope blood, and sounds the clattring noysse of suordis.  
 Had I bot half the spyte of Gallaway Tom,\*  
 That Roman snakie viper I'd fall from  
 Discreitter lynes, and rube ther itching eare  
 With Spanish nonells, bot I will forbear,  
 Because my foster and my amorous quill,  
 Is not yet hard, proud pasquills to distill.  
 I doe intreat that droll John de Koell  
 To sting them with satyres hatcht in hell.  
 Each doge chyde thesse tobacco-breathed deuyns,  
 Each pen dairt volums of acutest lynes,  
 And print the shame of that black troupe profaine,  
 In liuid vords, with a Tartarian straine.  
 Since I a loue am and know not how  
 To lim a satyre in halffe hyddeous hew  
 Lyke to polypragmatick Machuiel,  
 In pleasant flame (not stryffe) I loue to duell.  
 Bot nou to Paris back I goe to tell  
 Some neues to plotting Riceleu. Fair you weill.

\* Sydserf.

CHICKE CHAKE FOR THE  
ANTI-COVENANTERS,

1639.

This was first printed in "a second book of Scottish Pasquils, 1828," but from the difficulty of decyphering Balfour's MS., many errors crept into the text, which are now corrected. The key given by Sir James, will be found at the end, printed precisely as he penned it; the editor not choosing to delete what the Lyon King at Arms thought it fitting to preserve.

The accusations both in the Satire and the Key are palpable exaggerations. Whatever may have been the demerits of Archbishop Laud, assuredly immorality was not among his vices,—neither do we believe that Lord Stirling was a drunkard. His poetical abilities have never received the praise which they deserve. Mixed up with bombast and pedantry, passages occur in his dramas of infinite beauty. His *Aurora*, not included in the folio collection of his works, and now very rare, may rival the similar compositions of any poet of his time. Those persons who will take the trouble of going through his Lordship's "Recreations with the Muses," will be amply rewarded for their pains. There is a curious specimen of King James's critical acumen in a sonnet—the original of which will be found in one of the Denmiln folios, with corrections in his majesty's hand, addressed to Sir William Alexander. It is called—

THE COMPLAINT OF THE MUSES TO ALEXANDER UPON  
HIMSELFE FOR HIS INGRATITUDE TOWARDS THEM,  
BY HURTING THEM WITH HIS HARD HAMMERED  
WORDS, FITTER TO BE USED UPON HIS MINERALLES.

O holde your hande, holde, mercie, mercie, spare,  
Those sacred Nine that nurst you many a year,  
Full oft, alace, with comferte and with care,  
Wee bathed you in Castalias founteynes cleare,  
Then on our winges aloft wee did you beare,  
And set yow on our statelie forked hille,  
Where yow your heavenlie harmonies did heare,  
The rocks resounding with their echos still,  
Although your neighbours have conspired to kille  
That arte that did the lawrell croune obteyne,  
Who borowing from the Raven theyr ragged quille,  
Bewray their hard, harsh, trotting, tumbling veyne,  
Such hammering hard youre metles harde require,  
Our songes are filled with smooth o'erflowing fire.\*

The date of this severe attack upon Sir William's "hard harsh, 'trotting,' tumbling veyne," was perhaps 1613, when he, Thomas Foulis, and Paul Pinto, got a Grant of the Silver mines at Hilderston, in the county of Linlithgow—the working of which the monarch assumed had given cause for the tuneful nine to complain. In the Pasquil Lord Stirling is designed as of "Menstrie," although he had at its date been created first viscount, and subsequently Earl of Stirling. The barony of Menstrie is in the county of Clackmannan, and now belongs to Lord Abercromby, whose predecessor, Sir Ralph, it is asserted was born in an antique edifice in the village, traditionally reported to have been the residence of the poet. The satirist styles his Lordship,

\* The words "youre," "harde," "smooth," "o'er," are in the hand-writing of the king.

"that Copper Scot." Is this an allusion to the "Copper Captain," in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," that delightful comedy of Fletcher, once so popular, though now banished the stage? It had been acted probably about the period when Lord Stirling figures in the poem.

Oddly enough the American Earl—connected with the Alexanders of Menstrie, as nearest heir male—is also introduced as a drunkard, in a strange little drama published at Edinburgh during the American war, called the "Battle of Brooklyn." The Earl is brought on the stage as a distinguished commander of the rebel forces, but his chief exploits consist in a series of intoxicating exhibitions which must have been very edifying to the audience. The cause of the last Lord Stirling deserting his native country, resulted from an ungracious and injudicious attempt to negative his right to the peerage. He was an able general, and honest politician; as a man his character could not be impeached, and all that can be said against him was that he repudiated his connection with the home of his birth, a step which the treatment he received sufficiently justified.

To return to the first Peer, Scotstarvit observes (p. 72.) that Lord Stirling got "great things from his majestie, as especially a liberty to create a hundred Scotsmen Knights-Baronets; from every one of whom he got two hundred pounds sterling or thereby; a liberty to coin base money, far under the value of the weight of copper, which brought great prejudice to the kingdom. At which time he built his great lodging in Stirling and put on the gate thereof: *per mare per terras*, which a merry man changed, *per metre per turners*, meaning that he attained to his estate by poesy, and that gift of base money."

The building mentioned was a proof at least of Lord Stirling's admiration of the beauties of nature. When originally built it must have been a glorious place—standing above the town of Stirling, on an elevation—having Hurley-

Hacket, where Albany, his children, and kinsmen were judicially murdered, and the Castle on the west, with gradually descending terrace gardens—beautifully planted—commanding a view of the Ochils on the north, with the windings of the silvery Forth, and the carse of Falkirk on the east; it is not easy to imagine a more fitting habitation for a poet—and one so peculiarly adapted for “Recreations with the Muses.”

This palatial residence at the present date is an hospital for the soldiers in the Castle. Its fair gardens have been desecrated, its parks built upon, even the family burying ground, in the adjoining church, has been taken possession of by strangers.

The Marquis of Downshire is the heir of line of this remarkable man, who, by force of talent and perseverance, from a comparatively humble position became an Earl, and held the highest offices in Scotland. The American Earl is believed to have been a collateral heir, under a remainder to heirs male. Leaving no male descendants, it is understood that the peerage is extinct. An interesting Life of his Lordship was published by the New Jersey Historical Society, New York, 1847, 8vo. A Biography of the founder of the family, for which there exists plenty of material, would be, if well done, a work of great interest.

Sir William was created, by Charles I., Viscount of Stirling and Baron Alexander of Tullibody, 4th September 1630, with remainder to his heirs male bearing the name and arms of Alexander. On the 14th June 1633, he was made Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, with a similar remainder. He died in February 1640,—his body was carried to Stirling, “was deposited in a leaden coffin in the family aisle in the Church of Stirling, above ground, and remained entire till within these thirty years.”

We fear that Lord Traquair was not altogether undeserving of the severity with which he has here been treated;

his conduct from the time of his rise until his final overthrow was mercenary and deceitful. Scotstarvit could hardly be otherwise than inimical; and Balfour, in his Annals, does not spare him, as the following passage shows.\*

“In the beginning of Aguste, this zeire, (1634) a warrant was procured from the King, by the Earl of Traquaire, quho had laity fallin oute with the Lord Chancellor, [Archbishop Spottiswood,] for procuring the marriage of one Inglis, with a good portione, to one Butter, a nephew of his; wich Morsell Traquair had formerlie, in his conceit, deuored for a cousin of his auen, with quhome he was to haue dewydit the pray; so finding himself outreached, he raisses all the furies of the courte against the Chancellor, and procures a warrant to the Priuey Counsellers, for heiring the Lord Chancellor’s comptes of his collectorey of the taxations granted to his Majesty in the General Conuentione of the Estaits, in Anno 1630. Bot Traquaire failled in his malice, in persuading himselve to ruine the Lord Chancellor’s crydit at court by this affront; for he cleired his honestie and integretie to his Majisty and all honest men; and onlie shew his auen basse ingratitude towardes him quho first of all men brought him to haue the King’s fauour and respecte.”

Scotstarvit has a most scandalous story, amongst many others, as to a transaction of the noble Lord, by which he procured a remission from the crown for a forgery, practised upon the Lord Herries, who having written his name on the fly-leaf of a book, it was converted into a discharge for 6000 merks, duly witnessed, according to law, by four (dead) witnesses!! Traquaire died in 1659, in extreme poverty, whilst smoking a pipe of tobacco; “and at his burial had no mort-cloth, but a black apron; nor towels, but dog leishes, belonging to some gentlemen that were present, and the grave being two feet shorter than his

\* Vol. ii. p. 220.

body, the assistants behoved to stay till the same were enlarged."

Cranston—Macgill,—was a grandson of David Makgill of Nisbet, Lord Advocate, he was Lord of Session, and was created by Charles II., in 1651, although the patent did not pass the great seal until the Restoration, Viscount of Oxfurd and Lord Makgill of Cousland. The remainders or titles was to him, and "his heirs male of tailzie and provision whatsoever." These few words had the effect next century of extinguishing or perhaps the proper expression should be, suspending the peerage. The first Viscount's son left two daughters, "but no heir male of tailzie." The eldest of the ladies took the estates under the entail. The heir male was James Makgill of Rankeillor, a distant cousin, who assumed the title, and petitioned the House of Lords. Now he was *heir male*—but not "of tailzie and provision," that being the character of Robert Makgill of Cranston Makgill—Thus each of the competing parties had *one* half of what the patent required—one was heir male—the other heir of talzie and provision, consequently neither claimant could take. But if by any freak of fortune, some future heir male should marry an heiress of talzie, the conditions of the destination would be fulfilled, and the peerage in this way be revived.

### Chick Chake for the Antie-Covenanters,

1639.

The deuill, the Pope, the King of Spaine,  
 The Jesuit, the Arminian,  
 Leud Lade with hes curst incantations,  
 Queene Mother, ineendiary of all nations,  
 Treacherous Huntly ! Grand Dumber,  
 The miscreant matche of Hell, Traquare,

Ambitious-hearted Lauderdall,  
 Soule hazarder for the grate seale ;  
 Douglas the Popes patriot,  
 Drunken Menstrey, that copper Scot,  
 The 'mighty marques Hamilton,  
 Quhose land wes bought with two of ten,  
 Spotiswood, chiefe-president of brybes,  
 Scandall of Justinian's trybes,  
 Register Hay *semi-ustus*,  
 And zet he strang remains *Iniustus*,  
 Eastbanke, pryme pet Lord, friend of Venus,  
 Cranston Mackgill, *Rimarum plenus*,  
 Sir Leues Lovegold, *famæ prave*,  
 Commissary Hardhead, *cantans aue*,  
 Fourtaine Belly-godes all abjured,  
 Aberdene Doctors much obdured,  
 Amongst us makes no small debait,  
 Lyke becorey sounds against church and stait,  
 A fyge for them all Christ is our *Dux*,  
 Our *vita veritas, vigor, Lux*.

The "Clavis of thesse Lynes," in the handwriting of Balfour, follows :—

1. Lade, Archbishop of Canterburrey.
2. Quein Mother came to England this zear from the Low Countreys, viz., Marey of Medicis, mother to the Queene of Greate Britaine.
3. Marques Huntley, the chieffe instrument for one to insense the king against his countrey, and the first raisser of the troubles in the north, 1639.
4. Du-bar, (Dumbar) a Reball an a comon theiffe and cuthrothe, one of the Mack-Gregor, and ane assisan of the Marques Huntlyes.



5. Traquaire, Lord Thesaurer of Scotland.

6. Douglas, the Marques Douglas, a professed papist.

7. Drunken Menstrey, the Earl of Streueling, principall Secretary of Estait for Scotland, quho first wes goodman of Menstrey; and did muche wronge the country with a gifte of cooper coyne, obtained in Anno 1634 and 1635.

8. (Wes bought with 2 of ten) this wes a gifte wich the Marques Hamiltone gote from the King in Anno 1633, for the annuellis of moneys wes brought from 10 per cent to 8, and the twa for three zeiris wes by Parliament bestowed one the King, quhow gave it to the Marques Hamilton, to pay his debts.

9. Spotiswood, President of the Sessione.

10. Register Hay, Sir Johne Hay, Clerk of Register, a wicked and villanous fellow, a grate Leicher, and often scorched with the pockis. From a servant to the Toune Clerk of Edinburgh, made Clerk of Register in Anno 1632.

11. Eastbank, Sir Patrick Nisbett one of the senators of the colledge of Justice, a pryme drinker and hooremounger.

12. Fourteene belly-gods, 14 Bishops.

13. Commissary Hardhead, Mr Thomas Aikenhead, one of the commissaries of Edinburghe.

## THE KAIL-WYFE'S COMMUNING.

This attack upon the supposed coolness of the leaders of the Presbyterian party, and the evident apprehension of the revival of Popery, is taken from the Balfour MS., and has now for the first time been printed. It is not improbable nevertheless that it may have originally appeared in the form of a broadside or single sheet—then as now the ordinary way of circulating such things amongst the people—but no copy has as yet been discovered.

The continued residence in England of George Cone (Conæus), the Pope's nuncio referred to in the Caveat for Scotland, p. 65, naturally created alarm. He had been, contrary to law, permitted to remain at the Court of England, and was supposed to have had much to do with the preparations made by Charles for his expedition against Scotland.

Conæus—or Cone—was the author of a very rare work, "*De duplici statu Religionis apud Scotos. Romæ, Typis Vaticanis. M.DC.XXVIII., 4to.*" It is dedicated to Francis, Cardinal Barberini, who is styled, Protector "*Magnæ Britanniæ.*" In the address to the reader there are several interesting literary notices, and particularly one laudatory of Lopez de Vega Carpio, therein styled "*Iberiæ suæ Apollo.*"

Under the patronage of Pope Urban VIII. Conæus wrote a life of Queen Mary Stewart, in Latin, which was printed originally without the author's knowledge, and is full of errors.

An interesting account of Cone's arrival and residence in London occurs in a rare—perhaps unique—tract of the period: "In the month of July 1636 there arrived in England, as the Pope's resident, Seignor George Con, a

Scottish man, secretarie for the Latine tongue to Cardinall Barbarini, who was most kindly entertained by the King, Queene, and all the Court: and having great acquaintance and friends, he made much more noyse and bruit than Panzani had done, by giving and receiving visits from a great number of the nobilitie. Yet there is little evidence that hee shall advance the affaires of religion better than Panzani because of the diffidence of the English, to whom he seems a mere cunning vulpine man.”\*

The title prefixed by Balfour to the poem is “The Kealwyves Comoninge, or Currant Newes from ye Parliament Housse in Aguste 1639.” Kealwyfe means, says Jamieson, Kailwyfe—“a green woman—a common figure for a scold.”

“Its follie with *kail-wives* to flyte,  
Some dogs bark best after they byte.”

CLELAND'S POEMS, p. 112.

The only individual named in this Pasquil is Sir John Hay, Lord Clerk Register, as to whom the reader will find a racy note of Balfour's in the preceding article. Scots-tarvit, who never lost an opportunity of chronicling the evil deeds of his coteremporaries, has no charge against him, and the ensuing verses admit that he was no turn-coat, but a steady adherent of the cause he had espoused. He was compelled to fly from Edinburgh for supporting the Bishops. He joined Montrose, was taken at Philiphaugh, and was “likely to have suffered if he had not been saved by the means of the Earl of Callender, whose lady was his kinswoman, and of his son Mr. William, who advanced £500 sterling to some of the officers for his relief. He has lurked ever since privately, and never conquest any land but a poor piece in Galloway, called the Land.”†

\* This account of Cone is extracted from “The Pope's Nuntio,” London, 1643, p. 15, of which there is a copy in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

† Staggering State, p. 124.

### **The Kail-wyfe's Communing.**

As I wes walking by the Trone  
Aboute ye dawning tyme\* (?) alone  
I harde two kealwyffes sore complaine  
And thus they talked them between  
“Cumer Madie quhat shall wee say  
Of this sade newes we hard this day ”  
“Quhat newes good Madie can ther be  
That makes the teares stand in thyne eye ”  
“Madie,” quod sho, “wee have grate causse  
Forsuith they say they ar no sawes  
That thosse quho tooke the causse in hand  
To keipe religion in ye land  
And for ye same ventred their blood  
And manfully for Christ's right stood  
And for ye countries Right and Law  
Are now begunne to fall away  
Wither by flatriey or by feire  
Or by the promisse of cursed geare  
Or by the hope to be preferrid  
They ar bewitched, both Lord and Laird  
Commissioners for burrowes  
Are lyke to worke ther land much sorrowes ”  
“Cumer,” quod Madie, “that can not be  
That honest men of ther degree  
For aney causse shold fall away  
And causse and countrey both betray

\* Myne.—MS.

Its treu, its thought ther fallin backe  
And for the comon causse right slacke.  
Of our nobles quho take grate cure  
They say ther some that are not sure ;  
And so its thought ere all be done  
They-ill plainly sing ane other tune ”  
“ Cumer,” quod sho, “ quho are thesse men  
That wold I nerey glaidly ken  
That quhen I see them one the gait  
Quhider it be aire or laite,  
I freily may tell them my mynde  
For so ye know I am inclynde,  
For feude nor favor I shall not spaire  
My mynde to them for to declaire,  
And call them turnecottes and tyme servers  
And all the paines of hell deservers,  
Quho darres for aney selve respecte  
Christe or his countrey to neglecte  
And for hes countrey and comonweill  
Will not be treu as aney steill :  
And now if they begin to shrinke  
Ther name eternally shall stinke,  
And I shall tell them in their face  
God will them cursse and all that race.  
And if that will not doe ther turne,  
We shall them stoone, thoughe wee shold burne.”  
“ Cumer,” quod sho, “ I can not ken  
As yet the names of thesse falsse men  
Bot surelie God withoutin doubte  
Will shortly have them all trayed out  
So quhen wee shall them know by name

Wee shall not spair them for to shame,  
For weill remember I that day  
Wherein we followed Sir Johne Hay,  
And I think weill ther worsse then he  
That now turnes coate so shamfully ;  
For he was never our profess'd freind  
The country neuer to him lean'd  
For enimie wee tooke him still  
Expecting nought from him bot ill,  
Bot thir deceavors under trust  
And Judas name deservers just,  
But yet our judgement we'll suspend  
Until more cleirlye it be kend."

## THE TRYELL OF THER NEWES.

Quhen I had hard the poore wives thus complaine  
Aud unto uther heavely regraite  
So foule defectione, I fand the Lord prevent  
That thretned ruine of this poore estaite  
Then I began to thinke, can this be trew ?  
O no thought I, they are bot idle tealles,  
But after, quhen I tooke a little vieu  
Of this grate courte and quhat syde ther prevails,  
And ther that tyme is triffled still away  
With triviall things wich bred noght bot delay  
Are treatted one, God knows for quhat pretence  
And how our leaders cairfully before,  
Lett no thing slipe wich could our causse advance  
For quhat concern'd Christ's kingdom or hes glore,

Adwenturing all quhat ever might be chance  
For Christ, the countries liberty and croune  
Without divissione valliantly they stood  
And for the same they willingly layed doune  
Ther fortouns, meins, ther bodies and ther blood,  
And now quhen come is this grate parliment  
Long wished for and in grate expectatione,  
For all belived and wer right confident  
That it should satle this distracted natione,  
And pute ane end to all our grieffes and feares,  
And all disturbers of our peace correcte.  
To quhilk our Prince petitioned by our Peers  
Hes condescendit for that same effecte,  
Ane free assemblie to our kirk is given,  
Quherin religion rightlie is restor'd  
According to the purest lawes of heaven,  
And to Christ's reule hes every thing conform'd  
To see ane end pute to our grate debait,  
By this so longed for present parliament  
For setling all things both in kirk and stait :  
Bot quhen I call things seriously to mynde  
And how grate matters trewly are neglected,  
I think mens myndes are other wayes inclined  
Then ever any honest harte expected,  
Quhilk makes me think the wyves talkis not vaine  
That some are wrought one by grate pollicie :  
Hopes of preferment, feare, or greid of gaine  
Hes made some fall from former constancie  
For utherwayes how could this come to passe,  
That Lords and Lairds so forward heirtofor  
Comissioners for diversse of the burrowes,

Should fall so foully from ther former glore  
Befor quhen Majestie vent a harder way  
And caisse so stood that liffe, lands, guides and geire  
Should all rune hazard, if they should betray,  
Religion, countries liberties for feare.  
Divisione then was thought ane odious thinge  
And wold no sitting gett within this land,  
No subtile coursse the same to passe could bringe  
Brybes, force or flatrey, or the king's command  
Bot sweitly all rankes rane ane holy coursse,  
Religione, liberty, puritie manteind  
And covenant quhilk in the sacred bookes  
Of holy Scripture cleirly is conteind.  
The country then wes firmly made beleive  
That free assembly and parliament once granted  
All thinges in kirke and stait that did us greive  
Should be removed, enimees supplanted,  
Who wer the cause of all ther grate disorders  
Within the land, quhosse falshood drew us out  
For to defend our cause upone our borders,  
Or else for Christ and countrey not proue stoute:  
Wee did beleve thosse should be nocht rewarded,  
Who that ill counsel gave unto our kinge  
And never againe unto this land regairded,  
Who under slavrey strave us for to bringe.  
Bot now alas ! failed is our expectation  
And none more freely trades or streits throughout  
Then they of lait that lefte ther native nation  
Our overthrowe to helpe to bringe aboute.  
And to speake treuth yet a little further  
Ther's not injoynd aney trew correctione,



For thirste for blood oppressione and murther  
Altho' known, done under ther protectione.  
Altho' our kirk hes prelaie put doune  
With all ther trashe and antechristian traine,  
Yet still hes suffred since parliament begane  
Means to propone to bringe them in againe.  
O quhers the zeall quhilk heirtofor wes seyne  
Of all estaits quhen first this land begane  
Ill to resist, and poperey to preweine.  
Durst aney man have motion'd such things then ?  
Denuding motions wer not intertaind  
Nor wronges be done to aney in our land,  
We are layed by othe, ane other to defend,  
Who for our cause ar aney way injured,  
But nou alas its manifestlie kend  
That maney suffers and never ane secured.  
How can this bot bring judgement one this land  
Quhen solemne othes ar no wayes layed to harte,  
Bot uiolating our most holie band  
Ther's few that's found to take ane uther's pairt  
Quhen justice sought, for wronges that ar received,  
Justice denayed and parties are bot slighted  
And quhat in law and resonne is bot craved,  
From tyme to tyme we see the same bot drifted ;  
So that our courage plainly doeth appeir  
Much to be cooled : our zeall for to decay  
From quhat it was befor within this zeire  
So that its feared, Christ, cuntrey will betray  
For countrey few or comon-welth, takes caire,  
Bot most pairt seikes ther awen stait to secure  
And this doeth cleirly unto all declaire

That peace and truth will not longe heir endure.  
Are we not bound for to advance Christ's cause  
Not to lett slipe that therto may conduce  
Can this be done, if we suffer our lawes  
To lay wnpurg'd from dangerous abuse?  
If that wee stand not stoutly to mantyne  
Religion, Lawes, Liberty and State  
Now quene its tyme ill's studey to preweine  
Befor we shall repent quhen its too laite.  
Doeth not all judgements in this one accord  
That this grate worke that hes beine in this land  
Proccidit onlie from our God and Lord,  
And in the same wes seine his mightie hand,  
How wonderfully he hes brought to passe  
More then at first wee durst presume to seike.  
Man, woman, all, yea evrey lade and lasse  
For comon cause enabled them to speake,  
With quhat grate courage did they us inspyre  
Our cause, our lawes and liberties to defend  
Should not this be all trew Scott's hartes desyres  
That so wee might continew to the end.  
No man can say bot God hes pairt hath achiev'd  
Mōre wonderfully then in aney age.  
To us hes favour wes never seine slackt  
All this longe tyme wee have beine one the stage;  
Bot now to us quhen granted's our desyre  
Our cause to spoyle by oure awen eivell gyding  
Quhilke in this countrey kendle shall the fyre,  
Wee might have quenched by our not dewyding.  
Quhat will be sayd or thought throughe all the world  
Bot Scotland did ane glorious worke intende

To keipe out poperey and lett ther state be thralld,  
Bot wes misgydit by them in the end,  
And hade no harte and courage to stand oute,  
Quhen God had brought them to their vished end,  
And craved nought of them bot they wold be stout,  
For Christ and countrie wyslie to contend,  
And that the lads, courte flatric or feare  
Hes for most pairt bewitched ther sensis all.  
That for the same peace purity so cleire  
And liberty they quholly did inthrall;  
And so justlie on them and ther seid  
God's curse shall rest with ther eternall shame  
For ther defectione and their beastly deid  
Shall after ages one them still exclame.  
Yet let one still in our God remaine,  
That quhen the chaffe is sever'd from the corne  
He his awen cause against them shall maintyne  
And shall it eroune the contraire quho hes sworne,  
Wherfor if aney of you worthies be  
Gilty of this, wich talked is so wyde,  
Repent in tyme and show that you are free,  
Of this foule faute and cleave to the right syde,  
And never dreame such standing can be sure  
Quhilk is establish'd by yeilding to the tymes.  
Nor yet that man shall never be secure  
Who guiltie is of such odious crymes.  
I wounder much how aney can mistruste  
The Lord as he wold not in tyme perfyte  
This hes awen worke he hes to you intrusted  
To prosecute, mauger the deivell's despyte  
For though religion rightly be restored

If in the stait things go not right bot wronge,  
It is ane matter much to be deplored.  
Churche puritie be seure can not last longe  
For eache one other is seine for to depend,  
One being faultie, the other without fail  
Will soune corrupte, experience is kend  
And error, be longe corruptione vill prewaile.  
Strive to establische our lawes in this land  
With England see the marches cleirly red  
For ere't be longe the kinge will ws command  
We'll not be Scotts bot merely English bred.  
Thus to conclude this rurall rude narratione  
Praying the Lord, ye may stand to your marke,  
So ye shall prove a blissing to your natione  
And God by you shall croune hes awen grate vork.



## THE OVERTHROW OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

From Balfour's MS., and written about the same time as  
"The Kail-wyfe's Comoninge."

This and the preceding Pasquil indicate pretty strongly the intense hatred of the Scotch nation at that time towards anything savouring of Popery, and the deep-rooted fear that it might again be dominant. The unfounded suspicion that Charles had anti-Protestant feelings was caused by his wife's being, although a daughter of Henry IV., a zealous Romanist, and the knowledge of his deep attachment towards her.

The Hollanders and German See did end  
That holy fleet, the Roman see did send.  
Pox on the Pope, his holy water then  
That could not from these waters save his men,  
No *Ave Marie*, *Agnus Dei*, no rood,  
Salt, spittle, nor Popes bull did any good,  
The seas obeyed Christ Jesus, now wee knaw,  
That of his Vicar they stood little awe.  
Ten thousand sowles at once, O wondrous story,  
Through fire and water past to Purgatory.  
Justly the Pope may canonize them all,  
They canons brought, and canons wrought their fall,  
Let Rome sowle messes for her clients sing,  
Whilst wee *Te Deum*, to our heavenly King,  
If theyr intention was to spill our blood,  
Prayse be to God, they ended in the Flood,  
Then let the Pope his Roman See governe,  
Christ guide our Bark, I ever hold at Sterne.

## ON THE PARLIAMENT AT WESTMINSTER.

Although this bitter satire has been claimed as a Scottish Pasquil, it is by no means certain that it is so. It was taken from one of those numerous collections of Robert Mylne, which were unfortunately, together with his invaluable library, sold by auction after his demise, instead of having been bought by some of the public libraries of the North, and thus kept entire. One hundred pounds might, in 1743 or 1744, have secured a collection in which were innumerable articles of the greatest value. Books with the Autograph of Robert Mylne may yet be found in the book-shops of Great Britain. Some fifteen years since a volume containing about twenty articles turned up at a sale—the pecuniary value of which could not be under a couple of hundred pounds. Amongst the rarities was an unique edition of Robin Goodfellow, with a woodcut prefixed, not to be found either in the Bridgewater copy or in the one sold at Mr Daniel's sale for above fifty pounds.

Thomas May, the poet and dramatic writer, is the author of the History of the Long Parliament “which began November the 3d MDCXL.”\* In a copy of this book formerly belonging to George Chalmers, the author of Caledonia, there is the following MS. note by him. “May of Mayfield in the county of Sussex. He seems to have been indebted to the patronage of Charles in the early part of his career, and on some disappointment of further advancement, to have taken umbrage and revengefully joined the Republican party—so say both Fuller and Lord Clarendon. At the same time, on the testimony of others of similar politics, his history is considered impartial.”—G. C.

\* Small folio, London, 1648.

The conversion of May to patriotism was pretty much in accordance with the opinion of Sir Robert Walpole, who declared he could make patriots by wholesale. Only refuse a man an unreasonable request and he instantly becomes one. This seems to have been the case with our historian, for on the death of Ben Jonson in 1637 the vacant laurel was sought by him, but to his annoyance was given, through the influence, it was alleged, of the Queen, to Sir William Davenant who it must be admitted was, both as a dramatic writer and poet, quite worthy of it,—his *Gondibert* being superior to any poem of his competitor. On the other hand, May's Dramas, "*The Heir*," and "*Old Couple*," are better than any of Davenant's comedies. May died in 1650, in the 55th year of his age, and thus predeceased the Long Parliament.

The sale of Charles for filthy lucre was an act of such baseness that nothing can palliate it. It is a perpetual blot on the Scottish escutcheon, although perpetrated by a faction. If a nation confers the power of ruling on political jobbers and hypocritical pretenders, it must share with them the infamy of all their iniquitous actions.

The Long Parliament came to an end upon the elevation of Cromwell to supreme power. On the 12th December 1653 it was dissolved. Some of the members still continuing to sit, Colonel White came to the house, with a guard, and demanded what they were there for. They answered, "To seek the Lord." "Pish," said White, "the Lord has not been within these walls these twelve years," and without further ceremony turned them out.

On the Cavalier side, Cleveland, a popular and clever writer, has a smart poem on this interminable Parliament, from which a few stanzas may be extracted:—

Most gracious and omnipotent —  
And everlasting Parliament  
Whose power and majesty

Is greater than all king's by odds;  
And to account you less than Gods  
Must needs be blasphemy.

Moses and Aaron ne'er did do  
More wonders than are wrought by you  
For England's Israel;  
But though the Red Sea we have past,  
If you to Canaan bring's at last,  
Is't not a miracle?

In six years space you have done more  
Than all the Parliament's before;  
You have quite done the work.  
The King, the Cavalier, and Pope  
You have o'erthrown, and next we hope  
You will confound the Turk.

By you we have deliverance  
From the designs of Spain and France,  
Ormond, Montross, the Danes;  
You, aided by our brethren Scots,  
Defeated have malignant plots,  
And brought your sword to Cain's.

. . . . .

Could you have done more piously,  
Than sell church lands the king to buy,  
And stop the cities plaints,  
Paying the Scots-church-militant,  
That the new Gospel helpt to plant,  
God knows they are poor Saints.

Because the apostle's creed is lame,  
The Assembly doth a better frame,  
Which saves us all with case;



Provided still we have the grace,  
To believe the House in the first place,  
Be our works what the please.

'Tis strange your Power and Holiness,  
Can't the Irish devil dispossess  
His end is very stout ;  
But though you do so often pray,  
And every month keep fasting day,  
You cannot cast them out.

It was reserved for Cromwell to cast out the Irish devil, and this he did so effectually that even at the present time his memory is execrated in the Green Isle by the natives.

The Royalist poet was Judge-Advocate at Newark until the surrender; he was a just and prudent judge for the king, and a faithful advocate for the country. "There he drew up that gallant return to the summons of the besiegers, which spake him, and the rest that were embarked with him, resolute to sacrifice their lives to their loyalty, had not the king's especial command, when first he had surrendered himself into the hands of the Scots, made such stubborn loyalty a crime."

Cleveland, "upon some private intelligence, three days before the king reached them (the Scots), foresaw the pieces of silver paying upon the banks of the Tweed, and that they were the price of his Sovereign's blood."—*Vide* life of Cleveland, prefixed to his Works. Lond. 1687.

Cleveland did not live to witness the Restoration of the Stewarts. He died at Gray's Inn, of an intermitting fever, and was buried upon the first day of May 1656, in the parish church of "St. Michael Royal, upon College Hill, London." His funeral sermon was preached by Dr Pearson—afterwards Lord Bishop of Chester.

**The Parliament of Westminster, 1640.**

Within this house is to be sene  
Such a monster as has not been  
At any time in England, nay,  
In Europe, Africk, Asia.  
Its a round body without a head,  
Almost fyve years, yet not dead ;  
As like that beast I once did see,  
Whose tayle stood where his head should be.  
And which was never seen before.  
Tho' it want a head, it has horns good store ;  
It hes a very little hair, and yet  
You'll say it hes more hair than wit.  
That hes many eyes and many eares,  
That hes many jealousies and feares,  
That hes many mouths and many hands,  
Its full of Questions and Commands.  
Its armed with muskets, pykes ; it fears  
Nought in the world but Cavaliers ;  
It was born in England, but begot  
Betwixt the English and the Scot ;  
Though some are of opinion rather,  
That the Devil was its father.

## PASQUIL AGAINST LAUD AND WENTWORTH.

As Black Tom, otherwise Thomas, Earl of Strafford, was beheaded on the 12th of May 1641, it is obvious that the scurrilous production below was written some time previous. When Charles signed the warrant for his execution, his own ultimate fate might easily be foreseen. Balfour has in the same volume with these lines transcribed the beautiful poem usually ascribed to Strafford, and assigned the authorship to him. As a cotemporary, and from his high official position in Scotland, his testimony is not without its value. In one of the volumes of Balfour's State Papers, there also occurs a printed broadside in which the verses are in like manner stated to be by Strafford.

Laud was not executed until afterwards. The Commons were determined to put the Archbishop to death, and although the Peers were of opinion that his Grace was not guilty of high treason, they were so much terrified by the threats of the Commons that they gave way. His Grace was accordingly executed on Tower Hill on the 10th of January 1644-45, notwithstanding he produced the King's pardon.

Both Strafford and Laud were murdered, not by common assassins, but by a set of men who, as members of the House of Commons, were supposed to be the just guardians of the lives and liberties of their countrymen.

Laudles Vill of Lambeth Strand,  
 And Black Tome, tyrant of Ireland,  
 Lyke foxe and volffe did lurke  
 With maney Dukes and Magetepaye's,  
 To pyke out Good King Charles his eyes,  
 And then be Pope and Turke.

## PROCLAMATION AGAINST THE HOME-LOYTERERS.

From a printed broadside entitled, "A Proclamation against the Home-Loyterers, Recusants to the Common Cause, within the Colledge of Justice," in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. This attempt to influence the members of the legal fraternity who had not embraced the covenant to join its adherents at Dunglass, was fortunately not very successful, if we may judge by the list of the persons destroyed by the blowing up of the bridge there next month, and preserved by that remarkable person William Lithgow, in his *unpoetical* account of the disaster, occasioned, it is said, by a poor jest of the Earl of Haddington against the English, which so much irritated Southern, his page, that he blew up the bridge, killing by the explosion himself, Lord Haddington, and numerous individuals of rank and wealth, amongst whom was Colonel Erskine, the seducer of Anne Bothwell, whose beautiful *Lamentation* contemplates the probability of the betrayer perishing by a violent death.

### **Proclamation against the Home-Loyterers.**

We blameless Beautie, badges bright of peace,  
 White shining smyles of Lady *Justice* face ;  
 And glory of that pomp expecting Traine,  
 Whose aymes by us, are honour now to gaine.  
 For as much as that fleeing herald *Fame*,  
 Doeth still by her care-batring voice proclame  
 Each where, that for our Croune and Faith's defence,  
 Our present progresse keepes a residence ;  
 Here in *Dunglasse*, where now our curious eyes,

With long-worne looks, as waking watchmen lyes  
 Still in await : as pleasing to bee designed  
 Here to attend those unto us assign'd,  
 By *Truth's* blew Flags, our Sister in degree,  
 Both sprung from noble *Justice* pedigree ;  
 As als our patience did not yet disdaine,  
 To wait the lurking fragment of our Traine  
 That yet remains : as our assur'd supplie,  
 Bought long agoe by love, and clemencie :  
 Albeit to them heaven's helping hand hath beene  
 Most liberall, as mortall eyes hath seene :  
 Whose prodigall usher Ladie *Providence*,  
 Fraught their desires with a right large expence,  
 Of golden strength, by nursing Vertue's hand  
 And made them strong in our just Cause to stand ;  
 Under the shelter of our famous Name,  
 Which by the right of thankfulnessse wee claime :  
 Aye due by them, and that for their supplie  
 Of true *Religion*, and our *Libertie* :  
 That so our sight might terrifie our foe,  
 As did our noble Name a yeare a-goe.  
 But O ! those hopes were blasted long ere time  
 Could bring these blossomes to an happie prime.  
 Whose fruits (deceits, nay, rather) in respect,  
 They nothing bring but showes of mere neglect.  
 Which all men knowes did spring from servile fear.  
 Our churlish-mindes, that now the svey doth bear.  
 Yet whilst wee did, sweet smylling Peace enjoy,  
 Then seem'd they readie Subjects to employ :  
 And trac'd the Streets with such a gallent grace,  
 As if their worth consisted in their pace :

But when proud *Mars* once shew his angrie brow  
 Their fainting hearts then seem'd for feare to bow.  
 Their courage which their tongues some times did keep  
 Now in their secret cels doth soundly sleep.  
 With gaping gried they glorie in their gaine,  
 Which lurking they atchieved with honour's staine  
 They care not for their Faith, nor Countrie's good,  
 So they buy ease with their own Brethren's blood.  
 Thus when (we see) their Faith, and courage cold,  
 Now make their feble breasts in nothing bold,  
 Except it be a *Venus* to embrace,  
 Much more esteem'd, than brave *Bellona's* face :  
 Then lo, what cause wee have so to proclame,  
 Them wanting braines to under-prop our Name.  
 Herefore since threats, nor our perswasions faire,  
 Nothing avails, *Wee will, and wee declare*  
 That this afore-nam'd home delighting crew,  
 As well of white, as of the collours blew,  
 Bee from hence-forth, and by all humane lawes,  
 Esteem'd *Recusants*, to our noble cause.  
 And als wee finde, and thinke expedient,  
 That they, and every one of them bee rent,  
 And cut cleane off, with shames infamous strock,  
 As withred boughes from blooming *Justice* stock.  
 And wee command, that this our will be shown,  
 And in each place, that Fame doe make it known  
 Which we here stamp with *Truth* faire *Justice* seal,  
 That never died : nor ever yet shall fail.

*Daited from Dunglasse, 26. of July 1640.*

*This Proclamation's seal'd that now I bring,  
 With great Apollo's hand adorning Reigne.*

THO. PLAINE, Clerke.

## A GAME AT CHASSE.

From the Balfour MSS.

It seems to some that Brittain (by the Masse)  
 Is now in earnest gaming at the chasse.  
 The Bischops bracke the play : they rang'd the brod,  
 They stand not awe of man, yea scarce of God.  
 To serche and grow more grate they euer presse,  
 If Pope wer in the play, haue at hes place.  
 They play the roge, the knaue, for vnder cure,  
 They cheete both king and kingdome I am sure.  
 The noble knights ar forced to interposse,  
 Ther liues and all to barr thesse cruell foes,  
 Quho ather aim to steall the king to Rome  
 Quer he should lousse hes liberty and croun,  
 Or ells to make him manles they intend  
 Destroying such as treulie him defend :  
 Bot bookes and beckes and surples showes of lait,  
 They meine to giue cheke masse, if not cheke mate.  
 If them the raite of Game, tope them and take them.  
 Darr meine to cheeke the King : tho' Queine should  
 back them.

Rokkes doubled one ane bur, should make us varrie,  
 That one reuld tuo barrs, first made all miscearey,  
 God moue the King to see and make the same,  
 For still mismet and manles lousse the game.  
 To make the game goe right to strokes vold further,  
 Trew knights aduanc'd, fals Bishops put to order.  
 Marke euery man's deseings ther actions tells,  
 Thesse loues the King in treuth, thosse loue themselves.

PASQUIL ON THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE  
OF DEE.

This "Pasquil, made at the Bridge of Dee quhen it was wone from the Ante-Covenanters of the north," is a curious specimen of the Covenanting Muse, usually not very inspiring. It is the more interesting because tradition has preserved a ballad of considerable merit, which the editor had many years since the good fortune to recover and print for the first time in the "North Countrie Garland," from which it has been transferred to the pages of *Motherwell*, *Aytoun*, and other editors of *Scotish Ballads*. Professor *Aytoun* in his set has omitted the three concluding stanzas of the ballad as originally printed, considering them as interpolations, because they represented the Highlanders flying from the field of battle, in consequence of their being frightened by the artillery brought against them. In our recent edition of "*Scotish Historical Ballads*," the original verses have been restored and the reader will see that *Aytoun's* objections are obviated by the contemporary MS. of *Balfour*, which particularly mentions the alarm occasioned amongst the northern Royalists by the use of "Muskie's Mother," and the effects produced on the Viscount of *Aboyne*,—an amusing incident, as it establishes that upon this occasion the Viscount did not wear a kilt.

While the saintly *Argyle* was employed in the more congenial occupation of plundering the Castle of *Airlie* and collecting property of every description for removal to his Castle of *Inverary*, his coadjutor, *Montrose*, then an adherent of the revolutionary cause was fighting gallantly on its behalf, and by his victory over *Huntly* made himself master of the important city of *Aberdeen*.

He compelled the Marquis of *Huntly* to fly, together with



his son the Viscount of Aboyne. Luckily for the Aberdonians it was that the victor was the chivalrous Montrose, for though urged by the fanatics about him to destroy the ancient burgh, he resisted their importunities. Aytoun's concluding verses are as follows:—

Then up and spoke the gude Montrose  
Grace be on his fair bodie,  
“We winna burn the bonny bruch,  
We'll even let it be.”

Then out and spake the gallant Montrose,  
As he rade owre the field,  
“Why should we burn the bonny bruch,  
When its like we couldna build?”

“I see the women and the children,  
Climbing the craig so hie,  
We'll sleep this night in the bonny bruch,  
And even let it be.”\*

Had Montrose then left the Covenanters very different might have been the fortunes of Charles in the north, but Providence ordered otherwise, and it was even then much too late for the Grahame to benefit a monarch whose infirmity of purpose enabled his opponents to hurl him from his throne. With all his good qualities, and they were many, the vacillating policy of the King rendered him unfitted to rule. It required a man of sterner materials to save the crown. His mighty successor, Cromwell, proved what might be done by mental vigour and unconquerable determination.

The Earl of Kinghorn was the second peer of that title. He married Lady Margaret Erskine, third daughter of John, Earl of Mar, Lord Treasure of Scotland, she died at

\* Scottish Ballads, Historical and Traditionary. Edin. 1868, vol. i. p. 288.

Edinburgh on the 7th of November 1639. "Shoe had issue diversse childrene, bot all of them deyd before herselue; her corpes wer embalmed, and solemnley interred in the comon sepulture of that familey, at the Church of Glamis, in the monthe of February 1640." Balfour vol. ii. p. 371.

Upon the death of his first wife, his Lordship married the Lady Elizabeth Maule, daughter of Patrick first Earl of Panmore, and by her had a son Patrick, his successor, and a daughter Elizabeth, who married the first Earl of Aboyne, a title now merged in the Marquisite of Huntly, and upon his death captain Alexander Grant. His successor preferring the title of Strathmore, obtained from the Crown a new charter, under which he and his successors became Earls of Strathmore and Kinghorn.

George Ogilvie of Dunlugus was created a Baronet by King Charles I., 30th July 1627. He shewed his loyalty and valour at the Bridge of Dee, and was created a Baron by letters patent dated 31st of August 1642.—Crawford's Peerage, p. 36. The title is at present dormant, but as the remainder is to heirs male whatsoever, it is not improbable that some day or other it may be revived.

### **Battle of Bridge of Dee.**

God bliss our Covenanters in Fyffe and Lothean,  
 In Angus and the Mearnis, quho did us first begin  
 With muskit and with carabin, with money speare  
 and shield,  
 To take the toune of Aberdeen and make our Marques\*  
 yield.

God bliss Montrois our General,  
 The stout Earl of Kinghorne,

\* Huntly.

That wee may long liue and rejoyce  
That euer they were borne.  
The man that hes ane ciuell wyffe,  
He prayes God to amend her,  
That he may liue a quyat lyffe,  
And dye a Couenanter.

My Lord Aboyne hes tint his style  
Vith maney a Northland man,  
Quhen couardly they fled away  
For all ther craft and can.  
Quhen they caroussed at the brigend,  
Drinkand their wyne and beaire,  
The Couenanters leuche at theme,  
And dranke the watter cleir.

I was a Couenanter  
Long ere that I came heire,  
With my burnish't muskit,  
And my bandeleire.  
My 7 yells of Flanders matche,  
And my sheiring suord,  
At euery woley I did shote,  
The limers yeul'd loud.

I purpois to begin  
In wersse for to record,  
The commendatiou of our men  
That trusted in the Lord.  
Pray for our Couenanters,  
Quho still depens one God,

Quho proued treuly to the end,  
And marched be south the rod.

The Laird of Bamffe is taken the sea,  
His pilot for the Ruthur,  
And dars not come a land agane,  
For feare of Muskies mother.  
The Laird of Bamffe hes gottin the jamffe,  
And so did Gight ane other,  
My Lord Aboyne, beshet hes breikes  
For feare of Muskie's mother.\*

The Prouests daughter of Aberdeine,  
She is a sore lamenter,  
And curses her father he will not be  
Ane honest Couenanter.  
The Couenanters of the South,  
They'ar honest, stout, and trewe,  
And they haue woued both saule and lyffe  
To burne fals Aberdeine.

Muskies mother hes made a wow  
That she will take her wenter,  
And thunder throughe (the) brige of Dee  
Led by a Couenanter.  
The Couenanters that ye see  
Come marching alongest the grein,  
Wer not for feare of God they say,  
They vold plounder Aberdeine.

\* A cannon.

I had a beard as vther men,  
But God reuard the pouder,  
He suers he's neuer cocke hes matche,  
Nor muskit one hes shoulder.  
While that the dogs of Aberdeene,  
Wich did cast vpe such tranches,  
Themselues with speed fill vpe the same  
To please our Couenanters.

The Douper doges of Aberdeene,  
Is fled and veighed ther ankers,  
They durst not byde into ther toune,  
To feast the Couenauters.  
They left ther children and ther wyffes,  
To reed yare reuelit zairne,  
And cuckold-lyke fled for their liues  
Unto the Iyle of ferne.



## A SCOT'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The following verses, entitled,

A Scott's New Year Gift,  
Better nor a Christmas Carrol.

Were found amongst some old papers in the possession of the late much lamented Earl of Eglinton and Winton, one of the most popular Viceroys that ever ruled over Ireland. They appeared in a provincial journal some years since, and, as they relate to the ecclesiastical controversies of the period, have been printed in the present collection.

The style of the composition, and the place where it was found, induce a suspicion that the first Seton, Earl of Eglinton, commonly called Grey Steel, may have been the author. The writing is that of the period in which he lived. He was an upholder of the monarchy, though a covenanter, and suffered for his loyalty;—the original MS. was, and, it is presumed, is still preserved amongst the Eglinton family papers.

The burden "Gramercie good Scot," is the same as that in "A new Carrell for Christmasse, made and sung at Londone," which will be found in "Ballads and other Fugitive Poetical Pieces, chiefly Scottish, from the collections of Sir James Balfour, Knight. Edinburgh 1834, small 4to."

**A Scott's new yeares gift  
Better nor a Crismes Carrol.**

Brave England be glaide ye got suche a King,  
So gracious and godlie aboue you to Ring,

Regraiting your grevance, so long overgone,  
 By popery and prelatts, but now salbe none ;  
 Be thankfull to God, for that ye haue gott,  
 And say so with glaidnes, GRAMERCY GOOD SCOT.

The best of your church wes brought to grit thrall,  
 Baith nobles and gentry and comons and all ;  
 Your tradesmen and traffik, and all put to nocht,  
 By butchers from babell, that bishops in broght ;  
 But blist be our King, hes broken that knot,  
 And maks you to say, GRAMERCY GOOD SCOT.

The Lyoun and Leopards, lads sall not leid,  
 Nor Wentworth nor Winchfurd\* the harp sall nadreid ;  
 Then confort and credit sall cum to our Croune,  
 When traitors and tyrants, and knaives ar cut doune ;  
 So shall we rejois, to see such a shott,  
 And sing all at once, GRAMERCY GOOD SCOT.

Gritt Brittain may glaidly give thanks to thair God,  
 That baneist these burgeois of babell abrod,  
 And purgit us of popery of prelatts and all,  
 And gave all our syeophants so grit a fall.  
 So nixt our grit God, our gracious King  
 We daylie may blis, such joy did us bring ;  
 This is the best new year gift ever we got,  
 For whilk we may give, GRAMERCY GOOD SCOT.

**By balams Ass.**

**This spoken wes.**

\* Sir Christopher Wandesford.

## LINES BY MONTROSE.

These lines must have been written by Montrose prior to the elevation of the Marquis of Hamilton to a Dukedom. His grace was the commissioner at the celebrated Glasgow Assembly of 1638. His three sons died before him, and his honours, after his execution by the roundheads on 9th March 1648, passed to his brother William, Earl of Lanark, who dying without issue male, 5th Sept. 1651—the estate and honours devolved on the Lady Anne, daughter of the first duke, who married William Douglas, Earl of Selkirk. At the solicitation of the Duchess he was created Duke of Hamilton in 1661, for life. Thus the Dukes of Hamilton are only heirs of line of the Hamiltons, while they enjoy the male representation of the Douglas family.

The Earl of Newcastle did not receive his Marquisate until the 27th of October 1643, so that the killing of his son's dog could not have occurred before that date. Surviving the Restoration he was created Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle, 16th March 1664. His son Henry, the second Duke, was probably the owner of the dog slain by "the maiden sword of Hamilton."

The following is the title given by Balfour:—"Some lynes one the killing of ye Earle of Newcastell's sonne's doge, by ye Marquess Hamilton, in the Queen's Garden at Yorke. Written there by the Earle of Montrois."

*Lines by Montrose.*

Heir layes a doge, quhosse qualities did plead,  
Such fatall end from a Renowned blade,



And blame him not, though he succumbed now,  
 For Hercules could not combat against two ;  
 For whilst he on his foe revenge did take  
 He manfully was killed behind his back.

Then say to eternize the curre that's gone,  
 He flecht the Mayden sword of Hamiltone.

### PASQUIL ON THE EARL OF ROTHES, 1640.

"This pasquill," says Balfour, "so scurrellous wes flung downe at my Lord Rothess' Lodging quhen he went vpe from Newcastle to London, as one of the Commissioners from Scotland to end the trefy begune at Rippone."

John, Earl of Rothess, was a warm adherent of the Covenant, he was born in 1600 and died before 1641, at Richmond, after a very sudden illness. He was a man of joyous habits, and had little of the Puritan about him. According to Clarendon, he stood so well with both parties, that his sudden removal "put an end to all hopes of good quarters with that nation," *i.e.*, the Scots. His Lordship wrote "a Relation of Proceedings concerning the affairs of the Kirk of Scotland, From August 1637 to July 1638," which, after remaining in manuscript for nearly two centuries, was privately printed by the late James Nairn, Esq., for the members of the Bannatyne Club, Edinburgh, 1830, 4to. To this publication is prefixed a very fine portrait of his Lordship in the twenty-fifth year of his age, taken from a painting by Jameson in 1625, preserved in Leslie House, the seat of the family in Fifeshire.

The Earl married Lady Anne Erskine. Balfour\* thus records the death of the countess:—"The second of Maij

\* Vol. ii. p. 427.

the same zeire (1640) deyed Ladye Anne Erskyne, Countess of Rothés, second daughter to Johnne Erskyne, second Earle of Mar, Lord Thesaurer of Scotland and Knight of the Garter. Shoe lefte issue tuo daughters, and one sone, Johnne, now Earle of Rothés, Lord Lesley. Shoe deyed of a hecticke fever; and her corpsse wer interríd in the new yle of Lesley church, the 25th day of this mounthe of Maij. without any funerall ceremoney." The nobility of Scotland had about this time found reason to dispense with those expensive funeral ceremonies, which had previously been much in use. The demise in 1640 of four Earls, two Countesses, and one Baron, is given with the places of their interment, but in no one instance were there any ceremonials. The Lord Lyon did not probably relish very much this judicious exercise of a laudable economy, by which his fees of office would materially suffer.

The Earl John, mentioned by Balfour, was afterwards the celebrated and only Duke of Rothés whose religious opinions were not those of his parent. His "Funerals" were celebrated in such a way as would have rejoiced the heart of Sir James Balfour, had he been then alive. The original drawings of the gorgeous ceremonial, after having been supposed to be lost, have recently been found in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. They were engraved last century.

### **Pasquil on Rothés.**

Doe ye not know quho layes in this corner?  
 It's a Scots Ambassador extraordinar,  
 Doe ye not know quhat he came heir about,  
 To save thesse wnhanged that himselue hundit out,  
     Ladies I request you keepe from the Vall,  
     Or the Scots Ambassador will occupy you all.

## PASQUIL ON THE EARL OF LEVEN.

To this somewhat smart production Balfour has prefixed the following notandum :—

“Ane other scurvy pasquill of this same yeir against Generall Lesley nou Earle of Lewin ventilat the court in tyme of Parliament.”

The point of these verses arises from the fact that Leven was an illegitimate son of Leslie of Kininvie. See *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary*, Edin., 1868, Vol. I., p. 298. He, like Ruthven, subsequently Earl of Forth in Scotland and of Brentford in England, served a long apprenticeship to the science of arms under that competent teacher, Gustavus Adolphus, whose full confidence both of them possessed.

The word “Bastard” of old was invariably used to denote an illegitimate child. When the word “natural” came into general use is uncertain, but it must be of comparatively modern adoption.

Cooper, in his “*Thesaurus*,” dedicated to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, 1578, gives this interpretation, “*Filius Naturalis*—Ones lawfull or naturall sonne by hys owne bodie begotten.” In Danet’s great Latin and French Dictionary, published a century after for the use of the Dauphin, Paris 1691, 4to, *Naturalis* is interpreted, “*Naturel, vray, qui n’est ni artificielle, ni fardeè.*”

**Pasquil on Leben.**

Scotts are no rebels ! no the’re conquerours  
 Since tribute payed them by this conquest land.  
 Quhat conquest bot a blow ? These courtiours  
 For feare of blowes gave quhat they would demand  
 Eye hyde your faces, and confess you’re dastards  
 For England now is conquer’d twysse by Bastards.

## ANAGRAMS ON LORD TRAQUAIR, 1640.

The anagrams that follow, relative to John Stewart, Earl of Traquair, go far to support the opinion expressed by Scotstarvit and Baillie, as to the merits of this unpopular, and apparently unprincipled nobleman. Although not specially named, as Sir John Hay the Clerk Register was in the "Kailwyves Communing," it is evident that he is one of the suspected traitors pointed out in that curious production.

Balfour observes,—“Ther anagrams wer publickly wented of the Thesaurer Traquair, first in Edinburgh, and then ouer all the countrey, in March 1640.”

John Steuarte,  
Say no treuth,  
Sir Johne Steuarte,  
On treuth arnyses,

Johne, Lord Traquaire,  
A lyer honor acqyred,

Johne, Earle of Traquaire,  
Ho! a varrie effronted lyer,

Johne, Earle of Traquair, heigh commissioner,  
A lying misinforme acqyreth honors.

Amongst the Balfour MSS. will be found the draft of “Artichells against John Earle of Traquare to be ye ground of a Suumondes of forfautrie against him 1640.” 33. 1. 1. No. 70.

**Anagram on Traquair.**

JOHN EARLE OF TRAQUAIR.

Anagram.

Ho ! a varrie effronted lyar.

Thy face, thy tounge, thy harte are at a stryffe,  
 Wich of them to thy lyeis should ade most lyffe.  
 Falsse is thy harte, perfidious plots conceavinge,  
 Thy tounge unfaithfull, and thy lookes deceaving,  
 The harte affords, vnto the other tuo  
 Moe cusining shapes then Proteus euer kneu.  
 Bold browes attend thy double tounge, with eyes  
 Als bold, thy tounge quhat euer it speiks, it lyes,  
 And cause the hand of vengeance long forbears,  
 That villane tounge, quhat euer it lyes, it suers,  
 Fitt instrument for thy pernicious endes,  
 To reul the King, thy countrey, and her frinds,  
 Thus whilst thy harte, thy face, thy tounge conspyre,  
 Ho ! (thou'rt proclaimed) a varrey effronted lyer.\*

\* Lord Traquair, in January 1654, "went up to Court, being, as reported, sent for to be preferrit: my Lord Durie also followit to the lyke end, and upon the like scoir; bot wer both disappoynted."—Nicol's Diary, p. 121. Edinburgh, 1836. 4to.

PASQUIL JUNE 1642, AGAINST THE  
MARQUIS OF ARGYLE.

That the Campbells, Lords of Lochow, are an ancient race, is unquestionable, but the period assigned for their appearance in Argyll, by genealogical manufacturers, merely excites a smile. The founder of the family was, it is said, a mighty chieftain called O'Dwin, who flourished in 404, and whose descendants were called "Scol Diarmid," that is to say the offspring of Diarmid.

This astounding antiquity of the race of Campbell, is vouched by the "Bards and Senachies," authorities which may be of value in the west Highlands, but nowhere else.

Whether the Campbells are the Norman family "De Bello Campo," the founder of the English Beauchamps, is uncertain. They rose into power and position on the fall of the Balliol dynasty, when Sir Nigel or Neil Campbell connected himself with the Bruce, by marrying Mary, sister of King Robert. This person had been an original supporter of Edward I., and it is far from improbable might have remained faithful to that monarch, had he not been tempted by an alliance with the royal race of De Bruce, to break his oath of allegiance. The district of Lorn was held originally by an adherent of Balliol, who was driven from his estates by Sir Nigel. This was the first certain appearance of the Campbells as Lords in Argyle, and there can be little doubt that the "beautiful" Eva, the heiress of "O'Dwin," who married "Gillespie Campbell," a gentleman of Anglo-Norman lineage,\* existed only in the imagination of some Highland "Senachie."

Sir Nigel's son by this marriage, called Colin, had a

\* Douglas, p. 86.

royal charter to Lochow, to be held "*pro homagio et servicio*," as freely, fully, and honourably, as any other baron of Argyle held his possessions. Colin and his heirs furnishing the king and his successors with a ship "*quadraginta Remorum*," in acknowledgement of the grant.

The descendants of the Lords of Lochow from this period gradually increased in wealth and importance, and the great grandson of Nigel, who married a daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, is understood to have been the first Lord Campbell. He died in 1453 and was buried in Kilmun.

His grandson, the first Earl of Argyle, married the eldest of the three daughters of John Stewart of Lorn, and Innermeath, and got with her the Castle of Gloom, the name of which was, by statute, changed into Castle Campbell.

Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, raised to that dignity by the monarch whose cause he betrayed, had none of the better qualities of his father, who had the merit of being a personally brave, though not a successful commander. His course was erratic. As the great Protestant champion—he led the King's troops against the adherents of the old faith—headed by the Earl of Huntly and Errol, and was defeated at the inglorious battle of Glenlivet or Balrinnes, in October 1594, where an inferior force put to flight a better armed, and infinitely more numerous body of men, who, it was expected, would have effectually put down the Roman Catholics of the North.\*

The Earl subsequently had more success in his military exploits, for in 1603 he reduced the Macgregors—a race celebrated for their skill in cattle stealing, and the Macdonells in the western Highlands at a later date. For these services he got a grant from the Crown of Kintyre, which was confirmed by Act of Parliament.

\*See *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, vol. i. p. 246. Edin., Paterson, 1868.

By his first wife, the Lady Agnes Douglas, daughter of William, Earl of Morton, he had the subject of the ensuing pasquil, which has been preserved by Sir James Balfour.—Commencing life as a Protestant, and selected for his zeal as the most fitting man of his time to extinguish popery, the Earl, in his latter days, abjured Protestantism, and died a Roman Catholic, in foreign lands.

Scotstarvet observes that owing to his father, Earl Colin, having got involved in pecuniary difficulties, and his son not being able to settle them, he was compelled to leave Scotland. “He went over to West Flanders, to serve the King of Spain, and became Papist; of whose flight the poet Craig, wrote these lines:—

‘Now Earl of Guile and Lord Forlorn thou goes,  
Quitting thy Prince, to serve his Spanish foes;  
No faith in plaids, no trust in highland trews,  
Cameleon-like, they change to many hues.’” \*

He gave to his son of the second marriage the Lordship of Kintyre, which he sold a few years afterwards to his brother, and went to the French wars, where he died.

Archibald succeeded to the earldom, and was created a Marquis in 1633. He became one of the great apostles of the Covenant in Scotland, and by his influence materially aided its adherents in their successful efforts to destroy the monarchy. The fate of the Marquis after the Restoration was the same as that which befel his opponent, Montrose.

Scott's portrait of Gillespie Grumach, as he was called, from the cast of one of his eyes,—so admirably given in the Legend of Montrose, is, we incline to believe, for the most part true.

\* Page 6.



**Pasquil on Argyle.**

Cam is thy name, Cam are thyne eyies and wayes,  
 And with thy Bell thou troules all traitors to thee,  
 Cam are thy lookes, thyne eyies, thy ways bewrayes,  
 Thy strained Bell has vitched the vulgar to thee,  
 Cam's deepest plotts excused by declaratione,  
 No sound bot Campbell hard throughout our natione.  
 Cham was a sinner, yet in the Arke preserved,  
 Bell was a god, and must neids bee adored,  
 Whose backdores Daniell to the King did tray,  
 For which he gat the den (you may applay).  
 Then cursed Cham, bot thrysse most blissed Shem,  
 He saw and leuiche, thou hid thy fathers shame,  
 And blessed Daniell altho' thou gat the den,  
 Quhen blinded people sees Bell beare the bleame.  
 Campbell begon, for gyle can have no grace,  
 The Righteous suffer for their Countries peace.

**Answer.**

Thou gives the Prikels and obscures the Rose,  
 That's treachery to a right smelling nose,  
 Yet your outseeine by Cam, you'r grosse mistake,  
 And the joynd Bell may you ere long awake  
 To Your wrong'd senses, without gyle, not shame,  
 For Campbell shall be freir still then Grahame.

## EXECUTION OF ARGYLE.

From the MS. of Robert Mylne, who calls this Pasquil

“VERSES UPON THE LATE MARQUIS OF ARGUILLE.”

Although the execution of Argyle did not occur till long after the date of the preceding pasquil, these verses are probably better placed here, than postponed for insertion in their chronological order.

The Marquis was, on the 27th of May, 1661, beheaded at the market cross of Edinburgh for treason. Although he was evidently accessory to the fate of Charles I., yet, as he had assisted at the coronation in January 1650 of Charles II. at Scone, his subsequent execution was a hard measure ; but his treatment of his chivalrous rival Montrose, and the indignities to which he had subjected that gallant nobleman, tended to abate any sympathy which his death might otherwise have excited.

Argyle married Margaret, daughter of William, seventh Earl of Morton, by whom he had the ninth Earl, who perished on the scaffold for rebellion against James II., regretted by all, excepting the sycophants of that weak-minded and obstinate monarch, who, as the Pope remarked, “sacrificed three kingdoms for a mass.”

Scotland now raise thy triumphs to the light,  
Since heaven intends to vindicat thy right,  
And libertie, and justice 'gins to smyle,  
Since the committment of the arch Argyle ;  
Whose horrid crymes still added to thy pains,  
Thou ne'er wer't free till he was bound in chains.

What ruin, murder, sacrilege, and rapes !  
Upon the lyves, souls, honours, and estates  
Of faithfull men committed wer by him,  
Whose every action was ane highest cryme  
'Gaynst King and Country. We may justly crave  
Vengeance on him, who most unjustly gave  
Such barbarous injustice unto all,  
And yet, O strange, was Justice Generall !  
The noble ghosts of Huntlie and Montrose,  
With thousands more who heartilie did oppose  
His curs'd designs, whose royal blood hee spilt,  
Which now at last serves to inhance his guilt,  
Shall gladdie from the highest heaven descend,  
To view his tragic and deserved end,  
And be spectators of his fatall doume  
As he rejoyced in their martyrdom.  
No words can serve to vtter what I think,  
No word on paper, nor a sea of ink,  
Can well point out the villanies that he  
Hath acted by infernal treacherie  
Against his God, his Country, and his Prince,  
His father, friends, kindred all at once !  
I leave him then, till Heaven be pleased to bring  
Him to the justice of his God and King.

## SCOTLAND'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

To this pasquil the following lines are prefixed :—

SCOTLAND'S TRIUMPH IN SPIGHT OF ROME AND SPAINE,  
WHO WOULD CURST JERICO'S WALS HEER BUILDE AGAINE.

The author is more than usually bitter against Laud, who with many other excellent and sound Protestant divines was regarded as disguised Papists.

Dr Ballcanquall, the Dean of Durham, and one of George Heriot's Trustees, an honourable and much respected man, is vilified because he was opposed to the opinions of the Covenanters. When the poet says,

“And he who traitours call'd the loyall Scots,  
Arraign'd of treason is, and hainous blots.”

he did not calculate that after the lapse of a few years the “Loyal Scots” would sell their monarch for a pecuniary consideration.

Then comes Corbet, author of the “Epistle Congratularie of Lysimachus Nicanor of the Societie of Jesu to the Covenanters in Scotland,” 1640, 4to. Baillie laments the evil reward he got for his diligence “in obtaining favour to Mr. John Corbett,” for “that man having gotten latelie to Ireland hes printed a most poor and short, but one of the most venomous and bitter pamphlets against us all that could come from the hand of our most furious and inraged enemie.”\* The work that caused Baillie such vexation was “The Ungirding of the Scottish Armour,” Dublin 1639, 4to.

John Maxwell, Bishop of Ross, another malignant, wrote a work upon the Royal prerogative, entitled “Sacrosancta Regum Majestas.” He was deposed by the Glasgow

\* Letters and Journals, vol. i. p. 162.

Assembly in 1638, as already mentioned. Being much esteemed by Laud, he was on that account especially obnoxious to the Covenanters. He obtained the Bishoprick of Killala in Ireland in 1640, and was advanced to the Archbishoprick of Tuam in 1645, but enjoyed the dignity only one year, dying, it is said, from grief for his royal master's sufferings, 14th February, 1646.

The Bishoprick of Down was conjoined with that of Connor, and was held by Henry Leslie in 1635.

John Bramhall, Archdeacon of Meath, and Bishop of Derry in 1634, was translated to Armagh in 1660. He wrote "A Fair Warning to take heed of the Scottish Discipline," 1649, 4to.; to which Baillie published a reply, printed at Delf, 4to., 1649, entitled a "Review of Dr. Bramble, late Bishop of Londonderry, his Faire Warning, &c." On the sitting of the Irish Parliament on the 8th of May, 1661, the Bishops took their seats in the House of Peers, and Bramble, as Baillie uniformly calls him, was chosen speaker, "though Mr. Davis of Derrie was ready to challenge him of many adulteries and other odious crimes."

In 1628 John Lesley was made Bishop of the Isles, and in 1633 was translated to Raphoe in Ireland. During the usurpation, he was deprived of his see. After the Restoration, he obtained the Bishoprick of Clogher, which he held until his death in 1671, when above one hundred years of age. He was an admirable linguist; and in Spain it was said, "*Solus Lesleius Latine loquitur.*" He was a son of Lesley of Crichtie, a branch of the Lesleys of Balquhain.

The "learned" Bishop of Lincoln was John Williams, some time Lord Keeper, who, in 1641, was translated to the Archbishoprick of York. He died in 1650, at the age of 68. He was of Welsh extraction. Williams of Cogh-

\* Baillie's Letters and Journals, vol. iii. p. 470.

wellaune, his grandfather, was said to be descended from a Prince of Wales in the days "of King Stephen, and so continued his coat of three Saxons' heads."\*

The Bishop was a staunch and consistent Protestant, and on that account found favour in the eyes of the Covenanters. In a church in the county of Bedford an altar of stone with four pillars had been erected where previously there had been an altar, the remains of which had been discovered whilst digging for a foundation. This coming to the ears of Williams, the Diocesan, he went to the church, ordered the whole erection to be removed, saw it done, and then "told the parson that if he pleased, he might set the communion table there, but altars were forbidden by the statute."†

Williams was present when his patron James I., on his deathbed, received the communion. He asked the King whether he would have the absolution; his Majesty answered, "As it is practised in the English Church, I ever approved it; but in the dark way of the Church of Rome, I do defy it." "This I tell you, not by reports, for I had the honour and comfort to receive it with him."‡

The Bishop founded three libraries: one at Westminster, a second at Lincoln, and a third at St John's College, in Cambridge. He repaired the north side of Westminster cathedral and Lincoln palace. He maintained a number of scholars in his home at Westminster and at the universities. He built a square court of stone at Lincoln College in Oxford, and did many other equally munificent acts.

Upon the accession of Charles, he incurred the enmity of Buckingham, and was removed from his office of Lord

\* Ambrose Philip's *Life of Williams*, p. 3. London, 1700.

† Letter from E. Rossingham to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., February 1636-7.

‡ Letter of Sir Edward, afterwards Viscount Conway, 31st March, 1625.

Keeper. As Dean of Westminster, it was his right to assist at the coronation, but the favourite set him aside, and put Laud, then Bishop of St David's, in his place. This may have been the cause of the dislike of the extruded Lord Keeper to the future Archbishop of Canterbury. In a cotemporary letter, January 26th, 1625-6, the cause of Buckingham's dislike was a "piece of counsel" "the Bishop gave my Lord Duke at Salisbury, namely, that being as then general both by sea and land, he should either go in person, or stay the fleet at home, or else give over his office of admiralty to some other."\*

The influence of Buckingham over Charles was remarkable, but may be accounted for as arising from the intimacy that sprung up between them during the Spanish trip. Charles was a man of a very affectionate disposition; and once having taken this dazzling meteor to his bosom, he yielded himself implicitly to his counsels.

Prynne got himself into a sad scrape by his "*Histriomastix*, or the Player's Scourge," now much sought after by literary antiquaries for the variety of learning it contains. The publication was prohibited, and the writer was brought before the High Commission Court and Star Chamber. In the table of contents, he notes, "Women actors, notorious whores." He further states that St Paul prohibits women to speak publicly in the Church. "Dares then," he continues, "any Christian women be so more than whorishly impudent as to act, to speak publicly on a stage (perchance in man's apparel and cut hair, here proved sinfull and abominable) in the presence of sundry men and women."

It happened that the Queen acted in a pastoral drama,† written by the Hon. Walter Montague, and performed at

\* Court and Times of Charles I., vol. i. p. 73. London, 1848, 8vo.

† The Shepherd's Paradise. 8vo, 1629.

Somerset House the day before the publication of the "Histriomastix." She was indignant at this attack, which she considered was directed against herself. It is nevertheless probable, that Prynne, who was continually engaged in antiquarian investigations, and who was perhaps one of the most unceasing investigators of old parchments that ever lived, may never have heard of the Queen's intention to perform, or of her actual performance in the pastoral. He lost his ears for his indiscretion, and was heavily fined.

Burton was a clergyman, and Bastwick a doctor of medicine, who rose into notice from their never-ending attempts to influence the people against the government of the Church by Bishops. Their punishment was similar to that of Prynne. Clarendon's remarks on the barbarity of the sentences are both just and humane.\*

For an account of the preaching of the Reverend Robert Blair, minister of St Andrews in London, the reader is referred to his autobiography, for the first time published entire for the Wodrow Society, under the editorial care of the Reverend Dr M'Crie. Edin. 1848, 8vo.

### **Scotland's Encouragement.**

All things below in Earth's sublunar sphere  
Are changing still, unconstant every where,  
No state so stable heer can be this day,  
Which changes not, and quickly doth decay.  
That high seraphick ordour, which of late  
Bare church and kingdome down, overswayed the  
state ;  
And domineir'd over all, as Lord and King,

\* See History of the Great Rebellion, vol. i. p. 167. Oxford, 1826, 8vo.



Pope-like who in their precincts once did reigne :  
Now wonder strange, and greatest change of all,  
That tottering hierarchie begins to fall,  
Like Haman curs'd before blest Mordecai,  
Pointing out Sion's rying, Rome's decay.

Scotland rejoice, those supports of proud Rome,  
Ambitious Bishops, have received their doome.

And Cain like as vagabonds abroad  
They go, cast off by men, cut off from God ;  
O golden years, haleyon dayes, when we  
Did such a change in our meridian see.  
Though bought with blood, with losse and hazards  
many,  
Search former times and the records of any,  
There you shall finde no nation reap'd such gaine  
As Scotland, by the fall of that curs'd traine,  
Who wish'd our gracious King imbrue his hand  
In guiltlesse blood of subjects in our land,  
Whose hellish plots, and most malicious minde,  
Point out their viperous brood, and monstrous kinde :  
Newcastle, Durhame, and mo English towns  
May curse the time they sau these Bishop lowns.

Who caus'd their blood at Newburn's fatal foords  
Be spilt, and feel the dints of Scottish swords :  
There England found the finger of the Lord,  
Whiles popish foes bathed in their bloud lay smor'd :  
O noblest enterprise without example,  
That Scottish lambs on Romish wolfs did trample ;  
And such an handfull with outstreached hand

Should enter in their powerful enemies land,  
Commanding their commanders all to yeeld,  
And forcing boldest champions flee the field,  
Resolving there either to doe or die,  
Or purchase Scotland's peace and libertie.

And in despite of Rome, and maugre Spaine,  
In puritie to settle truth againe.

Like Scipio entering Carthage warlike coast,  
To force proud Hannibal recall his hoast ;  
And like Leonidas for to devote  
Their lives and fortunes to Mar's hardest lot,  
For to preserve their Greece from forraine foes  
And Sparta save from her oft threatned woes :  
Though Romists with their Prelat's pridefull traine,  
And Atheists all do gnash their teeth in vaine,  
And grieve our Scots conclusions, back'd are so,  
Wishing into our armie questions mo :  
I trust before our martiall troupes return,  
Our British and our Irish foes shall murne :  
And by decree of England's parliament,  
To Newgate with their Romish Lad be sent.

O what a change, that Lad who late rew'd all,  
Now cashier'd goes, most like to catch a fall,  
And Ireland's late Lieutenant, Strafford's Lord  
With Haman, is in danger of a cord :  
And he who traitours call'd the loyall Scots,  
Arraign'd of treason is, and hainous blots.  
I hope Ballcanquall, and curs'd Corbet all,  
With others who did vent such viperous gall,  
Against our nation in their viperous spite,

Shall curse the time when first they learn'd to write.  
The B. of Rosse, Downe, Derrie, and Rapho,  
With persecuting miscreants many mo,  
    Who prison'd Christ's dear saints and dimned the  
    light,  
    Their day comes when they shall be judg'd aright.

That Eagle-sighted English Parliament  
Will search the hellish plots of their intent,  
And bring those Romish wolfs to open stage,  
Who pester'd have Christ's Church with tyrant's rage.  
Prinne, Burtoun, Bastwick, who have suffer'd long,  
Shall finde redresse now for their losse and wrong,  
And Lincoln's learned bishop, long born down,  
In spite of Lad shall wear a laurel crown.  
Who would have lookt that Blair exiled twise,  
To such preferment's top so soon should rise ?  
And he who late no freedome had of speech,  
At London's streets so boldly now should preach.  
Great miracle, yet ere this year be gone,  
Such like in Britain shall be many one.

When England's parliament shall end,  
And Scot's conclud as they intend ;  
When Lad and Wentworth love our land,  
And shall subscribe our blessed band ;  
What now, my muse conceals in ryme,  
I'll shew in plainer tearmes that time :  
Jock, Jack, and Irish Schane, shall then  
Our Scottish armies worth commend ;  
And to the Lord give praise and glory,  
For the blest successe of this storie.

## SCOTLAND'S TRIUMPH OVER ROME.

This is a continuation of the preceding poem. The title prefixed is

“SCOTLAND'S TRIUMPH OVER ROME, THE SECOND PART,  
IN WHICH THE SCARLET WHORE IS STAB'D TO THE HEART.”

The individual who encountered Laud was the Reverend Robert Baillie, whose valuable letters and journals reflect so great and valuable a light upon the history of those troubled times. He was a zealous supporter of his party, but, upon the whole, more moderate in his opinions than most of his Covenanting friends.

Hennirsoun means Alexander Henderson, the moderator of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638. Rutherford, the well-known Samuel, was originally minister of Anworth, and afterwards of St Andrews. His letters are strange productions,—those, in particular, addressed to his lady friends.

Balfour's opinion of Rutherford is not flattering. “Altho' louse in his youth, (he) hes been from his first beginning a sworn enemy to monarchy, as hes wrettings testifie; a hatter of all men not of his opinion, and one quho, if neuer so lightlie offendit, (was) unreconcilable; woyd of mercy and charity, altho' a teacher of both to others.”\* Speaking of Blair, Rutherford, and Wood, he declares that they resolved

First, “to displace and defame, quocunque modo, all honest and learned men.”

Secondly, to overturn monarchy or kingly government.

Thirdly, to displace all those in place that don't hold their tenets, and to suffer none to be preferred who are not “of ther auen stampe.”

\* Vol. iii. p. 413.

Fourthly, to have all places in the university at their disposition, that all, both masters and scholars, may depend upon them, that “with the more cunning they may poyson the fontains of religion and policy.”

George Dunbar was twice deposed by the Bishops, and was confined in Blackness Castle. He got preferment in Ireland, but was there also turned about his business. This was in 1634. He then returned to Scotland, and in 1638 was admitted minister of Calder, where he died. He had been originally minister of Ayr. When finally settled in his last parish he was far advanced in years.

### **Scotland's Triumph over Rome, the Second Part, in which the Scarlet Whore is Stab'd to the heart.**

My former lines the alterations told,  
Of Church and State, which there we may behold  
These show in northern parts of Britain's isle,  
The changes great, and troubles all this while.  
How bishops tyranniz'd into our bounds,  
Advancing few or none but godlesse lowns,  
Imprisoning, exiling greatest lights,  
And bringing in dark superstitions nights.  
But God who light can out of darkness bring  
By women weak,\* this Babel down did ding:  
And when our Chiftains strong were all on sleep,  
These sillie geese God's capitall did keep,

\* Janet Geddes, the Craigs, and other female supporters of the Covenant.

And by their craiking wakened church and land,  
For Christ's cause, and our countrie for to stand.

Baylie is bold now with his subtile pen,  
At London, Lad to encounter, and defend  
His scrolls 'gainst England's bishops and their minions,  
And in High Justice Court plead his opinions.  
Learn'd Hemmirsoun, Glasgow's grave moderator,  
Who of late was call'd schismatic and a traitour,  
Is preacher plac'd in Eden's famous citie,  
And now at London doth attend our treatie.  
Balcanqual with his manifesto now,  
Dare not be manifest nor it avow.  
And rayling Corbet, with Nicanor's book,  
Doth blush in face of God or man to look.  
Those had their hour and power in darknesse night,  
Now dawns that day, which puts them all to flight,  
And in our blest horizon shines so clear,  
No owl nor bat dare any more appear.

Dickson and Rutherfoord, in Lord's bounds  
Confined long, whose fame the north renowns,  
Now at Saint Andrews, and at Glasgow, they,  
As famous divines, are esteem'd this day.  
Dumbar, the object long of Bishop's rage,  
At Cawlder now findes rest in older age ;  
Who keep their garments in declining times,  
And drank not in the cup of common crimes ;  
Thrise happie they, God did for them provide,  
While stormes were past his presence did them hide,  
But wandering temporizers in their need,

Forlorn by men, with God they come not speed ;  
And in their troubled souls tost to and fro,  
They finde an endlesse hel of ceaselesse wo.

Who were deem'd loyall subjects to the King,  
Now tainted are with many a treacherous thing ;  
Who late call'd traitours, now have libertie,  
Their prince's face in favour for to see ;  
Where Loudoun lay, Ireland's Lientenant lyes,  
There Lad may be, whose top once reach't the skyes.  
God can advance the poor from the dunghill,  
And make the proud in darknesse to sit still,  
Who for the pleasure of an earthly Prince,  
Offend the Lord, and wound their conscience.  
In floods of woes when they shall plead for grace,  
They naught but frowns finde from Assuerus' face.  
Blest they who ground their hopes on Jacob's God,  
And not on man, earth's worm, Egypt's frail rod.

So long as lasts the Bishop's balefull brood,  
In Church and Commonwealth can be no good ;  
To sned\* the branches, and forbear the root,  
Is for to cherish that unhappy fruit,  
Whose tennons snall, if they be left in ground,  
Like ill weeds soon will waxe, and all confound ;  
Their smallest finger hence will grieve us more  
Nor all their weighty body did before ;  
And, Pharoah-like, more burdein'd we shall be

\* Sned.—Remove or prune. “It is good that God *snedde* the unfruitful, and rotten branches of our life.”—Z. Boyd's Last Battel of the Soul, p. 218.

For preassing from their bondage to be free.  
Brave Scots, go on, shrink not for any fo,  
God who began will crown this work also.

And shall those Anaks, and curst Babel's crew,  
With dint of his two-edged sword subdue.

You gallant English sprits, lay this to heart,  
And with the Lord against his foes take part ;  
Remember how you were borne down so long,  
And suffred Christ's blest gospel get such wrong ;  
Join hearts and hands with Leslie's thundring band,  
To chace those Romish locusts from your land.  
The blinded Irish cry, with weeping eye,  
For tymous help, least they in darknesse die.  
Our Scots and English brethren there who live,  
Opprest by Romish rights, much sigh and grieve ;  
God's barn-doors open'd now, make no delay,  
Embrace Christ's calling in this gracious day :

So you to Christian Kings shall break the ground,  
To loath the scarlet whoor, and her confound.

O ! if my muse had power your mindes to move,  
Such Cavaliers for Christ's cause now to prove,  
Then joyful I blest you above all nations,  
Who instruments were of such reformations ;  
Lord blesse your sagest English Parliament  
With a blest successe, and so glade event,  
That Romish foes may mourne, true Christians sing,  
And these dominions three still blesse our King.  
Lord make our wise and valiant Generall,  
Our Nobles, Cavalliers, and Souldiers all,



For to return with glad news to our soyl,  
With Sion's triumph and Rome's endlesse foyl,  
That hence all ages who their storie read,  
May blesse the time when first they marcht ou'r  
Tweed.

Before the fourtie-one year go,  
In Britaine changes shall be mo,—  
A world of wonders then shall be,  
Which none can guess ere they them see ;  
Which to prove happy, let us pray  
With Moses on the Mount alway.



A ENGLISH CHALLENGE AND REPLY  
FROM SCOTLAND.

FROM THE MS. OF SIR JAMES BALFOUR.

*Question.*

Oh! how now, Mars, what is thy humour?  
That thou on us begins to frowne,  
What is the meaning of this rumor,  
Of warres that flieth up and downe?

Or to what end, does thou intend,  
'Twixt friend and friend to make debate,  
And cause the one the other hate!

*Answer.*

You English Poetes, hearken, I pray,  
I tell why Mars doth on you frowne,  
Because like men you'll not assay  
To pull the Romish myter downe.

Since ye want hearts, to acts your parts,  
Mars called hath the valiant Scots,  
To make the Bishops quite their coats.

*Question.*

Hath Vulcane any wise displeased thee?  
Or Cupid, that unhappy lad?  
That Venus' smyles cannot appease thee,  
Or is it Bachus makes thee mad?

What planet darre move Jove to warre?  
Durst ever Luna Sol withstand?  
Or Juno Jupiter command?

*Answer.*

We are not planets, but fixed starres,  
We prove not wandering from the right,  
Our light with darknesse is not mix't  
As yours, that shines but in the night.

Of Vulcane's ire, or Cupid's fire,  
Or Venus' toyes, no compt we make,  
From Bacchus we no courage take.

*Question.*

Then haughty Scot, what does thou mean  
Presumptuously thus to attempt ?  
You'll better let these warres alone,  
Then thus from us thy selfe exempt :

Thou does not well, for to rebell,  
And stand against so good a king,  
Whose fame throughout the world does reigne.

*Answer.*

May we not justly for our nation,  
Prevein all dangers may ensue,  
Should we not make a separation,  
When God commands, from Babel's crew ?

Then with our King 'gainst Rome's off-  
And all their trash we'll stoutly fight, [spring  
And to the death maintaine our right.

*Question.*

We that together in one nation,  
So long have been Great Britaine called,

Why does thou seek a separation ?  
Art thou from us securely walled ?

Oh ! do not so, lest that thy woe  
And sorrows more and more do breid,  
If once we passe the river Tweid.

*Answer.*

We love all English loyall subjects,  
From them we'll not exempted be,  
But of all Bishops' popish projects,  
We stand no fear to make us free ;

Tho' Wales we lack, to hold you bake,  
I wish our joyes may still abide,  
Untill you passe the river Tweid.

*Question.*

What, does thou think the English powers  
So weak, that thou canst make us flee :  
Who will not suffer any Gowries  
For to performe conspiracie ?

Art thou so strong, to profer wrong,  
Seditiously to worke such plots,  
And thus become rebellious Scots ?

*Answer.*

In vain ye boast your English powers,  
As if your Gihoes and great horses,  
Your walled townes and fenced towres,  
Were able to resist our forces ;

While as you blot, the valiant Scot,

With treacherous doings without reason,  
You may think on the powder-treason.

*Question.*

Ther's not a coward so faint-hearted,  
I think, which will not dar to fight,  
But into valour will be converted,  
And stand up for his Countreyes right,  
    When Cannons rattle, into Battell,  
And Bullets thick amongst us flee,  
St. George for England still we cry.

*Answer.*

I'm sure when any Popish faisart,  
For Prelats' quarrels dar to fight,  
There is not a Scots-man, but he'll haizart  
For to defend his Countreyes right ;  
    When canons rumble, and bullets tumble,  
And English men before us flee,  
The Covenant for Scots we cry.

*Question.*

The Welch-men in his Prince's honour,  
Hath vowed he will not be to seek,  
But will display St. David's banner,  
And unto him present a leike.  
    Both men and boy, that springs from Troy,  
Doth swear, if once they set upon it,  
They'll make the Scots-man waile his bonnet.

*Answer.*

The Welch-man vows he no way feareth  
To make the Scots-man wail his bonnet,  
But he performs not what he sweareth,  
At Newburn so was seen upon it,

When trumpets blew, and bullets flew,  
The Welch-men's courage was to seek :  
Where was St. David, with his leike ?

*Question.*

The French, the Irish, and Italian,  
Also the Danes and Spaniard too,  
The Persian, Pagan, and each alien,  
Doth seek rebellion to subdue.

Then seek thy peace, let rumours cease,  
And not attempt to doe such thing,  
Or move to wrath so good a king.

*Answer.*

The Irish, French, and Danes assist you,  
And Rome with all her bastard blood ;  
Through God we are able to resist you,  
Because our quarrel is just and good ;

We wish our king, ay still may reigne,  
While Scots prove false and Papists true,  
And Antichrist Christ's truth subdue.

*Question.*

Least bogie Scot we cry have at thee,  
The mark's so fair we cannot misse,

Yet, never since thy dady gat thee,  
Thou could have fairer play nor this ;  
Which we will shew to thee, our foe ;  
Thou cannot hold us much to blame,  
For thou thyself have wrought the same.

*Answer.*

Your crying will no wheit dismay us,  
For tho' ye shoote ye may well misse ;  
Come when ye will, ye may assay us,  
To fight we will not be remisse.

Ye shall say laddies, got of Scots dadies,  
Will make the Pope curse his mishap,  
And Prelats wail their corner'd cap.

*Question.*

And if the serjant chance to presse me,  
I will be ready for the same,  
And not seek any to release me,  
But boldly fight for countries fame.

Or if not so, then will I go  
A voluntier among the rest,  
If otherwise I be not prest.

*Answer.*

Since brain-sick poets can but prattle,  
I would advise you not to fight,  
Lest if they presse you to the battell,  
You turn a voluntier in flight.

Since it is so, friend, do not goe

To fight, lest ye, when canons rumble,  
With shame for fear, cry barlafumble.

*Question.*

Thus to conclude my resolution,  
As willing for to fight as sing;  
I'll drink a health to his confusion,  
That beareth armes against our King;  
          Whom I do love, and still will prove  
A loyall subject to his Grace,  
In England or in any place.

*Answer.*

Then to conclude, that poet lyeth,  
That sayes he will not sing but fight,  
But poets fighting, always fleeth,  
Except with pottles in the night.  
          For me I'll sing, God save our king,\*  
And drink a health to all true Scots,  
That loves the truth, and hates false plots.†

\* Can this refer to the existing national anthem, about the origin of which there has been so much controversy.

† In the MS. of Balfour, the Challenge is printed first, and the answer afterwards; but in the present collection, a printed cotemporary broadside has been used for the text, collated with the MS., in which the answer follows the Challenge.



## COLVILLE'S PASQUIL ON SIR ALEXANDER GIBSON.

This, in Balfour MS., is called "Mr Samuel Colveilles Pasquil on Sir Alexander Gibson younger of Durie, Clerk Register, 1643."

Samuel Colville was a younger son of John Colville, *de jure* Lord Colville of Culros, by Elizabeth Melville, daughter of Sir James Melville of Hallhill, a lady known as the authoress of "Ane Godly Dream, compylit in Scottish Metre," originally printed in small 4to, black letter, by Robert Charteris, Edinburgh, 1603, and of which the last and best version will be found in Dr. Laing's "Early Metrical Tales," Edinburgh, 1826, small 8vo. His elder brother, Alexander Colville, D.D., was Professor of Divinity at Sedan, from whence he was preferred to be Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. He was a man of great learning, and well versed in Hebrew, of which he was Professor. He wrote in Latin various theological dissertations, which were published in 4to, at Edinburgh 1656. Charteris in his Catalogue of Scottish Writers observes "he was a sharp and learned man." He died in 1666.

His brother, Samuel, does not appear to have followed any profession or calling. He is chiefly known as author of a "Mock Poem, or Whigs Supplication," London 1681, 8vo. The second edition has the title of "Whiggs Supplication, in two parts, by S. C.," Edinburgh, 1687, 8vo. There are various editions of a later date. It remained in MS. many years before it was given to the world. Dr Irving remarks it was composed by Colville in imitation of Butler, "but he displayes a slender portion of Butler's wit and humour,"\* an opinion in which we do not entirely concur. Of his

\* History of Scottish Poetry, p. 183.

history little can be learned excepting what may be gathered from the apology prefixed to his poem by one John Cockburn, in which it is said :

Samuel was sent to France,  
To learn to sing and dance,  
And play upon a fiddle,  
Now he's a man of great esteem :  
His mother got him in a dream,  
At Culross on a girdle.

He wrote "The grand Impostor discovered ; or an Historical Dispute of the Papacy and Popish religion," part i. Edinburgh, 1673, 4to. He was a zealous Protestant. The period of his demise has not been ascertained. The male descendants of his father and mother must have failed, as the peerage of Colville of Culross was allowed by the House of Peers (27th May 1723) to John Colville the male representative of Alexander Colville, commendator of Culros, brother of the first Lord Colville, in virtue of the remainder in the original patent to heirs male whatsoever bearing the name and arms of Colville, and is now enjoyed by his male descendant.

Sir Alexander Gibson, the individual satirized by Colville, was a son of Lord Durie a senator of the College of Justice, whose decisions, published in 1688, by his grandson Sir Alexander Gibson, are well known to Scottish lawyers. His Lordship died at his own house of Durie, 10th June 1644. The strange story of his being carried off by one of the Armstrongs, so graphically given by Sir Walter Scott, in his delightful *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, has been dramatized by Dr Richard Poole, now of Aberdeen, with considerable skill in a play called "Willie Armstrong," which was performed with some success in Edinburgh several years since.

Lord Durie's son, by Margaret Craig, daughter of Sir Thomas Craig, "having been long a Clerk of Session was made Clerk Register when the king came last to Scotland, by the moyen of William Murray, now Earl of Dysart; to whom, it is said, he gave a velvet cassock lined with fine furrings, and a thousand double pieces therein." \* This explains Colville's reference to "Vill Murray," and the consideration given for his preferment. "He was very well skilled to be a judge; but within few years, having gone to England to the engagement with the Marquis of Hamilton, he was thrust from the place, and has lived since that time as a private man." † His successor in office was Johnston of Warriston, the grandson of the author of the *Jus Feudale*, who thus through his mother was related to his predecessor.

Lamont, in his Diary, mentions that both Durie and his Lady were debarred "from the Tabel, because of their malignancie." This was in the year 1650. He was one of the Commissioners chosen for Scotland to attend the English Parliament in August 1652. This shows that he had then renounced his "malignancie," and submitted to the ruling powers. He went to London in January 1654, "to be preferrit," but "he was disappointed." ‡ Perhaps doubts may have been entertained of the sincerity of his conversion. His death occurred in June 1656.

Can the line,

"Bot with Job's wife, curse God and die,"

have suggested the verses attributed so unjustly to Zachary Boyd, who has had sundry abominations palmed upon him, commencing

Job's wife said to Job,  
Curse God and die,

which question is answered by her husband in a manner much too emphatic to admit of repetition?

\* Scotstarvet, p. 125.    † Ibidem.    ‡ See *Ante*, p. 113.

**Colville's Pasquil on Sir Alexander Gibson.**

At first a Puritane Commander,  
 Now a forsuorne seditious bander,  
 Quhill ther was houpes for brybes and budding,  
 You courted God for caikes and pudding,  
 To shaw Vill Murray your contritione,  
 You doe allow the crosse petitione :  
 Yet for his Rolles I dar be bound,  
 He made you pay ten thousand pound,\*  
 O drunken sottes, good cause spiller,  
 Thou hes sauld Christ, and given thy siller,  
 Thy evill contrived and desparat matters  
 Makes thee fische in drumley waters,  
 Or forseing some tragical closse,  
 Thou leaves Argyle to find Montrose.  
 Then with thy friend the Gray Goose feder,  
 Thou'lt mount its tren but upe the ledder,  
 Nor this no furdur can thou flie.  
 Bot with Job's wyffe curse God and die.  
 Quhen thou shalt suffer all this evill,  
 Thou shalt be pitied of the divil.  
 Perhaps he will take you to him sell,  
 For to keepe his Rolles in hell,  
 To registrate into his paperes,  
 The acts of all religion schetters,  
 For thy good service quhen he sees,  
 Thou'll get his own place quhen he dies.

\* Scots, it is presumed.

## ELECTION OF EDINBURGH MAGISTRATES, 1647.

The following title is given by Balfour:—"Pasquil made at Election of the Magistrates Edinburgh 1647. To James Elector of Edinburgh. Jacobus Steuartuo, Anagram. *Urbis Tue Castos*."

"This pasquil made in October 1647, at the election of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, quhen James Steuart, master of the excise, braged boldly that he behove to remove Archibald Tode from being Provost of Edinburgh, as he put him in, and for that cause moved Mr Mungo Law to preach an invective sermon against the Provost, railling on him as a malignant, especially for giving his vote for sparing of Hartehill's life."

In the Coltness Papers, one of the many interesting and valuable works issued by the Maitland Club, there is a long account of the Provost, who was by marriage allied to the family of Hope; his first wife, Anna, having been a daughter of Henry Hope, a son of John Hope, by Jacqueline de Tot, whom he married when in France, where he as a trader had gone to purchase velvets, silk, gold and silver laces. Henry had no sons, but his younger brother was the founder of the flourishing families of Hope, a cadet of which now inherits the Earldom of Hoptoun. Both the Provost and his wife were in trade. "He in the merchant-factor and exchange business, and she following a branch of her father's traffic in the retealing shop trade which she prosecute thereafter to good account, and had her distinct branch of business in accurate account and method."\* "She left at death to her husband and family

\* Coltness Papers, p. 17. Glasgow 1842, 4to.

thirty-six thousand merks thus acquired by her industry during the sixteen or eighteen years the marriage subsisted. She made few demands for family expenses, but answered most of these from her profits in her own way."

This estimable lady had by her husband seven sons and one daughter, all of whom she nursed herself—refusing the aid of nurses—giving as her reason, "I have often seen children take more a strain of their nurse than from either parent." She died in 1646.

In the end of the same year Sir James, then Provost of Edinburgh, who had succeeded Archibald Tod in that office, took a second wife, Marion M'Culloch, widow of John Eliot, advocate. She had one daughter Margaret, who married in 1659 his eldest son Thomas, afterwards created a baronet.

On the 7th of August 1649, the day before the Scots parliament rose, there was a serious dispute about reducing the rate of interest to 6 per cent. Sir James Stewart, who was a dealer in money, opposed this proposition with great energy in name of all the burghs in the kingdom, whereupon all the burgh commissioners, with Sir James at their head, rose and left the assembly. The Earl of Cassillis then proposed to vote the act, as they could do very well without them, which was accordingly done. "Thus," says Balfour, "two estates past this Act without the third."\*

Sir James "had nothing of insolence or bloody cruelty in his disposition. The Marquis Argyle pursued or prosecute the unfortunate Montrose with too keen resentment." "What need," said Sir James, "of so much butchery and dismembering? Has not heading and publicly affixing the head been thought sufficient for the most atrocious state crimes hitherto? We are embroyled and have taken sydes, but to insult too much over the mislead is unmanly. Yet there was no remedy; Argyle pushed the vengeance of Church and State against Montrose, but Sir James his con-

\* Annals, vol. iii., 483.

duct was upon the syde of humanity. The sentence with cruel ingredients must be execute by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and Sir James was the first in office: but he treated the prisoner with civilities, and when Montrose desired a conference with some leading men of the Church to have their sentence of the greater excommunication taken off, Sir James attended them with the prisoner, and much blamed their using common civilities to a man of his quality, for Montrose offered the friendly salute, but these saints would not so much as touch his hand. 'Strange,' said the Provost; 'this is treating a man worse than a heathen or publican!' The unfortunate marquis sought absolution with tears, and Sir James could not refrain his own upon this melancholy occasion. The clergy were fanatically bigotted.\* This is a remarkable picture, in which Argyle and his fanatical friends are painted in vivid colours by one who held the same religious and political opinions as they professed themselves.

The restoration of Charles was followed by the imprisonment of many of the "stiff" Presbyterians, in which number Sir James was included. By the influence of Primrose, who was made Lord Clerk Register, and whose life he had saved after the battle of Philiphaugh, he not only procured his liberation, but obtained a fine of five hundred pounds that had been imposed upon him remitted. Primrose had procured a gift of it in London, and on his return to Edinburgh, visited his friend in prison and told him. Sir James said that though he had been harshly used, "it was some favour he was put in a friend's hand." "And as such I procured it," said the Lord Register, "and before you, instantly discharge the debt. I'm sorry I could do no more in requital of what I can never repay." Subsequently he was again troubled on account of his intromissions with public money, for which he had not finally accounted as collector,

\* Coltness Papers, p. 30.

receiver-general, and commissary for the army. Assisted by his son James, afterwards Lord Advocate, he was able to make out and vouch his accounts. Nevertheless his persecution continued, and he could only ultimately obtain his liberation on the 14th January 1670 from the prison of Dundee, whither he had been transported, on payment of a sum of £1000. He died on the 31st of March 1681, in his own house at Edinburgh, in the 73d year of his age. "The body of the burghers and inhabitants of Edinburgh did him honour at his death and buriell, and said he had been the father of the city and a most worthy magistrate. So he had a numerous and honourable funerall, and was laid in his own burying ground in Grey-Friars churchyard, and in his loving wife Anna Hope's grave, and many sincere tears were dropped upon his turf at his buriall."\*

During the tyrannical reign and persecutions of James the Seventh, the family of Sir James was subjected to much annoyance. His eldest son, Thomas, fled to Utrecht, and subsequently to Rotterdam. He and his son, and brother, Sir James, afterwards Lord Advocate, were forfaulted, and when the sentence was pronounced, Sir George Mackenzie in open court exclaimed, "This family are not Stewarts; their father, Provost Stewart, was a bare — M'Gregor, and changed his name when he came to town, because of the act of parliament, and these forfault Stewarts were all damned M'Gregors."

This extraordinary declaration by a Lord Advocate in open court, is hardly credible, yet the anecdote is duly recorded in the Coltness Collections. There is no impossibility that the ancestor of Sir James may have been one of the proscribed race of M'Gregor, but the assertion, so far as we can ascertain, has as little foundation as the alleged descent of the Stewarts of Allanton from Walter, "filius

\* Coltness Papers, p. 44.



Alani," and the mythical hero of the battle of Morningside!! a genealogical proposition that gave rise to the Salt-foot controversy, in which that learned legal antiquary, the late John Riddell, Esq., demolished the pretensions of the very worthy but exceedingly credulous Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton, Bart.

The revolution restored the Coltness family to the position of which they had been deprived. Through the influence of the first Earl of Seafield, Thomas, the eldest son of Sir James, was made a baronet in 1698, and the noble Lord in transmitting the patent accompanied it by the following letter:—"Whitehall, 19th February 1698,—Sir, I have this night sent doune your patent as Knight Borronat. When I did present it to his Majestie, I did give him ane account of your sufferings in the late times, and of your fidelity to him. This is a mark of his favoure not only to you, but to your family, and therfor it is the more valouable. I have always hade your friendship, and therfor at all occasions I shall be readie to doe you all the service in the pouer of Sir, your most.humble servant, JA. OGILVIE."

Of Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, or as it was vulgarly termed Gutters, now Moredun, we shall have occasion to speak afterwards.

Provost Tod must not be forgotten. Notwithstanding the success of his rival in ejecting him, he was enabled to recover his old position of chief magistrate of Edinburgh in March 1652, and he held the office for more than two years. Nicoll informs us,\* when Monk came to the Scotch metropolis, upon the 4th day of May 1654, to proclaim Cromwell as Lord Protector, he arrived in great pomp, attended by foot and horse, with "sex Trumpettouris sounding before him," and proceeded to the Cross in person, having upon his right hand the Judge Advocate, who read the proclamation, "and Archibald Tod, Provost of Edinburgh, on the

\* Page 124.

left." This was followed by a second proclamation "anent the unioun of Scotland to the Commonwealth of England."

Upon this occassion the Provost and Baillies, in their scarlet gowns, met Monk at the Nether-bow Port, "the Town Council walking before them in regular order. After the ceremony was completed, Monk was convoyed to a sumptuous dinner and feast prepared by the Town of Edinburgh for him and his special crouneris.\* This feast was sex dayis in preparing, quherat the Baillies of Edinburgh did stand and serve the hail time of that dinner."

What becamc of the Town Council on this momentous occasion? Were the members excluded from the banquet?

In the evening there was a great preparation "for fyre-warkis, quhilk wes actit at the Mercat Croce of Edinburgh, betuix nyne and twelf houris in the nycht, to the admiration of many pepill."

The next day the act of grace was proclaimed in a similar manner. The noblemen and gentry forfaulted were numerous, and the fines heavy; for instance, the turncoat David Leslie, afterwards Lord Newark, was fined £4,000 sterling,—the heirs of the Earl of Buccleuch £15,000; the Earl of Panmure, £10,000,—enormous sums for the time. Monk returned to Dalkeith, and on the 10th of the month ordered his troops to the North.

Maitland, in his enumeration of the Edinburgh chief magistrates, makes Tod a knight; but Nicoll does not say in his diary that he was one. In fact the evidence is conclusive against such a supposition, for there is nothing of the kind on his monument in the Greyfriars churchyard, which records the fact of his having had four wives—three less than the Rev. David Williamson had, whose uxoriousness was the subject of many lampoons by the Jacobites—

\* Crouneris here means the Colonels or Commanders of the different corps. It is used in this sense by Baillie. See Jamieson.

that he had only one daughter, Katharine, wife of David Wilkie, Lord Dean of Gield—and that he died on the third of February 1656, in the 71st year of his age. Nothing is said as to his having been knighted, so that we suspect Maitland, who knew that before the Union titles were given to the civic rulers, took it for granted that Archibald Tod had obtained one. The following elegy to his memory is given in Monteith:\*

“Here worthy Provost Tod doth ly,  
 Who dy’d, and yet who did not die  
 His golden name, in Fame’s Fair Roll  
 Claimes the liferent Tack of a soul.  
 Edinburgh in this Man alone,  
 Lost both a father and a son;  
 For twice three Lustres that he sat,  
 In Council for her public State.  
 For two years’ Care of late, which more  
 Avail’d than fifty twice before,  
 For the great Pains he then did take  
 T’ avert the city, *Kill, Burn, and Sack*.  
 Sure he deserves a Tomb of jet,  
 Or one of purest porphyrite.  
 And ev’ry House should bring a Stone,  
 To build him a Mausoleum.  
 But outward Pomp he still did flye,  
 And thus in single Dust would lye.”

### **Election of Edinburgh Magistrates.**

Tell me, James Stewart, is this toune yours?  
 Or boste ye from superiour pouers,  
 Or have ye aue Elector’s woyce,  
 Or wold you all our wottes ingrosse,

\* Theater of Mortality, Edin. 1704, p. 27.

And all our liberties inhance ?  
 Forsuith James, that's a pretty dance,  
 Ye make such dirdum and such din,  
 With putting out and putting in,  
 That had ye got it we'd been shamed.  
 Your good father, King James, ne'er claimed  
 The lyke ; nor his old Lyon's paw,  
 Threttin as ye and your new law.  
 Was't you sent fourth yon man of God,  
 To make sick hunting on the Tod,\*  
 From hole to busse, from bank to brae,  
 Too hote a chaisse, nothing to slae !  
 Bot, quhen the Tod he could not kill,  
 He ran the backe trade on Hartehill ;  
 And e'er he left him quher he stood,  
 He drench't his beard all in his blood,  
 From suche a place to hear such storey,  
 Such Law,† such Gospell directorey,  
 Might make the Pope a jubilie call,  
 And burne the Covenanters all.  
 Goe, James, with Moyses law adwyssse,  
 Bring in the army, holde upe the excise,  
 And lett poor Scotland neir be free,  
 Till no Scots man malignant be ;  
 So may your ryme by forged feares.  
 Hoodwinke us yet a thousand yeires,  
 Till God's Work be completely wrought,  
 Bot meane tyme serve him not for noght ;  
 Thrive or thrive not to the third heire,  
 A roche coate's better nor a beare.

\* Tod means a fox in Scotland.

† Mungo Law.

## KNIGHTS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

After the sale of the king to the English Republicans by the Scottish Patriots, he was transferred to the Isle of Wight, and the reader will find in Clarendon a full account of the endeavours during the sojourn of his majesty there to accommodate matters between him and his subjects, all which, as might be anticipated, ended in nothing. His death, there can be little doubt, had already been resolved on, and the communings at Newport were intended to blind the public, by creating a belief in the sincerity of the dominant party that they were endeavouring seriously to put an end to all disputes.

Though otherwise sufficiently minute, the historian of the Rebellion is silent as to the wholesale creation of knights, which took place previous to his Majesty's removal to London. Yet the fact seems to be true, but perhaps not to the extent represented in the pasquil. Balfour mentions a communication he had received through Mr Laurence Oliphant, minister of Newburgh, who was informed by Lieutenant General Leslie, of a meeting held privately 13th July 1659, the object of which was to bring in Charles II. on certain conditions. This was opposed by three of the parties present, one of whom was "Sir John Chiesly the new Master of Requests, a base fellow, borne in Clidisdail, lait Clerke to the Scots Commissioners in England, Knighted by King Charles I., at the Isle of Wight." Now as his majesty knighted the Clerk, it is most probable that he would also confer a similar honour upon the Commissioners. May this not have been the time when Warriston and Stewart received their respective titles?

**Knights of the Isle of Wight.**

Welcome Sir James,\* welcome Sir John,†  
Most worshipful ; welcome one by one ;  
You are the first fruits of the spring ;  
Ane frost slaine knight's a feckless thing.  
Come ye from Jeruselem or the Rhodes,  
Or come ye from the antipodes ?  
Have you cleared the way of Joppa,  
That pilgrims hereafter may trotta ?  
Since you came from the Isle of Wight,  
The place bespeaks you men of might,  
Yet on your face ther are no scars,  
Nor badge of honours in the wars ;  
Yet you may say you'll fight as fast,  
As others that were knighted last ;  
So if we raise ane army here,  
Our knights must take them to the reare,  
Or stay at home and keep the bairns,  
And ladyes from all forraine harms.

Fortie knights more than ane hunder,  
Dub'd in one day ; O what a wonder !  
Thanks to our sacred soveraine Charles,  
They now be knights were lately carles.  
The Baronets have their red seale,  
Bot these have neither stamp nor beale,  
To know them one by one afarre,  
We'll mark them with a lick of tarre,

\* Stewart ?

† Cheiesly ?

That when they walk, or when they sleep,  
They may be known for knighted sheepe,  
Let skin and bone when they are gone,  
Like Jason's fleece hing on the throne:  
Ane pretty emblem to set forth,  
That riches were preferred to worth.  
King Ceres\* sent no word which we forebeare,  
To transport corns out of our coast this yeare,  
Autumne was unseasonable, we had nought to spare,  
Yes we may barter knights for forraine ware.  
The Lion cape Schival† avance,  
The sword of Justice gives a glance,  
O strange and admirable farce,  
Number of asses start up horse.

\* Sic in MS.

† Cheval?



## THE PRESBYTERIAN'S CAT.

Braithwaite says in his Barnabee's Journal,—

To Banbury, came I, O prophane one,  
Where I saw a Puritane one,  
Hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Some very curious notes on this passage will be found in the Prolegomena to the last edition of Barnabee, vol. i. p. 78. Reference may also be made to Hog's Jacobite Relics, vol. i. p. 37, where another version of the ballad occurs.

**The Presbyterian's Cat.**

There was a Presbyterian's Cat,  
Was looking for her prey,  
And in the house she caught a mouse,  
Upon the Sabbath day.

The goodman sitting at his booke,  
Rose up with meikle pain,  
And in his hands the cat he tooke,  
And bound her in a chain.

Thou curst malignant creature thou,  
Thou blood shedder, quoth he,  
Think'st thou to bring to Hell below,  
My holy wife and me ?



But be thou weell assured,  
That blood for blood shall pay,  
Because thou took the mouse's life.  
Upon the Sabbath day.

Then unto execution,  
Poor badrons\* she was drawn,  
And on a tree, there hanged she,  
The minister sung a psalme.

### **Acrostic on the Great Name of Prelacie.**

Proud persecuting, popish Protestant,  
Reformer for Rome's canonized saint.  
Envy's foul flood, religion's coal to quench,  
A plague to thrones, usurper of the bench,  
Little false foxes, spoylers of the vine,  
A branch of Rome, planted by hell's engine,  
Cleave to false worship, choose with nail and tooth,  
Yelp for the world, be tongueless for the truth.

\* A common name in Scotland for a cat.

## MINOR PASQUILS, 1637-8.

**A Game at Cairds, 1637-8.**

From Balfour's MSS.

We are a game at cairds, the Counsell dail,  
 The Lawers shuffell and the Clergie cut ;  
 The King wins from the lousing commonweill,  
 The Courte keipes stakes, the Nobles let and put.  
     The game is in the stocke, the play proves jump.  
     Tho' guid the game, Prerogative is trumpe.

**The New Game at Cardes.**

From Balfour's MSS.

The stakes 3 crounes, four Nations gamestars are,  
 Ther's 3 to one, and yet ther's none that darre  
 Take thesse grate oddes, the cause is ther's they say,  
 The 4 knowes both our stock, and cardes wee play ;  
 Thesse turn the oddes, which makes some gamesters  
     think  
 Wee ar in iest, wee play our cardes and winke.  
     The sett goes hard quhen gamesters think it best,  
     That 3 does buy, the 4 does sett the rest.

**On the Bishops, 1638.\***

Thesse men that reull'd God's house, and drew his  
rent,

Why gave they not accompt? Faith all was spent;  
And destitute of Houpe discharge to make,  
They with the vniust Steuart counsell take.

**A Jesuit's Creed.**

I hold as faith,                      Quhat England's church  
allowes,

Quhat Rome's church saith      My conscience disavowes.

Quher the king's head,      The people have no schame,<sup>1</sup>

The folks mislead              That holds the pope  
supreme.

Quher the altar's drest      The services cairssedewine,<sup>2</sup>

The people's blest              With table bread and wine.

He's bot an asse              Quho the communion flies,

That schunnes the messe      He's catholick and wise.

\* MS. formerly belonging to the late Robert Grahame, Esq., of Lynedoch.

<sup>1</sup> "The church shall have no schame."—Grahame's MS.

<sup>2</sup> "There is service divine."—Grahame's MS

## POLITICAL PASQUILS, 1642, 3.

The most curious portion of these Satires, "wented" as Balfour has it in 1642 and 1643, is that which relates to John Pym, who died of the strange disease, commonly called "Morbus Pediculosus"—in 1644—a year after the date of the last Pasquil. Clarendon's character of the man who brought Strafford to the scaffold receives some countenance from these effusions, which, however rude in composition, may be received to a certain extent as evidence of popular opinion, and it must not be overlooked that Sir James Balfour, who has preserved them, was himself greatly opposed to the power of the church, and held on this subject an opinion not very different from that of Pym.

There is another satirical effusion amongst the MSS. of Balfour, of so little interest that it was not worth while printing. It is called, "Pasquill wented in June this Zeir by the Caelleirs, as they ar named, of the King's Army against some quho adhered to the Parliament 1642, and opposed ther order anent the Militia." The first verse may be taken as a specimen.

There is bot one Pyme, and no more,  
 I wold he wer cut in two,  
 His sister is ane errant ——,  
 His mother a ston'd horse did doe,  
 Stamford's ane Asse,  
 And Warwick Basse,  
 And Holland's a Bastard too.

In the next verse Hamilton is called a "false Scot," and Lord Brooke an "arrant sot," the remaining stanzas are pretty much the same as the specimen we have given above—abusive and without a particle of humour.

**(1) Pasquil Wented in November, 1642.**

Change Places, Charles, put thou on Pym's grave gown,  
 Quhill in the lower house he weares thy croune,  
 Let him, be king a quhyle, and be thou Pym,  
 Then weill adore thee, as we now doe him.  
 Hange wp the Bischopes, that so strongly strive  
 To aduance their ounie and thy prerogative,  
 And be content since most of them are Romans,  
 To have some Traitors in the House of Commons,  
 Let ws doe quhat wee list; and thou shall see,  
 We'll all be Kingis, als weill as Pym or thee.

**(2) Ane other at the same Tyme.**

We fasted first and prayed that wars might cease,  
 Quhen fastings would not doe, we prayed for peace  
 And glad we had it soe, and gave God thankes.  
 Which makes the Irishe play the Scottishe pranks,  
 Is there no God? Lett's put it to a wote.  
 Is there no churchie? Some fooles say so by rotte.

Is ther no King bot Pym, for to assent,  
 Quhat shall be done by Acte of Parliament?  
 No God, no Churchie, no King, then all wer well,  
 So they could make ane Acte ther wer no Hell.  
 Is ther no God, lett it be put to votte,  
 Is ther no man but Pym, as some men dotte.

Is ther no Church?—be it so—wee ar content  
 So it be done by Acte of Parliament  
 Is ther no God, no King, no Church? it's well  
 If they could find at last there is no hell.  
     If ther's a God quhay does the Comons fool?  
     If ther's a King quhay doeth then Pym beare reule?

Is ther a Church? quhay are members sent,  
 And not made upe againe by Parliament.  
 Is ther a God, a King, a Church? Its even  
 Als just as to enacte there is a heaven.  
     Unless that God, the Church, King, Hell, Heaven,  
         all  
     Lyke Strafford by one Pym, must stand or fall.

### POLITICAL PASQUILS, 1643.

The two Pasquils of 1643 are much superior to those of the preceding year, especially the last one, in which there is a considerable deal of humour.

The first of the Royalists named, Sir Thomas Lundsford, was nominated in 1641 Lieutenant of the Tower, on the removal of Sir William Balfour, who had betrayed his trust. Clarendon speaks ill of him.\* The second was Sir William Vavasour, who commanded the King's Guards at the Battle of Edgehill, where he and Lundsford were taken prisoners. The third, Ruthwen was Lord Ruthven of Ettrick, afterwards Earl of Forth in Scotland and Earl of Brentford in England. His Lordship was one of the very few consistent and honest men of the period.

\* History, vol. ii., p. 122.

Of Lord Say, Clarendon remarks that he was the man who had the deepest hand in the original contrivance of all the calamities which befell the kingdom, "though he had not the least thought of dissolving the monarchy, and less of levelling the ranks and distinctions of men; for no man valued himself more upon his title, or had more ambition to make it greater and to raise his fortune, which was but moderate for his title. He was of a proud, morose, and sullen nature." The portraits of his Lordship give the impression of an ill-tempered and envious man. The Viscounty is extinct, but the Barony of Say and Pere still exists.

Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, born in 1587, was a great patron of the Puritans; he concurred in the persecution of Laud and Strafford. He was Lord High Admiral, and ultimately an adherent of Cromwell, on whose inauguration as Protector he took part, and who was, till the Earl's death, his fast friend. In the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, there is a MS. entitled a "True Relation of my Lord of Warwick's Passage." The date is July 1627, and gives an interesting account of his Lordship's escape from capture by the "Spanish Armado." It is apparently written by himself, and entitles him to a place in the list of noble authors. In the Miscellany privately printed for the Members of the Abbotsford Club, Edinburgh 1637, 4to, a copy will be found.

There is a portrait of the Earl prefixed to the eulogistic account of him in Ricraft's Survey of England's Champions, London 1647, 8vo.

Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, was desirous, according to Clarendon, to save the Life of Strafford, and had dealt with Pym on the subject, but was prevented by his death from carrying out what was intended.

(1) *Pasquil Wented in February*, 1643.

Justice is now made up of might  
With tuo lefte handes, bot neuer a right.  
Wysse men quho are sharpe-sighted, find  
That justice sitts with tuo eyes blind,  
All former lawes fall headlonge doune,  
And are themselves now lawles grown.  
Thus now from Chaos elder came,  
Bot now ther orders Chaos frame  
Bot not by the head, bot breeche is it  
By which the Kingdome now does sitt.  
The Lyon's trode on by the mouse,  
The lower is the heigher housse,  
In all humility they crave  
Ther Souerane wold become ther slave,  
Beseaching him that he wold be  
Betrayed to them most loyally,  
For it wer weeknesse sure in him  
Not to be Viceroy to Pym.  
And if he wold a quhyle lay doune  
His Scepter, Maiestie, and Croune,  
Then he should be in tyme to come  
The greatest King in Christendome.  
Charles at this tyme not hauing neid  
Thankes them als much as if they did.  
They then put out the Protestations,  
Making Lawes and Declarations,  
Of them, all can be said, is this  
The quholl is bot a parenthesis,



For quhay, it seems without all doubt  
Wold be no losse, wer all left out.  
Petitions are to them presented,  
And once a mounthe, they think it fitting  
To fast from Sinne, that is from sitting,  
Then Blessings through the land ar sent  
By preuiledge of Parliament.

(2) **Ane other at the same Tyme.**

O God preserve the Parliament\*  
And grant it longe to Reign,  
From three years wnto three years end,  
And then from three againe.

That neither King, nor Bishope Lord,  
So long's they are alive,  
Have power to rebuke ther soules,  
Or hurte the member's fyve.

For they be good and godly men  
No wicked pathes they tread,  
For they are pulling Bishops downe,  
And setting upe Roundhead.

From Lundesford and Vavasor,  
Both ill affected men.  
From Ruthwen eik deliver ws  
Who eatts wpe thy children.

\* The celebrated Long Parliament.

For Holy Burton, Bastwick, Prynne,  
 Lord keep them in thy Bossome,  
 Keepe him, quho did keepe out the King,  
 Worshipfull Sir Johne Hotham.†

Pull doune the King and Hartsford ‡ both,  
 And keep them down for ay,  
 But sett thy chosen Pym on high,  
 And eik my good Lord Say.

For Warwick we entreat the Lord,  
 Be thou his strong defence.  
 For Bedford, Hollis, Fairfax, Brooke,  
 And als his Excellence.§

Bless once againe thy Parliament  
 And let thame sit secure,  
 And may their consultations  
 From aye to aye indure.

Lett all the people say amen,  
 Then lett ws praisses sing,  
 To God and to the Parliament,  
 And all that hait the King.

† Governor of Hull, who refused Charles admittance to that Town. He was subsequently executed by the Commonwealth Men for corresponding with the Marques of Newcastle.

‡ Marquis of Hertford, created by Charles II. Duke of Somerset and K.G. § Pym.

## PASQUILS ON DEAN ANNAN.

Spectatum admissum risu teneatis amici.

The Reverend William Annan, who died Dean of Edinburgh after the Restoration, was originally the Episcopal minister of Ayr, who, foreseeing what was to follow from the constitution of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, very prudently left his native county for the south previous to the deposition which he knew was to follow. His successor was the Reverend Robert Blair, who in his autobiography observes that he ran away before he was summoned, "his conscience, the lord's deputy within his breast, accusing and censuring him."

The *charitable* reason for his flight assigned by his successor did not occur to Baillie, for he refers to the treatment Annan received at Glasgow, as the cause of his leaving Scotland. "At the outgoing of the Church, about thirty or forty of our *honestest women* in one voyce before the Bishops and Magistrats, did fall in rayling *cursing*, scolding with clamours on Mr William Annan. Some two of the meanest were taken to the Tolbooth. All the day over, up and down the streets where he went, he got *threats* of sundry in words and looks, but after supper, when needlessly he will goe to visit the Bishope, he is no sooner on the causay, at nine o'clock, in a mirk night, with three or four ministers with him, bot some hundred of *enraged women* of all qualities are about him with neaves and staves, and peats, but no stones. They beat him sore, his cloake, ruff, hatt, were rent: how-ever upon his cries, and candles set out from many windows, he escaped all bloody wounds; yet he was in great danger *even of killing*."\*

It is not surprising that such an attack, and not the lords-

\* Vol. i. p. 21.

deputy, suggested to the outraged clergyman the propriety of removing himself from a country in which his life was exposed to the fury of spiritual women, from whose tender mercies he had little to expect. One fact emerging from this and similar outrages is, that so far from checking the insane violence of these pious furies, their infuriated zeal, or rather religious madness, was apparently quite to the taste of their reverend teachers, who, it is much to be feared, led these infatuated women on to use violence, whilst they indulged in the safer course of damaging the characters of their opponents in every possible way by a very free use of their tongue.

Dean Annan, sometimes called Hannan, at other times Annand, was the author of various theological works, printed both at Edinburgh and London, the names of which will be found in the catalogue of Scottish writers by the Rev. Lawrence Charteris,\* who also states, "He dyed about the year 1688." He must have been advanced in years, as he had been minister at Ayr previous to 1638, when he fled for his life.

Of the estimation in which the Dean was held by the Episcopalians there can hardly be better proof than is afforded by his having been authorised to preach the funeral sermon upon the death of the venerable and much esteemed Bishop Sydserk, 29th Sept. 1663, which he did to the satisfaction of his congregation "before nune."† The Bishop of Edinburgh officiating in the afternoon, and performing a similar duty with equal ability and eloquence.

\* Edinburgh 1833, 8vo, p. 52.      † Nicoll's Diary, p. 400.

**Pasquils on Dean Annand.**

Saw ye the comædie that was acted  
When Baall's priest was consekrated  
B(ishop) for Cajiphas.

Five Lords accompanied the beast,  
They sold their honour for a feast.  
Easau's a statesman.

Pluto's wassall in the west,  
Sanct Johnstones ryben sets him best.  
Welcome th' Alcorane.

The foxe's servants most ye know ?  
Beare up, yea kysse his taill, why no.  
Breuk well.

In pulpit, black mouthed Doeg next,  
Basely adulterats the text.  
Ichabod preaching.

The litanie serv'd well that day.  
Taucht thes learned rabbies what to say  
Grammercie Apocrypha.

Then swears Balaam to adore.  
Dagone, who tuyse fell the arke before.  
Beware the thred tyne.

He lyke Camelione feeds his flocke,  
Alyke with his mouth and his dock.  
No, galygayet.

What if they starve through want of milk,  
Their fleece will make him walke in sylke.  
Wolfe in sheep's skin.

But Rabbies now that reul the roast,  
How came you by the Holy Ghost.  
Vile Rascalles.

He's not for mony to be had,  
And tho' he wer, ye'r not so mad  
As Simon Magus.

If he was given you from above,  
His forme is changed, your actions prove  
Not doves, but serpents.

Then sure your crafts<sup>1</sup> not worth a groat,  
Boast not to give what you have not,  
Bold Charletouns.<sup>2</sup>

Lastly, that Antichristian limb  
Balks David's psalmes, and sings a hymne.  
Scripture's phanaticke.

<sup>1</sup> Corrected in the original to another word perfectly unintelligible. It may stand either for "arts" or "acts," or for any word of four letters.

<sup>2</sup> Out base Traytors.

Thus ends the Popish consecration,  
 In a fat feast and strong collation.  
 A health to Pope Burnet.\*

Ede, bibe, dormi, post mortem nulla voluptas.

### ANOTHER PASQUIL ON DEAN ANNAN.

In the answer to Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, a work ascribed, and it is believed correctly, to George Redpath, a writer of some notoriety at the commencement of the last century and termination of the preceding one, the anecdote will be found which served as a foundation for this satire. Of its truth Redpath is a witness, but as he was a man of little or no principle, serious doubts may be entertained of its authenticity, more particularly when the next story by that questionable gentleman, and which has here only been partially given, is taken into consideration.

“Mr Hannah, commonly called the dancing horse, because of his ridiculous gestures in the pulpit, once in his sermon descanted on the word devil, thus—take away D, it is evil, take away E and it is vil, (vile), take away V and it is il, take away I and it is nothing.” This is very silly, if true, but it would have been satisfactory to have learned the nature of the sermon in which this trash is said to have been introduced.

The next story assuredly deserves little credence. Annan preaching before “the great officers of state,” on the text, “and Solomon builded the temple,” took occasion to ask

\* Burnet, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Primate of Scotland. He succeeded Archbishop Sharp.

a number of indelicate questions as to the physical powers of the monarch, and he illustrated the fact of his having so many wives, by referring to "The King of China," who had as many *new* wives every year as Solomon had altogether. He was equally curious in his inquiries as to the consequences of the intimacy between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. It is preposterous to imagine that Annan, a man of the most respectable character, and an able theological writer, could have made so great a fool of himself as he is on the authority of Master George Redpath said to have done."

Nicol, mentioning that in November and December 1663, one Joanne Baptiste made his appearance in Edinburgh, and erectit "ane staige" betwixt Niddry's and Blackfriar's Wynd, and sold there his drogs, powder, and medicaments for the quhilk he receivet a great abundance of money—proceeds to say that "Zuill was not so superstitiously haldin as of befoir." The drum only went through the city forbidding the shop-keepers,—called then in Scotland merchants, from opening "their buithes that day being ane Monday, and there was onlie ane sermond that day taught in the New Kirk of Edinburgh, be Mr Williame Annan, an of the ordinar ministeris."

### Another Pasquil on Dean Annan.

It's not at all to preach, to analyze the Devill,  
Such anagrams to make in pulpit is an evill;  
What can it edifie, sure it is doctrine vile,  
To spell quhen he should preach, proves them an  
awful ill.

Flashes of roving words, may seem indeed as something,  
This something poore removed, the empty man is  
nothing.



Evill is his text, by devill he did enlarge,  
 His consequence is vile, for use ill comes on stage.  
 Auditours are deceaved, for they expected something,  
 But Devill, evill, vile, and ill, turn'd Hanan quite to  
 nothing.

Ill brings a man, you may be sure, that follows it to  
 nothing ;  
 Vile makes an ill in all men's eyes, what seem'd before  
 as something.  
 When vile and ill together are, their gone before is  
 evill,  
 And when these four for Gospel comes, sure there is  
 preach'd the Devill.

Our parents quhen in innocence, then first began the  
 Devill  
 To preach the Gospell, and the text he preach'd upon  
 was Evill ;  
 Tho' Hanan he did seem to be, yet prov'd his doctrine  
 vile,  
 And they in their experience found, that quhat he  
 preach'd was ill.  
 He play'd the words, he them deceav'd, seeming to  
 promise something,  
 At last they knew the Devill did preach, and some-  
 thing turn'd to nothing.

## PASQUIL ON THE STAIR FAMILY.

THIS violent tirade against the family of Dalrymple—many passages in which are not very intelligible—has been printed from a MS. of Robert Milne, who has illustrated it with various short but certainly pithy notes, explanatory of a variety of passages in it. These will be found at the foot of the page where the matters which he thought required explanation, occur. In perusing both the text and the elucidations, the reader will keep in mind that the transcriber and annotator was an ultra Jacobite, who was accustomed to call Russel and Sydney, “two arrant knaves,” and one who rejoiced in throwing as much dirt as he could upon the supporters of the Revolution.

As a specimen of intolerant abuse, this pasquil can hardly be surpassed. Milne’s MS. was the property of Sir Walter Scott, who originally suggested its publication, as containing many facts and allusions, although distorted and highly coloured, concerning the distinguished man who raised the comparatively obscure race of Dalrymple to eminence. Many of the statements, relative to the early career of probably the most distinguished lawyer that Scotland ever produced, are substantially correct; and that popular rumour attributed supernatural powers to his wife, of which the tradition even yet lingers in the mind of the ignorant, is undoubted.

Of the rise of the first Viscount of Stairs—for such was his original title—a satisfactory statement will be found in the Historical account of the Senators of the College of Justice,\* to which the reader is referred.

We need hardly say, that his lordship figures under the name of Sir William Ashton in the exquisite tale of the Bride of Lammermoor.

\* Page 361.

His wife enjoyed the reputation of a witch during her lifetime, and long after her death. Tradition has preserved a variety of opposite tales about the marriage of the Lucy Ashton of the romance. One was, that the young lady's choice, which had been approved by her father and the friends of the family, did not meet with the sanction of the mother, who told her daughter, "Weel, ye may marry him, but sair shall ye repent it." On the nuptial night the bridegroom and bride were locked in their chamber by her ladyship, who took away the key, to prevent such pleasantries as were not unusual on such occasions. Shrieks and groans were heard to issue from the apartment. The key was reluctantly given up by its keeper. Upon opening the door, the young lady was discovered on the bed bathed in blood, and the husband in a state of insanity, sitting in the chimney with his eyes glaring, and laughing in a hideous manner.

Another tradition bears some sort of resemblance to the ordinary story. The marriage was a forced one, and after the pair had retired to the chamber where they were to sleep, the young lady attacked her husband with a knife, and wounded him very severely. When the door was opened, the youth was found on the floor weltering in his blood; the wife in a state of madness exclaiming, "Take up your bonnie bridegroom!" She never regained her senses, and died mad; her husband recovered, but he would give no explanation on the subject, holding any reference, however trivial, to the event, as an affront on his honour.

Law in his Memorials\* mentions that Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards first Earl of Stair, the Viscount's eldest son and heir himself suffered a dreadful domestic calamity. Two of his sons playing with pistols, which were loaded, one of them shot his brother, who died immediately. This shocking event is alluded to in the poem. The same authority adds, "The

\* Page 225.

President had a daughter before this time. Being married, the night she was bride in, she was taken out from her bridegroom and hurled through the house, and afterwards died." He adds, "Another daughter was supposed to be possessed with an evil spirit."

The reputed author of all this mischief—many allusions to whose witchcraft will be found in the pasquil—brought the President a good estate. She had the reputation of being on very intimate terms with his Satanic majesty. "She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should stand upright on one end of it, promising that while she remained in that situation the Dalrymples should continue to flourish." "It is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirklistown, the burial-place belonging to the family."\*

Newliston was originally the property of the Templars, and after them the Hospitallers. It came to the first Earl of Stair through his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Dundas. Of his courtship and marriage a strange account is given in the satire.

The supposition that his unhappy sister was attached to a Lord Rutherford is corroborated in these verses, which assert that,

"He (the President) knew what she did to her master  
plight,  
If she her faith to Rutherford should slight."

It would thus appear that it was Lord Stair, not his lady, that caused the daughter to break her pledges to her first lover. The punishment inflicted on the second lover is thus given:—

\* Law's Memorials, foot-note 226.

“ Nick did Baldoon’s\* posteriors right deride,  
And as first substitute, did sease the bride;  
Whate’er he to his mistress did or said,  
He drew the bridegroom from the nuptial bed  
Into the chimney did so his rival maull,  
His bruised bones ne’er cured but by the fall.”†

It would seem from this that the lady had, when plighting her faith to Rutherford, declared if she broke her vows she wished the evil one to take her, a wish which in due time was accomplished.

It is uncertain whether the Lord Rutherford was the third or fourth baron. The second lord having died in 1668, the succession opened to his next brother, who may have been Miss Dalrymple’s first love. The patent of creation of the title is a remarkable instance of the power of the crown to give a subject the right to make a peer. Andrew Rutherford was created a Scotch baron by the title of Rutherford, with a destination to the heirs male of his body; whom failing, to such person of the name of Rutherford as he might nominate as his successor by any writing executed even in *articulo mortis*. The patentee was sent out as governor of Tangeir, and elevated to the Earldom of Teviot, with remainder to the heirs male of his body. He died in 1664 without male issue, leaving a will, executed in the English form, appointing his successor, which was proved in the prerogative court of Canterbury. The Earldom, from his having no male issue, became extinct.

Under this English deed, which conveyed the honour, the beneficiary, Sir Thomas Rutherford of Hunthill, took the barony, and was admitted to a seat in the Scotch Parliament. He died in 1668, and his brother inherited the barony. What his age may have been at the time has

\* Dunbar of Baldoon.

† He was subsequently killed by a fall from his horse.

not been ascertained; if young, it is probable he was the man. Lord Stair's eldest son, afterwards Earl of Stair, was born in 1640, and passed advocate in 1672. Assuming Miss Dalrymple was a few years his junior, she would have been under age when the third Lord Rutherford succeeded his brother. The first meeting of Sir William Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood following after the death of the second Baron, the dates might answer, and brother could be substituted for father.

Lord Stair was knighted 14th February 1661; made a Lord of Session 4th November 1662; Vice-President of the Court in the absence of the President; a Baronet 2d June 1664; President 28th October 1689; and Viscount Stairs, Lord Glenluce and Stranraer 21st April 1690. He died 23d November 1695.

Two writers of very different politics, Burnet and Mackenzie, Whig and Tory, do not agree in their estimate of the character of Stair. The Whig is unfavourable, the Tory the reverse. Burnet says he was "a false and cunning man and a great perverter of justice, in which he had a particular dexterity of giving some plausible colour to the grossest injustice." Mackenzie asserts he was of excellent parts, of an equal wit and universal learning, but most considerable from being so free from passions, that most men thought this equality of spirit a mere hypocrisy in him. This meekness fitted him extremely to be a President." "But that which I admired most in him was, that in ten years' intimacy I never heard him speak unkindly of those that had injured him."\*

Stair's Institute of the Law of Scotland has, for nearly two centuries, been considered as the highest authority on every subject treated by his Lordship; and, without doubt, it will continue to be so regarded in all time coming. On all legal points to which Stair has given his attention,

\* Mackenzie's History of Scotland, p. 214.

not altered by statute, there can be no sounder adviser than the lawyer who has been so unmercifully lashed in the ensuing satire.

His Lordship was severely dealt with and censured for his signing the declaration against the League and Covenant and the previous doings of its adherents, but very unreasonably, as he qualified his signature by saying, "he was content to declare against whatever was opposite to his Majesty's just right and prerogative." His apology was reprinted for the members of the Bannatyne Club by William Blair, Esq. of Avonton, and it is also inserted in the edition of Stair's Institute, so admirably edited by the late George Brodie, Esq., her Majesty's Historiographer.

### **Satyre on the Familie of Stairs.**

Stair's neck, mynd, wyfe, sons, grandson, and the rest,  
Are wry, false, witch, pets, parricid, possest.  
Curst be the cause of Scotland's constant woe,  
That hinders Justice in even pathes to goe.  
That slipperie Stairs, whose unstraight steps and high,  
Doe, lyke his neck, turn his whole course awrie ;  
That trape for publick place, that Jacob's ladder,  
From Knaverie's Zenith to Disgrace's Nadir ;  
Wrong colour'd angell's on that Stair attend,  
Where ill men mount awayes, and good descend—  
Sure, of a settled throne that Prince despairs,  
Who mounts his throne by crook'd and slidderie Stairs.  
James's throne, by making high Stairs came to fall ;  
Thrones should have steps—no pair of Stairs at all.  
But whate'er steps a prince doth mount, in short,  
A pair of Stairs cannot a throne support.

Tho' non can all Stair's turns and steps descrie,  
 Let not his Proteous trophè be past by ;  
 How Captane Staires, in syllogistick feild,  
 Made Dominie Ronald <sup>1</sup> to his vallour yield.  
 At that first triumph, Glasgow Colledge saw  
 The juggler turn his sword to ferula.  
 Jeingo ! the tawes, Presto ! begon, a mace,—  
 First Nol's <sup>2</sup> just power gave him a Regent's place,  
 In Justice Colledge, Roulè <sup>3</sup> made him pass  
 For Principall, the whole Session for his class.  
 There he taught law, "shaw me the man," clear text,  
 Tho' all his printed comments be perplex ;  
 Our laws were by prophetick sarcasms so  
 Epitomised by Balmirrino ;  
 He chang'd one word of that short text of law,  
 Told not the man makes him the law to shaw.  
 He hes a turning rota yett unworne,  
 Can his alleadgance to the Tender turne ?  
 Turne the Remonstrance to the Tolleration,  
 The Covenant into the Declaration,<sup>4</sup>  
 (He swore, and, O rare ! kept, thrie kingdoms quat  
 For France tuo months befor he would doe that,)  
 Our Christian friedom to fanatick fetters,  
 Hague articles to arbitrarie letters,

<sup>1</sup> Mr Thomas Ronald, schoolmaster, first at Lithgow, then at Stirling, father of Duncan Ronald, W.S. His mother was sister of Livingston of Greenyards. R. M. See Historical Account of Senators of College of Justice, p. 360.

<sup>2</sup> Oliver Cromwell.      <sup>3</sup> King Charles II.

<sup>4</sup> He went to France two months, to save his oath that he had sworne, that he would rather goe to France than take the Declaration. R. M.



Our propertie to that we do not know,  
 And Judges gifts to Bene Placito.  
 He twelve myles off from Bench the Bar did rent,  
 And turn'd the Session to a Parliament.  
 ("The" Bench infallible you must believe,  
 Ther acts ultimately definitive)  
 The King's power to frie quarter, when he wants  
 A purged host to one of Highland saints.  
 Deacons and elders into feckom Brogs,  
 Our settled preachers into vagrant Rogues ;  
 For his strict conscience, with blood puddings lac'd,<sup>5</sup>  
 Can for his place fanatick blood digest.  
 Subjects Lawborrowes to King's saifty, and  
 The Act of West Kirk to the Highland band :  
 And when his arme wes broke by Lawderdale,  
 He his subscription turn'd into a seale,  
 His Lordship turn'd, (to please his Grace's cronies,)  
 Judgment to wormwood, Law to *Ens Rationis*  
 Chas'd by ill conscience from hagg to night ryding,  
 Old Regent run old Student o're to Leyden !  
 Ther his hagg haunts him, where they had halfe starv'd  
 By wise wyfes welcom'd, and by witches serv'd ;  
 Till Dutch Armado lands, this cavalier,  
 A true-blue conqueror, valid front and reare.  
 He had no pension, place, then to dispense  
 Unto his lords and lairds to page him thence.  
 He *jure postliminii* did transub  
 Himself to ball, the Parliament to club,  
 Which will him holl when right teased at ane blow,  
 Or els<sup>6</sup> Sir Patrick will be the shinnie goe.

<sup>5</sup> He did eat no blood. R. M.

<sup>6</sup> Murray. R. M.

He turn'd the Clame of Right to compliment,  
Our greatest grievance to the President.  
The Lords unto whateer's of valets still,  
A monstrous brood of Mother Shipton's guile.  
Got by her Syre 'gainst his Creator's will.  
As long's the Bench is ruled by such a Stair,  
No straight, or man of worth will covet her ;  
For Judge and President the law's all one,  
The cryme condemning him, did him repone,  
(Who durence pleasure did possess the chair,  
And he had chas'd him thence, that thrust him ther)  
Restore him to lash rumples, not to rule  
A nation with a rod that sway'd a school.  
His Delphick style, ambiguous, plainlie tells  
What spirit acts him in his oracles ;  
Just lyke his kirk in his apollogie,  
Both for, and yitt reform'd from Prelacie ;  
That to the Court, this to the Westward flies,  
Thus he both church and state design'd to please,  
'Twixt his pets *pro* and *con*, curse on that name,  
A Judge's son that takes his brybes, but shame—  
Whose pleading and advyce not worth a groat,  
Ten dollars earns, joyn'd with ther patron's vote ;  
Old Rentoun <sup>7</sup> kept one single protoplast,  
Stairs first improv'd the number to a cast :  
With the tuo least who could not reid, but give  
Their dad a paper, folks tuo merks did leave.  
That brood of cheap Gehazies came no speed,  
Plagues worse than leprosie cleive to his seed !  
No Jordan can wash off, for some to please

<sup>7</sup> Home, Justice-Clerk. R. M.

His wyfe, he to her gods doth sacrifice.  
 Let non into her oratorie peep,  
 They'le, like to pouse, o'ere the window leape ;  
 So pouse<sup>8</sup> in majestie, from cloath of state  
 St Geills saw thrown by Huffie duke of late.  
 Tho' she was hurt, yet e're she quate the place,  
 She reconceiled her kittelline to his Grace ;  
 She caus'd through fyre Kelloch<sup>9</sup> to Molloch pass,  
 That she might show her power on Kett Dundas.  
 A clan so fair of them the female sex  
 With concave itch to grib, ther rumps convex ;  
 On shoulder clap made her Mess James embrace,  
 And lick the dreepings of his scouter'd face.  
 Impale her crescent sable, which who tryes,  
 To blazon, the strange field his skill defyes ;  
 For this halfe moon ne're falls, but still remaines,  
 Tho' not of changes frie, yet frie of wanes ;  
 How at its change his visage terrifies !  
 In hell, Quevedo saw such fisnamies —  
 In Gallowlie you may lyke visions meet,  
 In Magie<sup>10</sup> Rosse's flaming windie sheet.  
 What train of curses that base brood persues,  
 Where the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse !  
 To please Beelzebub, poor Charlie dyes,  
 A rare meat-offering made of Spanish flies.  
 A thrid the thriftie dame to Pluto sent,

\* This pouse wes a catt that came on Duke Hamilton's  
 cushion while at sermon into the High Church of Edinburgh,  
 and wes supposed to be the Lady Stairs assuming that shape.  
 R. M.

<sup>9</sup> Sir James Dalrymple of Kelloch. R. M.

<sup>10</sup> The President's witch lady. R. M.

But fyre or drugs, lyke came in close criell pent,  
 Thir tuo were tane in arles of the rest,  
 The Divell left them he knew would serve him best.  
 In tuo things Tom apes Chryst, in nought besyde,  
 He hugs the bairns, and on ane asse doth ryde.  
 So destiné divydes the cursed best's nest,  
 The gouke gets one, the divell all the rest.  
 Yet kings as gods they can of nought creat,  
 Can make knaves honest, transubstantiat  
 The Cerberous Leivetennant, Regent, Lawyer,  
 To Viscount Stairs, Lord Glenluss, and Stranrawer.  
 Tho' thir tuo signories deserve a largess,  
 That for known guest, and this for unknown burgess.  
 The Galloway Lordship's equall in renoun,  
 The Divell's Abey and Sir<sup>66</sup> Patrick's toun.  
 The mailing Stairs, (but for the goodman's prats\*  
 Ne'er known,) the tytle of (the) Viscount gets  
 That he may now, what he fear'd once, avow  
 His futie name at the address was true,  
 And that at Endor he might keep his prayer,  
 In the old style—Thy faithful servant Stair.  
 For the hard knight his father doth outvye,  
 Whom no man els can reach in villanie,  
 He only ceds to him in pedantrie.  
 Latine and Greek to him are algebra,  
 His mother's tóngue learn'd him his father's law ;

" Sir Patrick Murray was the representative of Stranraer in Parliament, put in ther by the Lady Stairs, to whom she promised Old Nick's assistance if he voted her way in Parliament ; and accordingly, she order'd his ball, as on the preceding leafe, while at golfe. R. M. See p. 181.

\* The word "prats" means tricks. See Jamieson, Vol. I.

Lyke prentice taught the trade by ear, but book,  
 In seaven years petship e'er he wrote or spoke.  
 He understands the Digests and the Cods,  
 As weell as peace of conscience—ther's no odds.  
 Thes tuo Dahrymples for knaverie fand more  
 Then Scaligers for learning heretofore.  
 Ther stinking name doth so befitt ther race,  
 Ther foulest actions cannot it disgrace ;  
 Nor can ther tytles Doctor Oats'\* stain deface.  
 Tuyse President, tuyse Advocat, a couple  
 Unmatch'd, for Tarbate is not halfe so souple.  
 Old Nick himself's outacted by young Stair,  
 His friend he envys for so brave ane heir.  
 Which of the rivells did imprennat, guess,  
 Whom Nick or Stair the incuba did press ;  
 The chylde's presumed the husband's not the less.  
 For the witch gate doth droll ded† incubus,  
 Seing a friend in every court's of use.  
 Nick gratis doth advyse, and then accuse,  
 But doth not lykewyse the judge office use.  
 Young Stairs to get Mackenzie's place advys'd,  
 What he would not, and so the King entyc'd,  
 To cass the laws, and then complies ; which done,  
 Our Advocate to Justice-Clerk strick soon ?  
 Swears fealtie to the borrowed babe,‡ proclames  
 Argyle delyverer, traitour to King James.  
 By blank commission from the last burgh sent,  
 As soon's he saw the game 'gainst King James went,  
 Sate in the state, accus'd, judg'd, and unca'd  
 Dethron'd the King for doing what he bad.

\* Titus Oates.

† Ded, father.

‡ Old Pretender.

With terced estu\* by mumjanc'd chosen post,  
 The sufferer's restor'd to what he lost  
 With respect to the clame of right, because  
 He best could grind the clame that cass'd the lawes.  
 Then he cants o'er prerogative high straines,  
 With horizontall face, and o'er turn'd braines.  
 The royall separate interest sets out  
 As clear as e'er he did power absolute,  
 That wes without reserve, you must obey,  
 This is, come serve the King in his own way.  
 The King and people's saifty he dissects,  
 As that, not this, were the *suprema lex*.  
 The Spinosit to his own interest true,  
 Swears if a Trinitie, they have theirs too.  
<sup>12</sup> Solicitor and Advocat aggrie  
 In ther religion, love, and chivalrie.  
 Non of the tuo the others doe outvie,  
 For incest, batoning,<sup>13</sup> and blasphemie.  
 The ancient kyndly way of love both choos'd  
 Sir John his sister, Will<sup>14</sup> good sisters us'd.  
 Law gave him tuo, tho' nature gave him none;  
 What could Sir William do more to peill\* Sir John?  
 Both's dubly dub'd with sword and cane, but this  
 (Tho' that their honour gave) their saif-guard is;  
 For Edinburgh Cross, Venetian Coffee Hous,  
 Batons in chiefe are armes that make them crouss.  
 Both scoff the Trinitie, believe no Gods,

\* Estu? Mumjanc'd—qu. *Munchanc'd*.

<sup>12</sup> Sir William Lockhart. R. M.

<sup>13</sup> One of the two was battoned. R. M., see next page.

<sup>14</sup> Lockhart. R. M.

\* Peill—equal.

That them confounds, and this sets them at odds ;  
 For all the health, friends will farr feircer bee  
 Then Craig of Mutton, or Mongumerie.<sup>15</sup>  
 To make this brace a cast, weill ratifie the Aptist,  
 To the King's Chaplane doctor Cunabaptist.<sup>16</sup>  
 Tho Tholous martyre<sup>17</sup> cannot fort \* the three,  
 His lyfe wes better, tho' their faiths aggrie.—  
 This Advocat would not pursue but when  
 Mongrennan's witnes, wher's Bargany then ?  
 The great grandchild resiles, eir Markie's fate  
 (Lyke reall vye) hang'd at a stinger gate—  
 May not the club of the addresses fear  
 To be trode doun lyke bairns in his careir ?  
 He frètted at God's Mene Tekells, swore  
 That his hand wrytting sould turn God's hous o're.  
 Which merite made him secretare of state,  
 But pens and pistolls both are ruled by fate.  
 Tho' Danbigh be his Dedalus, I fear  
 Will melt his surplise plums, he soars so farr,  
 And leave his hated name a curse to all  
 That hear his crymes, his plagues, his ryse, and fall.  
 He hates like Juno, tho' like Jove he lov'd,  
 And a kynd Camus to his Billie prov'd.  
 Tho' now his love to women's less than gold,  
 For which *volentes populos* he sold.  
 He thought love faultles, wanting fraud or force,  
 Amnon loves, ravishes, and then abhores ;  
 Hear she wes willing, be dissembled not—

<sup>15</sup> Brother to Skelmorlie, batoned Sir John Dalrymple at London. R. M.

<sup>16</sup> Probably Carstairs.

<sup>17</sup> Probably Urbain Grandier. \* Sic. in MS., qu. Sort.

Ther father fand, not lost, such near friends got.  
 So Adam fand—lyke whom Sir John did wedd  
 And choyc'd a garden for his church and bed.  
 His Eve <sup>18</sup> sought ther no covering for bare thighs,  
 As she doth now, to hyde her coach glass'd eyes.  
 Mes Davie Mortoun blest them in the dawning;  
 Off them ther sprang ane Abell and a Cain;  
 Would Cain his father as his brother use,  
 It something would the former fact excuse;  
 Would he give his grandfather the thrid shott,  
 The parricide <sup>19</sup> would turne a patriot—  
 Famous for what cause, Stampfield and Dalrye <sup>20</sup>  
 Are branded with eternall infamie.—  
 In all Stair's offspring we no difference know,  
 They do the females, as the males, bestow—  
 So he of ane of his daughter's mariage gave the ward,  
 Lyke a true vassal, to Glenlusse's Laird;  
 He knew what she did to her master plight,  
 If she her faith to Rutherford should slight;  
 Which, lyke his own, for greid he brak outright.  
 Nick did Baldoon's posteriors right deride,  
 And as first substitute, did sease the bride,  
 What e're he to his mistres did or said,  
 He threw the bridegroom, from the nuptial bed,  
 Into the chimney did so his rivall maull,  
 His bruised bones ne're cured but by the fall. <sup>26</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Dundas, Lady Stair. R. M.

<sup>19</sup> Stair shot his eldest brother. R. M.

<sup>20</sup> Stampfield, that murdered Sir James his own father was a cussine of Sir John's: and Dalry murdered Sir George Lockhart, president. R. M.

<sup>21</sup> Baldoon. He fell and broke his neck at the Quarrell Holes, near Edinburgh, from his horse. R. M.



The airie fiend, for Stairs hath land in Air,  
 Possess another daughter<sup>22</sup> for ther share,  
 Who, without wings, can with her rumple flye.  
 No midding-foull did ever mount so high ;  
 Can skip o'er mountains, and o'er steiples soare,  
 A way to petticoats ne're known before.  
 Her flight's not useles, though she nothing catch :  
 She's good for letters when they neid despatch.  
 When doors and windows shutt, cage her at home,  
 She'le play the shittlecock through all the roume,  
 This high flown lady never trades a stair,  
 To mount her wyse Lord's castles in the air—<sup>23</sup>  
 It's not Stair's bairnes alone Nick doth infest,  
 His children's children lykewise are possest.  
 Penelope,<sup>24</sup> on whom Batavia gaz'd,  
 Saw vice decenniall to perfection rais'd,  
 Bove both her sex and age, for Messaline<sup>25</sup>  
 Herselfe had ne're such furie uterin.  
 And Lord Cathcart whither elfes did comand  
 Her unseen vehicle to the fairie land,  
 Or if he to *infantum limbis* sainted,  
 Elias, antipods, or place enchanted.  
 From his dam's knee so eliverlie he went,  
 That his translation's our astonishment.  
 What may these hardned Pharoahs then expect,  
 Who do so many and sore plagues neglect?  
 But that lyke reprobates they shall be lost

<sup>22</sup> Lord Crichton's Lady. R. M.

<sup>23</sup> He wes a fool. R. M.

<sup>24</sup> Countess of Dumfriess. R. M.

<sup>25</sup> This Messaline wes a vitious Queen. R. M.

In the Red Sea, and ne're reach Canaan's coast.  
 Or if their blood's by strangling, Justice spares,  
 And on a ladder mount that pair of Staires,  
 They'll mount no higher—fye, for that rarie show—  
 To Stair or the Staires when they'r falling low !  
 This will set right the wrey neck with more luck,  
 Which Salton's bottle did ;<sup>26</sup> but while it struck  
 That serpent face, which now 'gainst heaven doth  
     braull,  
 Shall prostrate, then look whither it's to fall—  
 Wee then shall sie what Douglass did fortell ;  
 Then and no sooner—Scotland shall be well.<sup>27</sup>

### On Lord Stair.

False Stair, lament ! Look, look what thou hast done  
     Lament thy country ! lament thy own estate !  
 Look, look, by doeing, how thou art undone :  
     Lament thy fall ! Lament thy change of state !  
 Thy faith thou broke ; by thee our freedom's gone.  
     See, see, too soon, what thou laments too late.  
 O thou that wert so many men, nay, all,  
 Abridg'd in dust, how hes thy desp'rate fall,  
 Distroyed thy seed, distroyed thyself with all.

R. M.

<sup>26</sup> Fletcher. R. M.

<sup>27</sup> Amongst Mylne's MSS. occurs the following Epitaph  
 "on the Viscount of Stair's sister :"

Here lyes my honest old Auntie,  
 Whom Death has put in his pockmantie.  
 Three score ten years God did gift her :  
 Here she lyes, and see who will lift her !

**Upon the long wished for and timely Death  
of the Right Honourable The Lady Stair.**

Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe printed these satirical lines in his edition of Law's Memorials. Since then a MS. of Lord Fountainhall containing many corrections and emendations was found, which has considerably improved the text. The "Jamie Wylie," mentioned in the concluding part of the Elegy, was Sir James Stewart, the son of Provost Stewart, and brother of Sir Thomas Stewart of Coltness, and Lord Advocate for many years. He was generally considered a Trimmer who wished to stand well both with the excited Stewarts and their Dutch successor.

Neus ! neus ! my muse, on Friday being said,  
It is confirm'd, the Witch of Endor's dead,  
And men wonder what kinde devil thus  
Off such a monster hath bereaved us ;  
Now Cerberus at the door of hell, cries out,  
With hideous noise, and many a grievous shout,  
Open your doors, you devils, and prepare  
A room that's warm for honest Lady Stair.  
Shall now my muse be longer silent then,  
When every poet occupyes his pen :  
Come on, come on, be quick, its no abuse  
To whip about the Devil of Glenluce.  
Cry out for joy, of whatsoever station  
Whoe's for the poor and welfare of the nation,  
Let peace possess your minds, your will you've gotten,  
My Lady Stair is dead, and almost rotten :  
Be glad and joyful at this luckie death,

Great Melvin with his faction, Leven and Raith,  
Who for your sakes at Court did so prevail  
To make a Secretary Privie Seal.  
Rejoice old clubbers, Rosse and Skelmorlie,  
Dalrymple's faction now hath lost ane eye :  
The moon shall shortly change, be glad and merrie,  
The Lady Stair is over Charon's ferrie.  
Johnstoun rejoice with your friend Ormistoun,  
And you Sir William,<sup>1</sup> with Duke Hamiltoun:  
That the cat that crost the cushen in the church  
Is dead, and left her kitelings in the lurch ;  
A strange unluckie fate to power befell,  
Which sent her thus a cateing into hell.  
Will Baillie then with Commissar Monroe  
Rejoice, for Auntie hes got the fatal bloe :  
She will perplex nor trouble you no more,  
Hells turn-keey now hath shut the fatal door.  
Goe to now Mrs Turnbull when you please,  
And sit upon your own coat tail at ease ;  
Goe sit on your coat tail, for weel I wott  
The dog is dead that toar your petticoat.  
Court Parasites put on your mourning weed,  
Hells plagued Emissaries, for she's dead  
Who was the greatest stoup in all the nation  
To Jamie Wylies cursed generation.  
Your flying days are done, put on your pumps.  
That Stair shall shortly fall here is a token,  
Your strongest pillar's lately fallen and broken ;  
Though it so very long has stood a gie,  
Yet surely many shall its ruin see  
And shortly, great the fall thereof shall be.

<sup>1</sup> Hamilton.

**The Epitaph.**

Here lyes our aunties Coffine, I am sure,  
But where her body is I cannot tell,  
Most men affirm they cannot well tell where,  
Unless both soul and body be in hell.

Its just indeed if all be true that's said,  
The Witch of Endor was a wicked sinner,  
And if her coffine in the grave be laid,  
Her bodie's roasted for the Devil's dinner.



## CIVIC ROUNDELAY, 1673.

The following roundelay "on Sir Francis Kinloch and other Old Baillies, seeking the removal of Sir Andrew Ramsay from the Provost's Chair, 1673," was transcribed from a manuscript entitled *Poems, &c.*, by Thomas Davidson, wool merchant, Bowhead. Whether it is his own composition, or merely a copy of the work of another, is uncertain.

The proceedings to which these verses bear reference are fully detailed in Fountainhall's *Historical Notes*.<sup>\*</sup> Sir Andrew Ramsay of Abbotshall, who had been Lord Provost for many years preceding, was appointed a Lord of Session through the interest of the Duke of Lauderdale. As he had never been an advocate, his elevation to a seat on the bench created surprise and distrust, and the union of the two offices of a chief magistrate and of a Lord of Session was considered incompatible. The consequence was a process before the Supreme Court, the object of which was to declare that no person of a higher rank than a merchant was competent to exercise the office of chief or other magistrate, and that Sir Andrew Ramsay, having been advanced to be a Senator of the College of Justice, and so of a higher quality and rank "than a trafficking merchant," ought to be declared incapable to be a magistrate in all time coming.

There was a farther conclusion, that no Provost should be allowed to remain in office for more than two years.

Sir George Mackenzie was the counsel for the Pursuer, and his pleading is amusing enough, but one not calculated to give a high estimate of his ability as a sound lawyer. He compared Sir Andrew for his tyranny and cunning to

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. i. p. 33, Bannatyne Club, Edin. 1848.

Oliver Cromwell, and declared he was much more fitted to be "a Sultan or the Cham of Tartary," than Provost of Edinburgh. What this had to do with the legal point of his incompetency to be a magistrate because he was a Lord of Session, is not apparent.

After this introductory flourish of trumpets, Sir George proceeded to show that Ramsay had already occupied the position of chief magistrate for upwards of ten years, in the course of which he contrived to burden the city with a debt of between six and seven hundred thousand merks. He asked, "who durst ask a compt of this at Sir Andrew, during his government?" If the accounts of the *Provost* are to be looked into by the *Judge*, what the result would be is tolerably clear. Sir George introduces Petronius Arbiter—to support him in his arguments—together with Petavius—Heylins' *Cosmography*—and the Prophet Nehemiah! rather an odd combination of authorities.

Sir George Lockhart (afterwards Lord President), for the Defence enumerated the great benefits Edinburgh had received during the rule of Sir Andrew—how he had redeemed the credit of the city—how he had contended with the bench as to "the precedency and grandeur of the Provost of Edinburgh, and had got two hundred pounds English money annexed to the Provostry, payable from Exchequer." Various other instances were adduced of the benefit the town had received at his hands. But in neither of the pleadings of these rival orators did they fairly discuss the legal point, contenting themselves with oratorical displays in which there was more sound than substance.

Perhaps the most valuable fact stated in this pleading, which Fountainhall says, was "*acted* to the admiration of all hearers with so much lustre and advantage, that though in other things he surpassed all his rivals, yet in this he excelled, outdid, and surpassed himself," is the catalogue of instances in which "Senators of the College of Justice and

Officers of State" had executed "the office of Provostrie within this city both of old and of late tymes." The evidence on this head is conclusive to a certain extent—but not absolutely—for there was no precedent directly applicable, as in the instances adduced, the individuals promoted to the bench were all lawyers: whereas Ramsay had never been anything else than a trader, or shop-keeper. He was a son of the Rev. Andrew Ramsay, whose deposition by the covenanters has been already mentioned, and who was the author of those Latin poems from which Milton is said to have borrowed some of his brightest passages.

The Pursuers lost their cause—but with this qualification, that in future, the office of Provost could only be held for two years.

Although Ramsay was successful in getting the action dismissed, he was not equally successful in retaining his two offices. Placed on the bench upon the 23d November 1671 he was compelled by threats of impeachment to resign his legal as well as his civic honours in November 1673. He departed this life 17th January 1688, at his house at Abbotshall,—upon which occasion, Ninian Paterson, the Episcopal minister of Liberton, printed an "Elegy to the memory of the incomparable Sir Andrew Ramsay of Abbotshall—Provost of Edinburgh, Counsellor to His Majesty, Lord of the Session, &c.,"\* a production which does not say much for the poetical talent of its reverend author. Fountainhall mentions, "22d January 1688, being Saturday, I went to Fyffe to Abbotshall's burial, who died the 17th before, and returned the 24th, being Sunday night."

This "incomparable" gentleman was, according to Malcolm Laing,† a bankrupt trader, "created a Lord of Session," in return for seventeen thousand pounds extorted as gifts

\* *Scottish Elegiac Verses*, 1629-1728, 8vo., Edin. 1849, p. 62.

† *History*, vol. iv. p. 74, Third Edition, 1819, 8vo.



from the town. Sir Andrew's son and heir was ruined by Law of Lauriston, whose skill as a gambler was as notorious as his ability as a financier. With the assistance of the celebrated Colonel Charteris, Abbotshall, with a rental of £1200 per annum, was brought to the hammer, and its owner retired to Florence "with his last hundred pound,"\* where he died.

It was not until the year 1677 that Francis Kinloch obtained the object of his ambition, and became Lord Provost.

He got the estate of Gilmerton † in a manner not particularly reputable. It had belonged to John Hepburn of Wauchton—but had been burdened by him in 1652, and he had granted a wadset, a redeemable right which enabled the borrower to get his estate back, upon repayment of 15,000 pounds Scots, and the expenses of buildings, provided they did not exceed a thousand merks Scots. John Cockburn, the creditor, was an advocate, and in further security took a disposition of the lands *ex facie* absolute.

Hepburn and his creditor did not get on well together, and one Henry Kinloch, a cousin of Francis Kinloch, who was a domestic servant of Hepburn's, suggested that his relation should pay the mortgage, and get a right from Cockburn—which was done in the shape of an absolute disposition, and a relative back bond or letter of reversion explaining, or pretending to explain, the true nature of the transaction. Kinloch entered on possession of Gilmerton, and built a fine house upon it. Hepburn died, and Sir Andrew Ramsay's son having married his daughter, proceedings were adopted to redeem the lands. The equity was clear enough—but by a casting vote, it was determined that the reversion was not sufficiently explicit to qualify the absolute disposition. Fountainhall, who gives the detail,

\* Memoirs, Life, and Character of the Great Mr Law and his Brother at Paris, London, 1721, 8vo., p. 14.

† In East Lothian.

shows, in tolerably distinct language, the venality of the bench, and we cannot omit his concluding remark: "This decision, for its strangeness, surprised all that heard of it; for scarce ever any who once heard the case, doubted but it would be found a clear wadset; and it opened the mouths of all, to cry out upon it as a direct and downright subversion of all our rights and properties."

These proceedings fully verify what Lauderdale told to the astonishment of an English gentleman:—"in Scotland the rule is"—quoth his grace, "shew me the man and I'll shew you the law." From a passage in the Pasquil on the Stair family,\* it appears that Lord Balmerino was the original author of this admirable epitome of Scotch law, as administered in his time and long afterwards.

Kinloch, one way or another, amassed a vast fortune. From the Roundel it is evident that he originally followed the calling of a tailor, but unlike the celebrated English tailor Sir John Hawkwood, raised himself to a high position—not by his sword, but his shears.

It may be presumed that he is the same person who, upon the 16th January 1662, was served heir of his father, Henry Kinloch, merchant and burges of Edinburgh, in some land in "Coldbrandspath," in the county of Berwick. That he was of humble parentage is evident from his having a cousin of the name of Henry, a domestic servant in the family of Hepburn of Wauchton.

The late C. K. Sharpe, Esq., had a MS. poem in his possession, with the following pedigree of one "Jacob Kinloch"—also a tailor, and probably a relative of the Provost. It is entitled "A gentleman's turn to Jacob Kinloch for calling him a Dunse in the Coffee-house, 1674." It commences thus:—

How could your baseness, so rash sentence pass,  
As for to term me loggerhead and ass,

\* See page 180.

I being but a stranger, you therefore  
 Had never seen nor spoke to me before :  
 I'd never heard of you—so in this case  
 Of your acquaintance had not the disgrace.  
 I wonder'd much, who and what could you be,  
 Till one did thus extract your pedigree.  
 " His guidsyre was a sexton fairie elf,  
 Liv'd on the dead, and digged graves for pelf  
 He left unto his son, which several years  
 He did augment by needle, thimble, shears,  
 Till pride that devill him threw, and did distill  
 Through needle eye, and made him Dean of Gild.  
 His ribbands then he turn'd to boot and spurs  
 Of mungrell half, he's neither hound nor curs ;  
 His spouse a litter bore, whereof the shee,  
 Were apes of gentrie, free of modesty," &c., &c.

One of his daughters had the Christian name of Manna,  
 and another was called Elizabeth, who

" Strove with gownes and petticoat to trail."

Fountainhall has noted a case in which Miss Manna  
 Kinloch nearly got her husband into a law suit from her  
 love of finery. She was the wife of one James Charteris,  
 a writer in Edinburgh, and was brought before the Privy  
 Council for breaking the sumptuary laws " in regulating  
 apparell." The proof against her failed—but it was debated  
 amongst the Judges whether when a married woman is  
 convicted of the breach of a penal statute, the husband is  
 liable for the fine, or if the wife can herself be punished by  
 imprisonment, and her effects attached after conviction.  
 Another question was, whether proof by female witnesses  
 of the transgression of the act was competent. Fountainhall  
 was of opinion that the wives ought not to be permitted to  
 burden their husbands, else many would break the act pur-  
 posely to affront or injure them.

As both the Kinlochs were tailors, it is not improbable that they were connected in trade; indeed, Jacob may have been the brother of the Provost. Sir Walter Scott mentioned an anecdote which goes far to verify this conjecture. A young gentleman of the name was attending a meeting of freeholders to elect a representative for the county of East Lothian, when he met an old gentleman clad in ancient vestments. The younger man, struck with the odd appearance of his fellow freeholder, proceeded to compliment him on the elegance of his attire. "You may well be proud of it, my young friend," said the voter, "for it was cut and sewed by your grandfather." This occurred long before the Reform Bill had altered the system of parliamentary representation in Scotland.

Sir Francis from time to time acquired large landed estates in Edinburgh, Haddington, Fife, and Perth. The Nova Scotia Baronetcy was procured 16th September 1686. He married a lady of the name of Macmath—by whom he had a son of the same christian name as himself, who was served his heir 8th November 1699, and who married a daughter of that Protean worthy, David Leslie, Lord Newark.

### **Civic Roundeley, 1673.**

Gilmurtoune he swears he'll have the Provist outt,  
By the chalk and the sheers, Gilmurtoune he swears,  
By the wrong that he fears and he wants a clout,  
Gilmurtoune he swears he'll have the Provist outt.

The Provist he declairs he's for the town's good,  
For himself and his aires the Provist he declairs;  
This taille was told to Stairs, and be it understood,  
The Provist he declairs, he's for the town's good.

Myne honest old Baillies 'gainst the Provist rebelle,  
To seek out his failleys, myne honest old Baillies,  
They would cut him all in talyes and eat him them-  
selves,  
Myne honest old Baillies 'gainst the Provist rebelle.

Come let us be friens as when we came hither,  
It's strange what it means, come let us be friens,  
Wee'l downe to Baillie Dean's\* and drink all thegither,  
Come let us be friens as when we came hither.

My Lord got the Cause to drink we abhor it,  
Wee hate broken our lawes my Lord got the cause;  
But wee'l kiss your backsides if wee pay not for it,  
My Lord got the Cause, to drink we abhor it.

Now I see cleare your malice is great,  
Fient ane of you I fear now I see clear,  
I'll stay still this year before that I flit,  
Now I see cleare, your malice is great.

\* Baillie Deans, it appears, was a vintner—very likely related to the Deans—who at the time possessed Woodhouselee. This beautiful estate next century had been so much burdened, that the last of the Deans was compelled to part with it. It was divided into two portions, and one half was purchased by William Tytler, Esq., the vindicator of Queen Mary, whose son, an accomplished gentleman and excellent lawyer, became a judge of the Court of Session, and whose grandson, the late Patrick Fraser Tytler, was the author of the *History of Scotland*, a work of great research and deep interest.

## PITCAIRN'S ROUNDEL ON SIR ROBERT SIBBALD, 1686.

"SIBBALD," says Bishop Burnet, "who was the most learned antiquary in Scotland, had lived in a course of philosophical virtue, but in great doubts as to revealed religion, was prevailed on by the Earl of Perth to turn Papist; but he soon became ashamed of having done so, on so little enquiry. He went to London for some months, retiring from all company, and went into a course of study by which he came to see into the errors of Popery. He then returned to Scotland, and published his recantation openly in church."

In the autobiography,\* printed for the first time in the "*Analecta Scotica*," Sibbald gives a singular account of the circumstances that induced him to turn Roman Catholic. He had been on terms of intimacy with the Earl of Perth, whose family physician he appears to have been. This led to many discussions on doctrinal subjects, and the autobiographer was induced by his patron to write two books in vindication of the antiquity of Scotland and her Monarchs against the Bishop of St Asaphs.

The peer frequently said, during these conversations with his physician, that he was opposed to many of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, so that Sibbald thought he "was secure on that head," but alas, the worthy doctor was no match for the Jesuitical lord—as one Sunday, the noble Earl having taken physic, fell a weeping, and announced the fact, that he was a Papist,—that no consideration of worldly interest had been the inducing cause—but the conviction that the Roman Catholic was "the true and ancient Church."

This declaration was somewhat startling,—but Sibbald did not then succumb to his patient. In September 1685,

\* Edin. 1834, 8vo, p. 102.

the Earl took his intended convert to Drummond Castle to attend the Countess, who was dying, and who on her death-bed had been brought over to her husband's own way of thinking. "Good lady; she, I believe, did it out of the love she had for him," says the simple man,—all that he heard her say "was what any Protestant believed, and used in the agonies of death to say. So she died, and ceremonies were used at her death."

When Sibbald first came to the castle the Earl gave him the Life of "Gregory Lopez and Father Davila" to study,—whose piety and austerity of life greatly moved the reader. Having thus prepared the way by weakening the outworks, the zealous Earl carried the citadel by storm. He had previously assured his victim that the Romanists believed that any good man of a different way of thinking from them, and who had a sincere love to God, would be saved. "I said I was well pleased to hear that."

Sibbald should have asked his informer how this charitable belief could be reconciled with the Fires of Smithfield or the Massacre of St Bartholomew. But no time was apparently given for any questions, as "about eleven o'clock he called me up to his studio, and there he read me a paper that the Duchess of York (Anne Hyde) had wrote upon her embracing that religion, and discoursed very pathetically upon it. I knew not how it came about. I felt a great warmness of my affections while he was reading and discoursing, and therefore, as I thought *astro quodam pietatis motus*, I said I would embrace that religion."

Delighted with the success of his scheme, the Earl took the convert in his arms, and thanked God for the victory. These facts were not generally known, and when the conversion of Lord Perth was bruited about, Sibbald got the credit of having been the cause; indeed, so enraged were the Edinburgh people, that the poor doctor was very nearly murdered in consequence of this mistaken notion.

He was attacked in his own house by some three or four hundred miscreants, but contrived to escape by the back door and jump over his "yard dyke." The wretches broke into the house and nearly killed his wife—who was only saved by some one declaring she was a good Protestant. They searched the bed, and then departed, declaring they would "Rathillet"\* him. The public feeling was so strong against Sibbald, that he fled to Berwick, and thereafter got safely to London.

From what Sibbald learned in the south he began to think he had been too precipitate in his change. He found out that the Jesuits had everything to say at court, and that the people were beginning to show every indication of resisting the restoration of Popery. He had contracted a very bad cold by his forced flight from his own house, and by lying exposed in the field the night of the attack. He was attacked by rheumatism, then came erysipelas, accompanied by want of sleep. He resolved to return by sea, which he accordingly did, and in eight days arrived at Leith. "When I was come home I wrote to the chancellor my resolution, and declared it to some who visited me, and I went no more to the Popish service, but removed to the county, and went to church; and in September following, I was received by the Bishop of Edinburgh upon my acknowledgment of my rashness, in his house, and took the sacrament according to the way of the Church of England."

This narrative, written not for publication, but to explain his conduct to his friends, is probably true in substance,—but perhaps slightly coloured, to remove any impression which they might have entertained, that the learned physician was a somewhat weak-minded person. That the Earl purposely set himself to seduce Sibbald is obvious. It must

\* Meaning *assassinate*.—Halkerston of Rathillet having been a chief actor in the murder of Archbishop Sharp.



have been a vast triumph to his lordship—to convert “the most learned antiquary in Scotland,” as the Bishop of Salisbury calls him—to Popery. Nothing could have pleased James the VII. more than such a splendid religious triumph. Hence the attention of the monarch to Sibbald when he was in London. After all, there must have been some little vanity on the part of the antiquary, from being placed in so familiar a position by the court favourite. How gratifying to be instructed by one of the noble race of Drummond—a peer of the realm—one who had the King’s ear, and who could harangue on the superior excellence of the old religion to that of the new one. Then to be permitted to listen to the reasons why Anne Hyde became a Papist, as they were disclosed by his Patron. No wonder Sir Robert was moved to tears by hearing this Royal document read to him by a person so elevated in position.

One thing tells favourably for Sibbald, and it is, that he never derived pecuniary benefit or promotion from his conversion,—and that he did not for any length of time remain estranged from Protestantism.

The verses by Pitcairn are taken from an original MS. in the Wodrow collection, and it will be kept in view as showing how strong the impression against Sibbald had been,—that his witty and intimate friend, Archibald Pitcairn, had no scruple to attack him in this Roundell. Subsequently, when the pervert had returned to his original faith, the old friends became reconciled, and Sibbald wrote a Latin Epitaph on his death, which has been printed in the “*Analecta Scotica*.”\*

The exact date of the demise of Sir Robert Sibbald is uncertain, but his library was sold by auction in February 1723, when the Faculty of Advocates purchased most of his MSS., and several of the more valuable printed books. Th

\* Vol. ii., p. 158.

price paid came to £342, 17s. sterling, a large sum in those days. Some difficulty arose in making the purchase from the objections of a few Members of Faculty, who did not think the funds should be used for any such a purpose. At a later date, an opposition of this description was more successful, for when the valuable collection of MSS. and printed books used by Principal Robertson in writing the *Life of Charles V.* was offered to the Faculty for the small sum of £100, a venerable advocate, named M'Cornick, who went by the sobriquet of Nicodemus, rose to oppose the purchase, and as his reasons were so admirable as to carry a majority of the learned faculty with him, we cannot refrain from giving them. "To buy such a collection, Dean of Faculty, would be a waste of our funds,—it would just be like a person who, having devoured a most delicious pudding, would immediately afterwards set too and devour the shells of the eggs of which it had been made." Of the verity of this anecdote there is no doubt, as it came from the first Lord Meadowbank, who was Faculty-Treasurer at the time, and who advocated the purchase.

Archibald Pitcairn, M.D., was born in Edinburgh upon the 25th of December 1652. He was representative of an ancient family of Scotland, and the direct descendant of Andrew, the posthumous son of Pitcairn of that Ilk, who, with seven sons, was killed at the fatal fight of Flodden. The infant son by this melancholy event became owner of the lands of his forefathers, and had the honour of being progenitor of one of the many distinguished men who flourished in Scotland at the time of the Union.

Though an adherent of the Stuart family, Pitcairn had no leaning to Popery, and as little liking to Presbyterianism, which he took every opportunity of turning into ridicule, with considerable humour, as those persons who have read his amusing comedy called the *Assembly*, and his satirical poem termed *Babel*, can hardly deny. That there is much

coarseness in both these productions may be conceded ; but this was the fault of the time, and both Butler and Colville are liable to a similar charge.

As a Latin poet his abilities are universally conceded, and although his Epigrams, from their personal allusions—not easily explained at the present date—are occasionally difficult to understand, they sparkle with wit. His Epitaph on the Viscount of Dundee has always been justly admired, and no higher compliment can be paid to it than to say, that Dryden has made it familiar by his spirited translation, to those who have not studied the “humanities” as they are called in the north.

Lord Hailes, whose political views were very different from those of Pitcairn, and who, perhaps without knowing it, allows them occasionally to colour his critical opinions—is not inclined to allow the Latin compositions, as some enthusiasts said, to be the most elegant that had been given to the world since the Augustan age, and considers them inferior to Buchanan, Johnston, Vida, and Sannazarius, but he concedes that they possess considerable merit, not so much for their flowing and easy numbers, as “for their humour and poignant satire.”\*

As a physician, the great excellence of Pitcairn has uniformly been allowed. He was the first medical man of his time, and at the present day his name stands almost as high in the estimation of the profession as it did in his own.

The late Archibald Constable, before his failure, projected publishing the literary remains of Pitcairn, and he had collected together a great many of his fugitive pieces—these he bound up in a folio volume, which is now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. It has a very fine impression of the fine print of Pitcairn prefixed.

\* Sibbald's Edinburgh Magazine—a periodical of great value for the mass of original matter in it, and much superior to the Scots Magazine.

The clergy of the Established Church of Scotland and Pitcairn were, as might be expected, continually at war. Webster, a popular minister, who used to say very odd things from the pulpit, accused Pitcairn of being a Deist—a charge, as Lord Hailes allows, altogether unfounded. This led to a lawsuit at the instance of the injured party against the reverend injurer. The cause arose out of these circumstances—at a book sale, a copy of Philostratus' Life of Apollonius Tyanaeus was put up, and after a keen competition bought at a high price. Afterwards a copy of the Bible was put up, and there were no bidders. When some person present observed that it was a matter of regret that the Holy Scriptures could not find a purchaser, "No wonder," quoth the Doctor, "that it stuck in their hands, for is it not said, '*Verbum Dei manet in eternum.*'" Lord Fountainhall reports the case (18th July 1712), and says—"The Lords considered this process was managed with much *zeal*, and that Mr Webster was willing to give reasonable satisfaction; therefore they recommended to the Justice-Clerk, the Lord Ordinary in the cause, to endeavour to settle the parties amicably." This was a judicious way of getting rid of a cause which the Court did not probably wish to decide against Webster, as it must have done had Pitcairn insisted for a decision. In this manner further scandal was avoided.

Webster preached in what is called the "Tolbooth Kirk of Edinburgh." Milne, in his MSS., has the following roundel upon him—

There is a man whom God ne'er made,  
 A minister nor wabster,  
 Who has a cracked, distracted head;  
 There is a man whom God ne'er made,  
 Lord case him with his cap of lead,  
 Or knock him like a labster.

*Nota.*—He was once distracted, and wore a cap of lead.—  
 A. R. M.

There is another roundel upon this popular preacher—

The magistrates he did rebuke,  
 And gave them all a chargeie  
 The common prayer for to hook.  
 The magistrates he did rebuke,  
 And to burn David Crawford's book  
 And persecute the clergie.

The magistrates adopted his advice as to persecution—for the Episcopal ministers were treated in the worst possible manner, and, until the reversal by the House of Lords, after the Union, in the case of the Rev. Mr Greenshields, they were exposed to every kind of oppression. Webster died 17th May 1720. He may have had some excuse for his bitterness, as, before the Revolution, he had endured much persecution, but the rulers and judges of the land deserve great censure for giving sanction to the intolerance of the Presbyterian clergy.

Pitcairn's detestation of the Dutch was greatly increased by his dislike to the Prince of Orange, whom he had great difficulty in recognizing as King of England. His Epigram upon the Dutch is "poignant," to borrow the expression of Lord Hailes—

Amphibious wretches sudden be your fall,  
 May man undamn you ; and G—— D—— you all.

The concluding line of his Elegy on Lord Viscount Dundee has a sting in it—

*Ultime Scotorum, atque ultime Græmæ vale.*

The *last* Grahame was intended as a censure upon the heir of the great Montrose for having gone over to the Revolution party.

In one of the northern journals there is an amusing

anecdote which is possibly true enough, but for its authenticity the editor cannot pretend to vouch. Pitcairn seldom troubled the inside of any church, but every Sabbath morning his jug of claret was to be seen on its way from the tavern to his house, just as the more staid portion of the population was going to morning service. The kirk elders were greatly scandalized, and under the pretence of preventing Sabbath desecration, used to seize the jug, and confiscate the claret. Pitcairn, having doubts of the purity of the motive for this seizure, one morning put into the wine a dose of tartar emetic. It was as usual seized. The doctor, who was an Episcopalian, to the astonishment of the Presbyterians on that eventful day, took his place in the Kirk. His eyes were directed to the seat of the elders. Worship had not proceeded far when one of the Sabbatarians rushed out of the church, as pale as death—another followed, and in a few minutes the elders' seat was empty, to the bewilderment of all but the contriver of the mischief.

Tea at this time was not in use for breakfast, but claret was the ordinary drink in the north before the Union led to the use of the former. Tea gradually came in its place, a beverage which now even the poorest of the land cannot dispense with.

By his first wife, a daughter of Colonel Hay of Pitfour, Pitcairn had two children, a son and daughter, who died young. On the death of his first wife, he espoused a daughter of Sir Archibald Stevenson, a distinguished physician, and by her had one son, who, joining in the insurrection of 1715, only escaped the scaffold through the interest of Dr Mead with Walpole, subsequently the minister of the two first Georges. The youth, for he was a mere boy, went to the Continent, where he died. There were four daughters, one of whom became Countess of Kellie. The doctor's widow died in the year 1754, at a very advanced

age, and was remembered by her friends and acquaintance with the highest respect and esteem.

Pitcairn died upon the 23d of October 1713, "regretted by science as its ornament, by his country as its boast, and by humanity as its friend." He had collected a most valuable library of books on all subjects, which was after his death purchased by Peter the Great.\* It is singular that Lord Orford's collection of paintings, and Robertson's Spanish collection, should, at a subsequent period, to the disgrace of this country, be allowed to pass into the possession of the Muscovite.

The Comedy of the Assembly has been thrice printed. The two early editions† having become of great rarity, the late eccentric David Webster, a vendor of second-hand books—a strange character—much patronized by Sir Walter Scott, reprinted the play. Even this edition is scarce. The poem of Babel, after remaining for a century and a half in MS., was printed, with illustrative note by G. R. Kinloch, Esq., as the contribution to the Maitland Club, 1830, 4to. Many of his Latin epigrams and verses, by himself and his cotemporaries, were printed last century, with poems upon the Royal Company of Archers, but a great number of his pieces in the shape of broadsides are still to be found in the collections of the curious.

\* Starke's *Biographia Scotica*, Edin. 1805.—A valuable little volume, now little known.

† The following is the title of the *Editio Princeps*, "The Assembly, a Comedy, by a Scots Gentleman.

"———*Glomorantur in unum*

*Innumera pestes Erebi, quascunque sinistro*

*Nox genuit Fœta,———*

London. Printed in the year 1722, 12mo." The second edition is said to be "done from the original manuscript, written in the year 1692," and bears to be "printed in the year 1752," but neither place or printer's name is given.

**Pitcairn's Roundel on Sir Robert Sibbald,**  
1686.

*A.*

There is lost, there is lost  
On the Catholic coast,  
A quack of the college's quorum,  
Tho' his name be not shown,  
Yet the man may be known,  
By his *opus viginti annorum*.

*B.*

How can he be lost  
On the Catholic coast,  
Who lately but turned Catholic;  
Unless it be clear  
You can make him appear  
Both Catholic and diabolic?  
Since his name is not shown  
How can he be known  
One of a learn'd college's quorum,  
'Mong learn'd men to be,  
What pretensions has he?  
His opus speaks no such things for him.

*A.*

With each wind he hath steer'd,  
And hath often so veered,  
That at last he split on ambition.  
While the Whigs were in vogue,



He was th' arrantest rogue  
Of that damnable tribe of sedition.

*B.*

It may be admired  
What winds he hath steer'd,  
But not that he split on ambition ;  
It was still my opinion,  
For him to be a minion,  
To be statesman was too high a station.

Pray do not suspect  
That by this I reflect  
On the statesman's choice of his change :  
I'll not meddle with that,  
Tho' I well know what  
May be thought to be fully as strange.

If he proved an arrant rogue  
While the Whigs were in vogue  
For his being more rogue (there was reason)<sup>1</sup>  
His projects are greater,  
His pretensions are better,  
And he'll not be condemned for treason.

*A.*

Day and night did he work  
For erecting a kirk,  
And gathering gold to a preacher ;  
But he turn'd as soon

<sup>1</sup> The corner of a page is torn away in the Manuscript.

As the Whigs were undone,  
And left the poor desolate teacher.

*B.*

By the kirk he erected,  
By the gold he collected,  
By all that fanatical rabble,  
He ne'er could expect  
Such wealth and respect  
As he doth from the whore of Babel.

*A.*

From the Whigs he did come  
Not the straightway to Rome,  
But under our prelates found shelter :  
He took the great test,  
Which he perjur'd at last,  
For which he deserveth a halter.

*B.*

From the Whigs he did run  
In a by-way to Rome,  
But ne'er from our prelates found shelter.  
They could not endure  
To protect or secure  
Such rogues as he from the halter.

For his taking the test,  
Which he forswore at last,  
A pardon he'll get from the Pope ;

But though he so do,  
I confess it to be true,  
He very well merits a rope.

'Tis not the way to appear  
A true cavalier  
To quit the protestant road ;  
To the king, I avow  
He can never be true,  
That so oft hath played booby with God.



DISPUTES BETWEEN THE COURT OF  
SESSION AND BAR, 1675.

“The question was, whether a party aggrieved by a sentence of the Lords of Session, might lawfully appeal from them to the Parliament of Scotland, yea or not? Many of the Advocates maintained the affirmative for a time. This highly offended the Lords, upon which these scrupulous advocates were put from their places, and forbid to reside at Edinburgh; whereupon one tribe of them went to live in Haddington, with their Captain, Sir George Lockhart; another tribe went to Lithgow, with Sir John Cunninghame: and distinguished their body into conformity, who joined with the Lords; and nonconformists who resolved to suffer for their tender conscience in defending the truth, though in point of abstract law. But after they had suffered a while, many of them satisfied the offended Lords with acknowledgement of their error and serious repentance; and all of them, after they had tasted the bitterness of loss of gain for a session or two, concluded the warre with accommodation and submission.”—Kirkton, p. 347. The Lords did not long enjoy their victory; for a short time afterwards, in spite of their exertions to the contrary, Parliament began to entertain appeals, not from any desire that the corrupt practices of the Judges should be checked, but that the influential members might participate in the good things going, and be enabled to assist their dependants. No country possessing any pretensions to civilization, ever exhibited such disgraceful instances of judicial depravity as Scotland did, whilst an independent kingdom. The Union contributed mainly to the subsequent purity of the Bench and the right of appeal to a controlling tribunal, where local prejudices, private feelings, and family influence, could have

little operation, effectually destroyed the old system of corruption.

"Farewell, fair Armida," was composed by Dryden on the death of the Honourable Captain Digby, one of la belle Stuart's lovers.\* This ballad, unworthy of the author—for it requires the strongest proof, to make Dryden's poetical crime credible—is ridiculed in the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal. It was very popular, though the air to which it was sung, which may be found in the musical collections of the time, is every whit as dull as the song itself.

The names of the refractory Lawyers have been preserved in the Act of Sederunt, passed 25th January 1676, re-admitting them to practice, in consequence of their contrition. The following list, therefore, may consequently be relied on as correct:—"Sir George Lockhart, Sir John Cunningham, Sir George M'Kenzie, Sir Robert Sinclair, Sir John Harper, Sir Colin Campbell, Mr Thomas Learmonth, Mr David Dunmuir, Mr Walter Pringle, Mr William Monipenny, Mr William Hamilton, Mr James Brown, Mr Archibald Hope, Mr John Lauder, Mr William Murray, Mr Colin M'Kenzie, Mr Robert Bennet, Mr John Baillie, Mr George Dickson, Mr Robert Deans, Mr William Clark,† Mr David Dewar, Mr John Colvill, Mr William Dundas, Mr George Gibson, Mr James Borthwick, Mr James Brisbane, Mr David Cunningham, Mr Patrick Smyth, Mr James Grant, Mr Richard

\* Some account of the circumstances which gave rise to the song, will be found in Scott's edition of Dryden, Vol. xi., page 161.

† This gentleman was the author of "Marciano; or, the Discovery." Edinburgh, 4to, 1613. It was acted with great applause before the Earl, afterwards Duke of Rothes, his Majesty's High commissioner, and many of the Scottish nobility, at the palace of Holyrood-house, on St. John's night, by a company of private gentlemen, of which the author was one.

Douglas, Mr James Falconer, Mr Roderick M'Kenzie, younger, Mr Alexander Campbell, Mr Robert Buchanan, Mr Edward Wright, Mr Robert Stewart, Mr John Kincaid, Mr John Inglis, Mr John Eleis, and Mr Hugh Wallace."

The first set of verses on the President, from Sibbald's MS., refers to his having been, before he came to the Bar, a professor in Glasgow, and his teaching Greek and Latin.

The second set of verses will be found among the Fountainhall MS., and is a parody on a song of the day which begins thus :

As I go rambling all the night,  
The Brewers jugs my brains do bite,  
My head turns heavy and my heels turn light,  
And I like my humour well, boys,  
And I like my humour well.

### **Disputes between the Court of Session and Bar, 1675.**

#### **1. Parody of "Farewell, Fair Armida."**

Farewell, Craigie Wallace,\* the cause of my grief,  
In vain have I loved you, but found no relief,  
Undone by your letters,† soe strickt and severe ;  
You make but bad use of his Majesty's ear.

The scene of the play is in Florence. There is a copy of this very rare drama in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

Clark did not confine himself to dramatic literature, as subsequently he was author of a poetical paraphrase on the Book of Job. Edinburgh, folio.

\* Sir Thomas Wallace was appointed a Lord of Session (upon the promotion of Stair to the Presidency), January 21, 1671 ; he took the title of Craigie.

† This was a letter dated 19th May 1674, which had been

Now prompted by hatred, we know your intent  
Is just to dissolve us like the Parliament ;  
But we know, tho' we languish in two months delay,  
We shall all be restored on Martinmass day.

On hills and in vallies, mid paitricks and hares,  
We'll sport, or we plead in continuall fears ;  
The death wounds ye gave us, our clients do know,  
Who swear had they known it, it should not be soe.

If our wrongs some kind friend to our Prince should  
convey,  
And laugh at your solitude when we're away—  
The Barres in each house when ye empty shall see,  
You'll say with a sigh, 'twas occasion'd by me.

## 2. Answer.

Blame not Craigie Wallace, nor call him your grief,  
It was Stairs, and not he, that deny'd you relief ;  
Abuse not his letter, nor call him severe,  
Who never, God knows, had his Majesty's ear.

Its true ye may think we wer not content  
When from us ye appealed to the Parliament,  
But we grieve when we think that your gowns now  
should pay  
The expense of your folly on Martinmass day.

procured from Charles the II. expressing his dissatisfaction at appeals to Parliament : it is printed at large in the Acts of Sederunt, p. 114.

If to hills or to vallies ye chuse to repair,  
It seems of our favour ye mean to despair ;  
Of your joint resolution we daily do hear,  
Yet grieve we to think that it cost you so dear.

But if malecontents to our Prince should convey,  
And show we are useless when you are away—  
We'll laugh at our fate, which ye would not prevent,  
And bid you appeal to the Parliament.

### 3. *To the Advocates who stayed behind.*

As when the generous wine's drawn off and gone,  
The dregs in punchion a—e remain alone ;  
And when the Lion's dead, base maggots breed  
Upon his rump, and there do sweetly feed—

Even so, of Advocats you're but the Rump,  
That noble Faculty's turn'd to a stump :  
And so Dundonald does you much commend,  
Because you are the Faculty's wrong end.

But since a Rumple President does sit,  
That rumps at Bar should domineer was fit.  
Yet, where the taill is thus in the head's place,  
No doubt the body has a shitten face.

Thus, thus, some men reform our laws and gown,  
As Taylors doe, by turning upsyde down.



#### 4. To the President.

Remonstrant good Mas James,\* how com'st to pass  
Your once too thick is now so thin a class?—  
Are your lads laureat, or have they plaid  
The truant, since you them so tightly paid?—

Ill-natured stinkard boys, who disobey  
Your Regent thus!—yet for excuse they say,  
Your Tupto's and your Ergo's are so kittle,  
Your Topicks and your Ethicks are so fickle,  
Your Ferulas and Taws they are so sair,  
The boys vow that they'll go to school na mair.

#### 5. Verses on the President.

The President with his head on one side,  
He swears that for treason we all shall be tryed,  
We tell him 'twas not so with Chancellor Hyde;  
    And I like my humor weill, boyes,  
    And I like my humor weill.

The President bids us repent of our sin,  
And swears we'll be forfault if we don't come in,  
We answer him all, we care not a pin.  
    And I like my humor weill, boyes,  
    And I like my humor weill.

\* President Stairs.

## ROBERT COOK'S PETITION AGAINST THE PEATS.

THE word "Peat" means "Pet," that is to say, a favoured individual attached to or hanging on a judge, through whom suitors might influence his decision. In the *North Briton* of the 17th September 1763, no very satisfactory authority assuredly, considering its prejudices against Scotland, it was asserted that the Court of Session was very similar to that of Paris, where the judges were got at by suitors through this "Peat" or "Pat," a name which arose from a Lord of Session "of the first character, knowledge, and application to business," having a son at the Bar whose name was Patrick. When a suitor came to the judge to solicit, my Lord enquired, "Have you consulted Pat." If the answer was the affirmative, the usual answer of his Lordship was, "I'll enquire of Pat about it. I'll take care of your cause. Go home and mind your business." In this way the word Pat, came in use as indicating a person who had influence with a judge, and who made a tolerable living by taking *douceurs* from litigants. In one of the popular rhymes about 1690, the youngest son of the first Earl of Melville, James Melville of Balgarvie, is called a Pate or Peat, tolerable proof that then such an office was not considered disreputable.

In Scotland, Patrick is frequently called Peter, and Peter Patrick, a circumstance not generally known in the south, but which not many months since was explained in the House of Lords during a discussion arising in one of the claims to the Breadalbane Earldom. The Counsel alluding to a person who had been mentioned, called him Captain Patrick Campbell. The Chancellor said the Captain's name was not Patrick, but Peter. His Lordship was assured they were

convertible terms. "What, are St Patrick and St Peter the same?" "Yes," was the answer. Fortunately Lord Colonsay was present and informed the Chancellor, "that the learned counsel was right, as in Scotland Patrick was Peter, and Peter Patrick." His Lordship might have added that his friend the late Lord Robertson who was christened Patrick, was invariably called Peter.

If there be truth in what the *North Briton* has stated as to the origin of the word "Peat," it derives some countenance from the usage of Scotland, where the judge's son Patrick would be uniformly called Peter, and this would be shortened into Peat in familiar parlance; but we are very sceptical as to the truth of the legend.

The word Peat is used by Shakspeare,

"A pretty Peat! it is best put finger in the eye-  
An she knew why."

Johnson says the word is derived from *Petit*, French. A little fondling, a darling, a dear plaything. It is now commonly called "Pet." This we have no doubt is the true meaning of a word used for indicating that the Judges in Scotland had a "Pet," or favourite through whom they might be approached.

In the Poor Client's Complaint, translated from Buchanan, in 1707, by the Reverend Andrew Simpson, an Episcopal Clergyman, in which amongst the hardships imposed upon suitors he enumerates, the taxes on his pocket which amount to a "pretty sum."

"To macers, turnkeys, agents, Catchpoles, *pates*,  
Servants, subservants, petty-foggers, cheats,  
For morning drinks, four-hours, half-gills at noon,  
To fit their stomach for the fork and spoon."

This shews that the word was at that date in common use. Whatever may have been its origin, whether derived from

Pat the judge's son or from the French, it meant in Scotland, a person who was in the habit of extracting what could be got from the pockets of clients, whether rich or poor, for the purpose of perverting Justice.

The person whose name is used in the Petition against the "Peats" was in all likelihood the individual relative to whom the following notice will be found in Fountainhall.\*—"2d June 1867. Mr Robert Cook and John Inglis, advocats, formerly laid aside for refusing the Test, doe now enter upon its removeall without so much as a dispensation from the King, or application by a bill to the Lords; for the President said to them, they needed none."

### **Robert Cook's Petition to the Lords of Session against the Peats.**

The humble petition of Master Robert Cook,  
Haveing spent all his money in following his book,  
Now humbly doth shew to the Lords of the Seat,  
That he's likely to starve unlesse made a Peat.

Yet first he must know whose peat he must be;  
The Presidents<sup>1</sup> he cannot, because he has three;  
And for my Lord Hatton,<sup>2</sup> his son now Sir John,  
By all is declared to be Peattie Patron.

Its true my Lord Register<sup>3</sup> at first did appear  
A vacant place to have, bot your petitioner doth fear;

\* Vol. ii., p. 796.

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Dalrymple, Vicount of Stairs.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Charles Maitland.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Archibald Primrose.

For noe other end did his brother of late  
His Ensigne's place sell, but to be made a peat.

Though be the mock facultie, ignorance should him cast,  
Yet a bill (with "he's my brother") will him in bring  
at last.

Old Nevoy<sup>4</sup> by all is judged such a sott,  
That his peatship could never be thought worth a groat.

Yet John Hay of Murie, his peatry, as I hear,  
By virtue of his daughter, makes thousands a year.  
Newbyth heretofor went snips with the peats,  
Bot haveing discovered them all to be cheats,  
Resolves for the future, his sone Willie Baird,  
Shall be Peat of his house, as well as Young Laird.

My Lord Newton's<sup>5</sup> a body that gladly would live,  
Is ready to take whate'er men would give;  
Who wisely considers, when peat to himself,  
He avoyds all danger in sharing the pelf.

Forret,<sup>7</sup> a nepotiane so extremely doth hate,  
That from his own nephew he robb'd an estate;  
Yet his sone Mr James must not be laid assyde;  
A Christian's obliged for his own to provyde.

<sup>4</sup> Sir David Nevoy. He was promoted to the bench June 25, 1661, and retained his office for upwards of twenty-two years, Lord Haile's mentions, "He had been a Professor in St Leonard's College at St Andrews." At his first admission he was termed Lord Reiddie.

<sup>5</sup> Sir John Baird made a judge November 4, 1664.

<sup>6</sup> Sir David Falconer.

<sup>7</sup> Sir David Balfour.

For Collinstone,<sup>8</sup> Pitmedden,<sup>9</sup> Little Hareus,<sup>10</sup> and Redfuird,<sup>11</sup>

Lord Salin,<sup>12</sup> and Haddo,<sup>13</sup> and my good Lord Strathurd,<sup>14</sup>

I lay them asyde, with their peaties unnamed,  
Would the King do so too, he would never be blamed.

And now in respect your Lordships are served,  
And your petitioner in hazard of being quite starved,  
He doth humbly crave to be a peat to some peat,  
Or, in Pittenweem's language, to make his peats meat,

The Lords of the Seat, having heard the bill,  
Did remitt the petitione to my Lord Castlehill;<sup>15</sup>  
Castlehill, considering the supplicatione,  
Declares that the peats are grievous to the natione.

They plead without speaking, consult without wryting,  
And this they doe by some inspiratione,  
And now they have found out a new way of flytting,  
Which they doe call sollicitatione.

<sup>8</sup> Sir James Foulis, Lord Justice Clerk, 1684.

<sup>9</sup> Sir Alexander Seton.

<sup>10</sup> Sir Roger Hog, a judge of a very equivocal character. See the curious tract, entitled "Oppression under the colour of Law, or my Lord Hecarse his new pratieks," by Robert Pittilloch, Advocate.

<sup>13</sup> Sir George Gordon, afterwards Lord President (in place of Stair), November 1, 1681. Created Earl of Aberdeen 1682.

<sup>14</sup> Sir Robert Nairne, created Lord Nairne 1681, with remainder to his daughter Margaret, and her issue male.

<sup>11</sup> Redford, son of the Justice Clerk. <sup>12</sup> Sir Andrew Birnie.

<sup>15</sup> Sir John Lockhart.

My Lords, your arbitrarie way,  
 In passing of lawes every day,  
 Doth soe perplex poor Robert Cook,  
 That on this house he cannot look ;  
 Bot in ane fierie indignatione,  
 Bans you and the haill vocatione.  
 In conscience it would vex ane sant,  
 As holy as Mr Andrew Cant,  
 To see the methods that we use,  
 Foreigne students to abuse.  
 They goe abroad and spend thair means,  
 Then in forsooth comes Mr James Deans,<sup>16</sup>  
 John Hay of Murie and Will Gordone ;  
 My Lords, I humbly beg your pardone,  
 In my friends cause, the truth to tell,  
 I trow I am concerned mysell.

Mr Cook haveing considered the nature of the Star,  
 Doth finde it portends neither famine nor war,  
 But destructione of the Peats, and confusione of the  
 Lords,

For which he doth pray in (the) following words ;

Most reverend Comet,<sup>17</sup> with the worshipfull taill,  
 On the Lords soul-les peats come thunder and haill,  
 For he plainly doth see, if they be alive,  
 He can never expect to prosper or thryve.

<sup>16</sup> Deans of Woodhouslee, Hay, and Gordon, were all great litigants.

<sup>17</sup> In a singular tract by George Sinclair, author of *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, entitled, "A Description of the Weather Glass, &c., dated Leith, January 9, 1683," there is the following notice of the Comet:—"The fifth, seen over all Europe with admiration, appeared first clearly to us December 14, 1680. It continued till February 8, 1681."

ON THE TYMELIE DEATH OF LITTLE MR  
ANDREW GRAY, LATE MINISTER OF  
COUL, 1678.

THE authorship of these verses has been ascribed, and with some probability, to Charles the youngest son of the Marquis of Huntly, who was created Earl of Aboyne, and Baron Gordon of Glenleivit, by King Charles II., 10th September 1651, as a recompence for his services to that monarch and to his royal father during the great civil war and subsequently. By the failure of the elder branches of the family, the Ducal line of Gordon has become extinct, but the male descendant of the Earl of Aboyne, by reason of his descent from the second Marquis of Huntly, now enjoys that dignity.

Earl Charles married the Lady Elizabeth Lyon, by whom he had Charles his successor, two other sons, and a daughter Elizabeth who became the wife of John, second Earl of Cromarty, but of this marriage there was no issue. The Earl of Aboyne died in 1680.

From the vicinity of the parish of Coull in the County of Aberdeen to Aboyne Castle, the residence of the Earl, he must have had "little Mr Andrew Gray" as his near neighbour, and if his lordship remained of the religion of his ancestors, there could be little chance of much intimacy between them. Indeed, after the usual fashion where a religious antagonism exists, the probability is that the Peer and the Parson would be on the worst terms with each other.

The Minister of Coull, if credence be given to these verses, had a considerable resemblance to the Vicar of Bray, who retained his benefice whatever changes occurred in the national form of worship. Grey's flexibility would find little sympathy from one of a race that continued true to their ancient faith.



The church of Coul is represented as roofless—which was probably true. It had been dedicated to Saint Nachlan, who is alleged as having lived about “the year of our Lord CCCCL.,” and to have “built the churches of Bethelay, Cowl, and Tullech, all afterward dedicated to his memory, at the last of which he resided, and his relics were believed to work cures; his feast was on the eighth of January.”\* He was “nobly born,” but nevertheless followed the primitive employment of husbandry, giving away “his increase to the Poor.” The holy man who got his mitre when at Rome forms a remarkable contrast to the versatile little priest, “to whom the cure of souls, on the parish of Cowl, had been entrusted,” and “who roared fiercely for the covenant,” perhaps within that “roofless” church which owed its foundation to the Saint.

Fountainhall has a copy of these verses amongst his MSS., in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. The Editor was favoured also with a cotemporary MS. in which the authorship was given to Lord Aboyne, which, if a fact, entitles his Lordship to a place amongst the “noble authors” of Scotland.

### **Elegy on Little Andrew Gray.**

This narrow hous, and room of clay  
Holds little Mr Andrew Gray;  
Who from this world disappears  
Though voyd of witt yett full of yeires.

To point him forth requyres some skill,  
He knew so little good or ill,

\* Collections for a History of the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff, Aberdeen, 1842, p. 131.

Yet, that his memory may live,  
Some small accompt I mean to give.

He had a church without a roof,  
A conscience that was cannon proof;  
He was Prelatick first, and then  
Became a Presbyterian.

For he with Menzies,\* Row, and Cant,  
Roar'd fiercelie for the Covenant.  
Episcopall once more he turn'd.  
And yet for neither would be burn'd.

A Rechabite he did decline,  
For still he loved a cup of wyne.  
No papist—for he had no merit—  
No Quaker—for he wanted spirit.

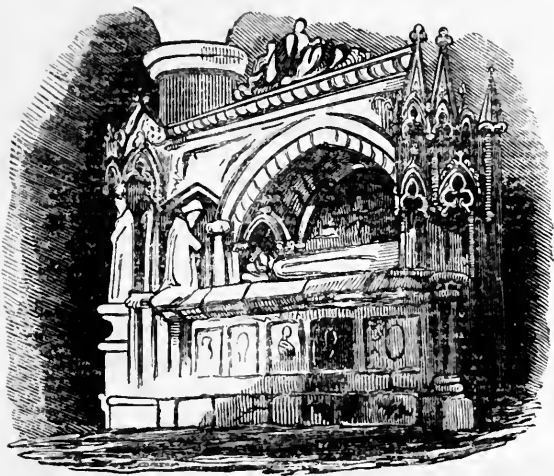
No infidel—for he believed  
That ministers by stipends lived,  
No Jew he was—for he did eat  
Excessivelie, all kynds of meat.

Although in pulpit still he had  
Some smattering of the preaching trade.  
Yet, at each country feast and tryst  
Rav'd nonsense like an Antichrist.

\* Probably John Menzies, minister at New Aberdeen, and Professor of Divinity there. He wrote against the Papists, and died in 1685. See Catalogue of Scottish Writers. Edin. 1833, 8vo, p. 45.

And lest ye think I doe him wrong,  
He being short, to be too long.  
No more the matter to obtrude  
I with this Epitaph conclude.

Here lyes Mr Andrew Gray,  
Of whom I have no more to say ;  
But fiftie years he preach'd and lyed,  
Therefore God d—d him when he dyed.



THE COVENANTER'S ARMY AT RULLION  
GREEN, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1666.

THIS is a curious description of the arming of the Covenanters previous to their defeat by the royal troops; it is we fear not much over coloured, and may be taken as evidence of the firm belief of these enthusiasts that their cause was just, and that they were called upon to suffer every privation rather than yield. The memory of such men deserves to be respected, and their fate lamented by those who, not concurring in their opinions, feel satisfied that their actings were the result of conscientious scruples, and not occasioned, as is too generally the case, by motives of self-aggrandisement.

An account of the battle, as it has been termed, will be found in Kirkton's History of the Kirk of Scotland, p. 240, and in the prefatory observations to the ballad on the 'Battle of Pentland Hills,' in Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, vol. ii. p. 279.

The original MS. of these lines is in the library of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland.

**The Covenanter's Army, 28 November 1666.**

It was in Januar or December,  
Or else the end of cauld November,  
When I did see the outlaw Whigs  
Lye scattered up and down the riggs,  
Some had hoggars, some straw boots,  
Some uncovered legs and coots,

Some had halbards, some had durks,  
Some had crooked swords like Turks,  
Some had slings, and some had flails,  
Knit with eel and oxen tails,  
Some had spears, some had pikes,  
Some had spades which delvit dykes,  
Some had guns with rustic ratches,  
Some had fierie peats for matches,  
Some had bows, but wanted arrows,  
Some had pistols without marrows,  
Some the coulter of a plough,  
Some had syths, men and horse to hough,  
And some with a Lochaber axe  
Resolved to gie Dalziel his paiks.



## SATIRE ON THE DUCHESS OF LAUDERDALE.

THIS is a parody upon a fashionable song written by the Earl of Dorset, called ‘Black Bess.’\* It commences in the following manner:—

“Methinks the poor Toun has been troubled too long  
With Phillis and Chloris in every song,  
By Fools, who at once can both love and despair,  
And will never leave calling ’em cruel and fair.  
Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express  
The truth that I know of Bouny Black Bess.

“The Plowman and Squire, the arranter Clown,  
At Home she subdued in her *Paragon* gown,  
But now she adorns both the Boxes and Pit,  
And the proudest Town-Gallants are forc’d to submit.  
All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,  
And beat day and night like my Lord Craven’s drums.

“I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,  
For she’d outshine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all.  
If a *Lord* should but whisper his love in a crowd,  
She’d sell him a *bargain*, and laugh out aloud.  
Then the Queen, overhearing what Bessy did say,  
Would send Mr Roper to take her away.”

There are two other verses—one more than the parody.

The Duchess of Lauderdale was a daughter of William Murray, a son of the minister of Dysart, page “and whipping boy” of Charles I. when Prince of Wales, who, when His Royal Highness could not say his lesson, or behaved naughtily,

\* Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset, &c. Lond. 1731, vol. ii. p. 51.

was well whipped to let his young master know the extreme pleasantness of flagellation. This novel system of punishment by proxy had the effect of creating a sincere love by Charles to Murray, and he ultimately made him Earl of Dysart. Bishop Burnet tells his readers in the *Memoirs of His Own Time*, that in return for the kindness and affection of the King, this new-fledged Earl sold his benefactor's secrets to Parliament for forty-thousand merks; and privately informed the governor of Hull not to admit the King into the town, as if he did, he would be sure to be beheaded.

The Patent allowing the succession of heirs-general, the eldest daughter of this worthless renegade, became Countess of Dysart in her own right, and married Sir Lionel Tollemache, by whom she had a son, the ancestor of the still subsisting family of Dysart. She was, according to general belief, under the protection of Cromwell; and had great influence with that remarkable man. Sir John Reresby,\* upon the marriage of the Countess to the Duke of Lauderdale, visited them "at their fine house at Ham. After dinner her Grace entertained me in her chamber with much discourse upon affairs of state. She had been a beautiful woman; the supposed mistress of Oliver Cromwell; and at that time a lady of great parts." This occurred in 1677. Her eldest son succeeded her Grace as Earl of Dysart; and Ham House, still the seat of the family, is one of the most interesting old mansions in Great Britain. She had no family by Lauderdale, whose successor in the Earldom was his brother, better known as Lord Hatton. Her daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Talmash or Tollemache, became the wife of Archibald, Earl and subsequently Duke of Argyle. The marriage was an unhappy one, so much so, that a separation ultimately was the result;

\* *Memoirs*, p. 49.

latterly Argyle took up his residence in the north of England, and lived and died at Chirton near North Shields of wounds received in some midnight brawl. There is a large collection of letters from his duchess preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, of no very particular interest, as they relate to family disputes, but they prove that the lady was an imperious and passionate female, facts which explain the cause of her husband's desertion. They show also that in bad temper and in the art of tormenting, the Duchess of Argyle was the legitimate representative of her mother.

John, Duke of Argyle, and Archibald, Earl of Islay, were the issue of this ill-matched couple; the first-named nobleman is one of the prominent characters in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, but from the manner in which he and his mother treated the female to whom Chirton had been given by Duke Archibald, neither the one nor the other can be complimented on their nobility of feeling.\* In the case of the mother, her conduct is intelligible, as the desertion of her husband naturally made her vindictive; but nothing can extenuate the behaviour of the son in allowing the memory of his deceased parent to be outraged by the proceedings which followed immediately upon his demise at Chirton.

The Earl of Islay ultimately succeeded his brother John in the Dukedom; but as neither left male issue the honours passed to a collateral, as the next heir-male under the patent. Their only sister, Anne, married 1st, John, 2d Earl of Bute; and 2d, Alexander Fraser of Strichen, a Lord of Session.

The Earl of Dysart, who inherited the title on the death of his mother in June 1696, was as covetous as she was. Mrs Manley, in that now almost forgotten satirical production, the New Atlantis, styles him "an old curmudgeon" who

\* See the Argyle Papers, Edin. 1834, small 4to.



kept a house "like the Temple of Famine," well nigh starving his son, Lord Huntingtower, who married against his inclination a natural daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

What an extraordinary work a new edition of Mrs Manley's book would be, if illustrated by cotemporary memoirs and original documents.

Gilbert Burnet was at one period an obsequious admirer of this strong-minded virago, whose graces inspired him so much that he actually perpetrated poetry on her account. In 1677, the future bishop presented the imperious lady with verses, which were first printed in the Catalogue of Scottish Writers, p. 56, to which we have had occasion frequently to refer, from a cotemporary MS., and were said to be "written and presented to her out of his own hand. The original I read." This delightful specimen of clerical flattery commences thus:—

"Where am I now? tranc'd in deep extasie,  
Or mock'd by Phansies wanton mimickrie?  
My senses say, I wake, but reason tells  
Ther's ground to fear some magick spells.  
Is't real or a spectre I behold,  
Or some angelic power in humane mold?  
Thy form and children call thee woman;  
But thy misterious soul is above man.  
Cherub I doubt's too low a name for thee,  
For thou alone a whole rank seems to be:  
The onlie individual of thy kynd.  
No mate can fitlie suit so great a mind.  
But in this unitie such plurals doe  
Combyne, that Quakers may desygne thee, you."

This exquisite nonsense goes on in much the same style to the length of about seventy-two lines; in some of them the writer appears to have entertained not an entirely Platonic passion for this concentrated essence of cherubs. Burnet soon recovered from his infatuation; the duchess was no

longer angelic, and from a lover, as not unfrequently happens, her panegyrist became an enemy.

The Duke died in the year 1682, having been previously induced to settle all he could on his wife. Upon his death, the lady lost not a moment to commence legal proceedings against her brother-in-law, Hatton, his successor in the Earldom, the Dukedom having been limited to the heirs-male of his Grace's own body. She very nearly ruined him. Fountainhall, who has reported these suits, directly and from his personal knowledge, charges the Duchess in order to accomplish her designs with perjury.

It appears that the Duke having been desirous of purchasing Duddingston near Edinburgh, now belonging to the Duke of Abercorn, burdened the estate of Ham belonging to his wife, but by her authority, to the extent of £7000 sterling, by means of which he was able to carry through his intended purchase. He applied the money so raised to buy Duddingston: having done so, his grace conveyed it to his wife, who, not contented with the gift, insisted that her brother-in-law should relieve her own English property of Ham of this burden, although the money thus raised had come back to her in the shape of a Scotch estate.

The Earl incautiously referred to the oath of the lady the fact that it was agreed by her that the English debt was to be borne by herself, but this cherub, who constituted in her own person "a whole rank" of celestials, swore *negative*, to use a law expression, much to the astonishment of Fountainhall, who personally was concerned in the transaction, and of King James VII., who having, when Duke of York, succeeded Lauderdale as Lord High Commissioner, was fully cognisant of the fact, her Grace having "acknowledged to him her undertaking the English debt."\* The consequence of this false oath was, that the Earl had to pay the price of Duddingston, by relieving the burden on the estate of Ham.

In another of her claims she was defeated. Although she had got all the Duke's executry, the lady insisted that the Earl should pay the Duke's funeral charges, which were very large, but this the court refused to allow. She also impudently asked, that his lordship should relieve her of certain mortgages *created by herself* over the estate of Ham, but this preposterous demand was also rejected.

It was no fault of the Duchess that the family of Lauderdale was not reduced to beggary; as it was,—the unlucky Earl was put to great straits, and his successors after him had good reason for looking upon Burnet's "cherub" as an angel of darkness rather than of light.

Whatever her Grace got hold of, she kept. Thus the Lady Boghall attempted to get out of her possession some jewels, the bequest of the deceased Countess of Lauderdale who died at Paris. When pursued for delivery, her Grace objected to the title of the pursuer, as it was only an extract of the Lady's testament "out of anc Tabillion's booke at Paris," and got the Lords to declare that it was not "probative." Her descendant, Lady Anne Coke, a daughter of her grandson, Duke John, inherited that appetite for appropriation which formed so prominent a feature in the character of her remarkable ancestress.

Connected with Duddingston an amusing law suit occurred between her Grace and Sir James Dick of Priestfield, the owner of the well-known loch which during the skating-season affords so much gratification, to the inhabitants of the northern metropolis.

The Duke of Lauderdale had placed five swans in this piece of water, the right to which, it was understood, was in Priestfield. The Duchess, upon her husband's death, removed them, and keeping three, killed two, "whose skins she had given to General Drummond in his sickness to warm his breast." A singular mode of curing disease it must be confessed. Refusing to restore them, Sir James

broke open the doors of Duddingstone, and carried off the three remaining birds; for this the Duchess prosecuted him for riot; he defended himself on the ground that the right of property was with him, as he was infeft in the loch, and the swans must be viewed in the same way as the fish in the lake, or as wild beasts in his parks, or on his grounds. That, although placed there by Lauderdale, the swans became the property of Sir James. The Privy Council nevertheless found, that if the swans had come of their own accord and "bigged" there, they belonged to Sir James; but as the owner who put them there was known to be Lauderdale, they belonged to his Duchess. The cause having gone against Priestfield, he removed the swans from the loch. But even here he was foiled, for the Duke of Hamilton, the keeper of Holyrood, claimed the loch as belonging to the Crown, and put the swans in again. Thus the real proprietor found to his cost what it was to quarrel with so high and mighty a dame of quality. Sir James was obliged to bring a declarator of property to establish his right. Duke Hamilton no doubt had been instigated by the fair one to take this step, as she was admirably skilled in the science of legal warfare.

The Editor entertains an idea that when Wycherly wrote his famous comedy of the Plain Dealer, he had the Duchess of Lauderdale in his eye in sketching the character of the widow Blackacre, the lady so well versed in law procedure. He was a cotemporary and a courtier, and must have heard much of the doings of this lady. He had espoused the Countess of Drogheda—a rich widow who had fallen in love with the "Plain Dealer"—a marriage that gave great offence at Court, having been entered into without the permission of royalty. His wife was unfortunately addicted to jealousy, and the consequence was that, although passionately attached to her husband, she by her suspicions made him very unhappy. After her demise he got into difficulties, and was

put in prison, from whence he was released by James II., who had gone to see the *Plain Dealer* performed, with which he was so much delighted that, learning the misfortunes of the author, he immediately relieved him from his difficulties, and settled a pension of £200 upon him. This monarch has had so little said in his favour, that it is pleasant to mention an act of this description. Perhaps a heart originally good had been hardened by priestly influence,—no uncommon occurrence. Wycherly was born in 1640, and died on the first of January 1715.

A very excellent etching of the Duke and Duchess, from a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, is prefixed to the edition of Kirkton's *Church History*, edited by the late C. K. Sharp, Esq.

### **On the Duchess of Lauderdale.**

Methinks this poor land has been troubled too long  
With Hatton, and Dysart, and old Lidington ;  
Those fools, who at once make us love and despair,  
And preclude all the way to his Majesty's ear,

While justice provokes me in rhyme to expresse  
The truth which I know of my bonnie old Besse.

She is Besse of my heart, she was Besse of old Noll ;  
She was once Fleetwood's Besse, now she's Bess of  
Atholle ;

She's Besse of the Church, and Besse of the State,  
She plots with her tail, and her lord with his pate.

With a head on one side, and a hand lifted hie,  
She kills us with frowning, and makes us to die.

The Nobles and Barons, the Burrows and Clownes,  
 She threatened at home, e'en the principall townes ;  
 But now she usurps both the sceptre and crown,  
 And thinks to destroy with a flap of her gown.

All hearts feel excited wherever she comes,  
 And beat day and night, lyke Gilmour his drums.

Since the King did permit her to come to Whytehall,  
 She outvies Cleveland, Portsmouth, young Frazer\*  
 and all.

Let the French King but drop down his gold in a  
 cloud,

She'll sell him a bargain, and laugh it aloud.

If the Queen understood, what of her Besse did say,  
 She would call for Squire Dun† to bear her away.

\* Afterwards Countess of Peterborough, daughter of Sir Alexander Frazer of Durris, Bart., physician to Charles II. Her picture as a beauty is at Hampton Court.

The Barony of Durris, commonly called Does, in the county of Kincardine, upon the death of Mary, Baroness Mordaunt, early in the present century, came under an entail to the ducal family of Gordon, in consequence of the marriage, in 1708, of Alexander, the second Duke, to the Lady Henrietta Mordaunt, daughter of the Earl of Peterborough.

† Dun, the hangman. If the Editor remembers right, he was himself hanged for murdering his wife.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN LAUDERDALE AND  
SIR LIONEL TALMASH.

THIS coarse production is from Mylne's MS., and has the following title:—"Epithalamium for the Duke of Lawderdale and the Viscount of Strathallan, by way of Dialogue between the Duke of Lawderdale and Sir Lionel Talmash, first Husband to the Dutchess of Lawderdale."

General William Drummond, first Viscount Strathallan, died in the year 1688. He served in Muscovy during the civil wars; returning to Scotland, he embraced the cause of Charles II., and was at the battle of Worcester, 1651, where he was taken prisoner, but escaping, went into the service of the Elector of Brandenburg. Fountainhall, under the date of the 7th September 1686, notices "General Drummond's patent to be Viscount of Strathallan (for none willingly are Lords now, since Kinnaird was made one); and thus he will not wait to succeed to his brother, my Lord Matherley, *Mater Dei*, but steps in before all the Lords."\* Why the conferring a barony on Kinnaird was so unpalatable to the Scottish nobles is not explained.

Lord Strathallan married a daughter of Johnston of Warriston. He was in this way brother-in-law of James Johnston, subsequently Secretary of State for Scotland. No doubt he is the identical General Drummond the Duchess attempted unsuccessfully to cure by the application of the warm skins of the two swans in 1688, the year of his death.

The family of Talmash, or Tollemache, is one of considerable antiquity in England, going as far back as the reign of King Edward the First. By the union of a former Sir Lionel with Anne, the heiress of Helmingham, in the county of Suffolk, that estate came to the family of Talmash in the reign of the first Tudor.

\* Page 748.

**Epithalamium for the Duke of Lauderdale  
and the Viscount of Strathallan, by way  
of Dialogue between the Duke and Sir  
Lionel Talmash.**

SIR LIONEL TALMASH.

My Lord, disturb'd some years hath been my ghost,  
To be reveng'd for life and honour lost  
To that base ——, whom well thou knowest for pelf  
Butcher'd thy fame, estate, and last thyself;  
And look, from what damn'd dunghill first she crept,  
Next, while unmarried, what intrigues she kept;  
Then, when my wife, what part 'mongst w——s she  
bore;  
Last, when your owne, no less than what before.

DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

To be revenged on that curst piece of earth,  
Sent up from hell like serpents, to give death  
To all who dare but tutch her nimble taill,  
Or stroake her cunning breast and act the maill,  
That were but madnesse; and of no effect,  
While she doth live with such allurements deckt:  
But when she's dead, no doubt, Sir Leonard,  
She shall in hell receive her just reward.  
I know her birth from naughty people came,  
When term'd a maid it's sure she lost her fame;  
And while your wife, allace! there I did tak  
As mine, what others did behind your back.  
The traitor Cromwell, Ross, and Broadalbine,  
Can tell as well as Atholl and Strathalline,



What life was led by that curst hated thing,  
Before and since God did restore our King.

SIR LIONEL TALMASH.

You name Strathallane,—it is said below  
That they are married, and they further show  
That she hath hyr'd some cusing famed\* kind,  
To kill the heir, although the boy be blind.†

DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

It's very likely that Drummond now may dott,  
For so I did when age had turn'd me sott.  
First thou, then I, these feathers wore at large,  
Which, in their foreheads, bulls wear in this age ;  
Now Drummond shall—O, rusty, musty tub,—  
At last in hell thou'll cuckold Belzebub.

\* *Sic* in MS.

† Does this mean Strathallan's son and successor, William, who married a daughter of the Earl of Melford ; and whose only son predeceased his father. Upon the latter's demise the title went to Lord Maderty, who was attainted for his accession to the Rebellion 1715. The honours were restored, with those of Kenmure, Nairn, and Mar, upon occasion of the visit of George IV. to Scotland ; his Majesty considering that these restorations would be regarded by the Scottish nation as indicative of the gratification he felt for the enthusiastic reception he met with on occasion of his visit to the northern portion of Great Britain.

THE WHIGS' WELCOME FROM BOTHWELL  
BRIG.

THE MS. from which the following verses are printed is a cotemporary one, and the best version the Editor has met with. It has this title,

“Your Welcome Whiggs  
From Bothwell Briggs.”

The popular song on the subject of this unlucky affair will be found in the second volume of *Scotish Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1868, p. 293.

*The Whiggs' Welcome.*

Ye're welcome Whiggs from Bothwell Briggs,  
Your malice is but zeal, boys ;  
Your holy sprites, tho' hypocrits,  
Its sack you drink, not ale, boys.

I must aver, you cannot err  
In breaking God's commands, boys ;  
If ye infringe Bishops and Kings,  
You have heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose you cheat, disturb the state,  
And stain the land with blood, boys :  
If secretlie your treacherie  
Be acted, it is good, boys.

The Devil himsell, in midst of hell,  
 The Pope with his intrigues, boys;  
 You'll equalize in forgeries;  
 Fair fa' you, pious Whig boys,

From murderers to souldiers,  
 You have advanced weel, boys;  
 Ye fought like devils you're only rebels  
 When ye were at Dunkell, boys.

Your wondrous things good laughter brings,  
 Ye kill'd more than ye saw, boys;  
 At Pentland Hills, ye tooke your heels,  
 Though now you seem to crawl, boys.

On Christmas day you will not pray,  
 But work as ye were mad, boys;  
 Your women spin sack-cloath for sin,  
 Your men use plough and gad, boys.

You lye in lust, you break your trust,  
 Ye work all kind of evill,  
 Your covenant makes you a sant,  
 Although ye serve the Devil;

Ye will no more, give God the glore,  
 Your groans ye will all mutter,  
 And ye will goe, as homelie to  
 Your God, as to your cottar.

You'll him beseech, with godly speech,  
 From his coat-tail you'll claime, boys,

Lippies of grace, his gairsie face  
Ye'll kiss, and not blaspheme, boys.

If one should drink, or shrewdly think  
A bishop e're was saved,  
Noe charitie from Presbyterie  
Needs more for him be craved.

If one should pray, as Christ did say,  
To shun a Popish evill,  
Though he were Paul, ye'll give him soul  
And body to the Devil.

Episcopie must quit the cause,  
And let old Jack\* carrear, boys,  
With fire and sword, o'er land and lord,  
And keep the State in steer, boys.

Let websters preach, and ladies teach  
The art of cuckoldrie, boys,  
Whose carnal zeal springs from the taill,  
Then welcome Presbyterie, boys.

\* John Calvin.



## A LITANY, 1671.

THERE is no date affixed to this Litany, which was found amongst the MSS. of Lord Fountainhall. As Lauderdale was Lord High Commissioner from 1669 to 1672, when he was superseded by James VII., then Duke of York and Albany, it must have been written during the former's Vice-Royalty. Sharp is referred to as then living. He was consecrated on the 15th December 1661 Archbishop of St Andrews, and he held the see until his murder on Magus or Magask Moor, on the 3rd of May 1679. The period of its composition may be placed with safety about the year 1671.

John Whyte the hangman mentioned in the last line was dead in 1681, as Fountainhall mentions that the first act of his successor, Cockburn, on the 1st June 1681 was to burn some bales of goods imported from England, by one George Fullerton, contrary to the Act of Trade made in April 1680, at 12 o'clock at the Cross of Edinburgh, which was accordingly done. Fountainhall slyly noting that it was only the *worst* bales that were burnt, "but the fyne clath was *privily* preserved," doubtlessly for the benefit of the members of the Privy Council who ordered the incrimination.

Cockburn did not hold his office long, for upon the 16th January 1682 he was brought before the Provost and Baillies of Edinburgh, having Lord Fountainhall as their assessor, for murdering in his own house "one of the licensed Blew-gown beggars, called John Adamson, *alias* Mackenzie." The proof was "slender," being only by women, a species of evidence Fountainhall did not tolerate, and "was only presumptuous." The "assize" found him guilty, and "referred his wife, Bessie Gall, to the judges." The Baillies caused him to be hung in chains between Leith and Edinburgh on the 20th of January, "for it seems they are not bound to execute, but only to pronounce sentence, within three

suns after the delict." The wife was banished, for what reason is not explained.

Cockburn was succeeded by a man of the name of Monro, who had also a taste for thrashing beggars, for which he was, along with Mackenzie his "staffsman," deprived on the 15th August 1684, and "thrust in the theiffs' hole; and one called Ormiston is created hangman."

From an elegy on the death of Hary Ormiston, in the possession of the Editor, supposed to be unique, there seems to have been two Ormistons, George and Harry, brothers, both hangmen, for it commences thus:

"An' has auld Death come in his rage  
Cut Hary's breath, and aff the stage  
Has pull'd him now? I dare engage  
Few can fulfil  
His place, I'm sure in this age,  
For art and skill.

"He serv'd his time to George his brother,  
Who was more careful than another,  
In every point for to discover  
Folk for to kill.  
And make them die without a fever  
Against their will."

Sutherland was the successor of Hary Ormiston, for another elegy says,—

"He's doubtless dead, and D—I me care,  
For Sutherland's become his air,  
Who thieves and robbers winna spair,  
I'll pand a plack,  
Nor of their spulzie taen a share,  
To spair their back.

**A Litany.**

From a King without money, and a court full of  
w——s,

From an injur'd Parliament turn'd out of doors,  
From the Highlands set lowse on our countrie boors,  
Libera nos, Domine.

From this huffing Hector<sup>1</sup> and his Queen of Love,  
From all his blank letters sent from above,  
From a Parliamentarie Councill that doth rage and  
rove,

Libera, &c.

From old Noll's whore<sup>2</sup> to govern our land,  
From her bastards innumerable as the sea-sand,  
From her pyking our pockets by way of a band,  
Libera, &c.

From ane Archbishop<sup>3</sup> graft on ane Puritan stock,  
From the Declaration built on ane Covenant dock,  
From opposite oaths<sup>4</sup> that would cause a man choak,  
Libera, &c.

From crook-legged lawyers and wry-necked judges,<sup>5</sup>  
From all your two-faced subterfuges,  
From soldiers who serve without set wages.  
Libera, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Lauderdale.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Lauderdale.

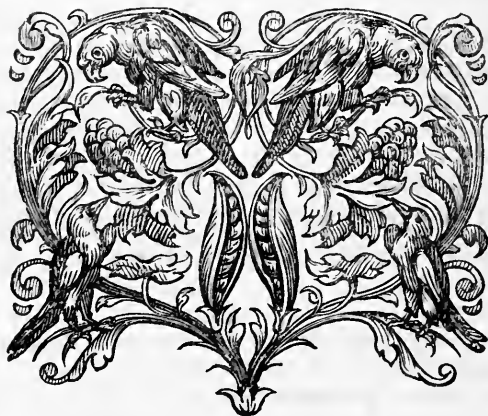
<sup>3</sup> Sharp.

<sup>4</sup> The Test.

<sup>5</sup> Stair.

From the Blanketyrs with their boots of straw,  
From the Highland-Gospel and the Cannon-Law,  
From a west-countrie Committee to preach it with a',  
Libera, &c.

From the Archbishop's Hector, readie at a call,  
From his carabine, charged with a double ball,  
From John Whyte the hangman, who is last of all,  
Libera nos, Domine.





## THE PRESBYTERIAN'S ADDRESS.

THESE verses are described in Mylne's MS., as "The Presbyterian's address to his grace the Duke of Hamilton, upon his friendship with Secretary Johnston."

The Duke of Hamilton was President of the Convention when James VII. vacated the throne. Upon the assembling of the Parliament, he became Lord High Commissioner. He was by birth a Douglas, and Earl of Selkirk. Having become the husband of Anne Duchess of Hamilton in her own right, he was created Duke of Hamilton for life. This was one of the few instances of *liferent* peerage in Scotland, upon which so much was said in the unconstitutional attempt to seat the late Lord Wensleydale in the British House of Lords as a *liferent* peer.

Defective in English precedents, reference was made to Scottish cases, but they had little application. Prior to the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, whenever a commoner married a peeress he by courtesy acquired her title during the period of his natural life, and after her demise he still continued to enjoy the dignity, although the issue of the marriage were of age to take the honour. The peer by courtesy could not, if he married again, transmit the title to the children of his second marriage; the honour was extinguished *quoad* him, and on his death his first wife's lawful heir took it as a matter of right.

It thus happened by the intervention of the Law of Courtesy, that the claims of the heir were suspended during the survivance of the husband. To remedy this, without attempting to legislate on the subject, the device was resorted to of creating a *liferent* peerage, which enabled the Lord by courtesy to be a peer irrespective of his lady. Thus the husband of Lady Semple was made Lord Glasford for life; and in like manner the husband of the

Countess of Wemyss got the title of Lord Burntisland. A curious instance occurred in the instance of the Countess of Buccleugh; she was contracted to marry Scott of Highchester, and on this footing he was made Earl of Tarras, but the Lady died before the marriage, and her title and estates past to her sister, who married the Duke of Monmouth, who was created Duke and his wife Duchess of Buccleugh; a fortunate circumstance for the family, as the creation in favour of the Lady preserved, notwithstanding the forfeiture of the Duke, the title to her and her issue.

The Duke of Hamilton died at Holyrood House on the 14th of April 1694; he was a proud and overbearing man, and inclined to get unreasonably angry with those who differed from him. Through him the Dukes of Hamilton inherit the Marquisate of Douglas, as heirs-male of that family; whereas the Duke of Abercorn is heir-male and chief of the Hamiltons; whilst the Earl of Derby is heir of line.

James Johnstoune or Johnston was a son of Warriston, and a kinsman of Bishop Burnet, who in his *Memoirs of His Own Time* mentions that he had "formed" him, and had recommended him to the brother of Algernon Sidney, as he "knew him to be both faithful and diligent." This praise was thus qualified in the original MS., "He was indeed hot and eager, too soon possessed with jealousy, and too vehement in all he proposed, but he proved very fit." In the Oxford edition of the *Memoirs* this and the other suppressed passages have been restored.\* Swift describes Johnston "as an arrant Scotch rogue." Carstairs observes, "he is honest, but something too credulous and suspicious."†

The object in view was to influence the Prince of Orange to save the liberties of Great Britain and Ireland, and to induce him to come over. The enterprise was somewhat

\* Oxford Edition, 1833, Svo., vol. vii., p. 278.

† State Papers, p. 93.

dangerous, and no wonder that it was not entered upon without due consideration. It never could have succeeded had James shown anything like common sense; but when he gave himself up to priestcraft of a kind so hateful to Englishmen, in whose minds the remembrance of the burnings and oppressions of Mary Tudor were not as yet effaced, his doom was sealed.

Johnstone's fortunes prospered after the Revolution; King William sent him as his envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards the first King of Prussia. On his return, he was appointed Secretary of State for Scotland in 1690. Queen Anne conferred upon him the office of Lord Clerk Register in 1704. He died at Bath in May 1737, at the advanced age of ninety-five.

Johnston's sister, Elizabeth, was the wife of Viscount Strathallan, and mother of William the second Viscount, the heir to whom the satire on the Duchess of Lauderdale refers; whatever may have been the wish of her Grace to put him out of the way, it was extinguished by the death of his father in 1688, the Lady's attempt to cure him of a fever by her strange method of treating it proving unsuccessful.

### **The Presbyterian's Address.**

Welcome, great Duke, with all the joy that's due  
To the blest union of our friends and you;  
The Lord has don't, is all that we can say,  
But first to reverence, and next to pray;

Not free of fears, we beg in the first place  
For grace of perseverance to your Grace;  
For when with holy zeal we think upon  
The old malignant house of Hamilton,

Who our reforming course at first withstood,  
At Langside bathed themselves and us in blood,  
Whilst the next heir the nation made consent  
To the five articles in Parliament.

And his two sonnes that quarrel scorn'd to yeeld  
To any but to fate in open field ;  
For a just axe and a keen bullet sent  
Them both to their deserved punishment.

But what almost would move us to despair  
If these unhappy men should have an heir,  
Who with bold thoughts their fatall steps pursues  
Their blood, their principals, and our fears renewes,

These are the godles fears, but quickly gone  
When the great son of martyr'd Warriston  
Does fill the cup of blessings to the brim,  
And you're content to truckle under him.

The righteous seed, who else should enterpose  
With you, who for your patron Bradshaw shows !  
And in a strain of glory him outdone,  
He judged the father, you forfault the son.<sup>1</sup>

Not only soe, but in your justice sign  
The act that did exterminate the line,  
And those that nicely parallel the cause,  
Sayes your Sir William was your Dorislaus.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> D. Hamilton, when President of the Convention of Estates  
in 1689, forfeit K. James the VII.—R. M.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Hamilton. R. M.

Go on, great Duke, your hand is at the plough,  
 For looking back's both sin and folly now;  
 Let Crawford,\* Cardross,† Melvin you advise,  
 Let Polwart<sup>3</sup> flourish out the enterprise;

Here and hereafter both malignantts damn,  
 Down o'er their throats the new alledgence cramm;  
 First fill the prisons till they'll hold no more,  
 Then let the scaffolds, reeking with their gore,

Be the fam'd theatres that shall express  
 Your pious princely zeall to be no less  
 Than old Argyle, when he the maxim prov'd  
 That it was safer to be fear'd than lov'd.

Thus we take leave, and all with one accord  
 Does rest your Grace's servants in the Lord.

\* William, Earl of Crawford. The Lord Whigriden of Pitcairn's Comedy of the Assembly.

† Henry second Lord Cardross, a zealous supporter of the Covenant. His Lordship sustained great losses for his own and his Lady's attachment to Presbytery—so much so that he was compelled to leave Scotland and fly to Carolina. His wife, 19th July 1687, applied to the Privy Council against her stepmother Elizabeth Dickson, the relict of her father, Sir James Stewart of Kirkhill, for aliment. The jointure out of Kirkhill was only 1200 merks, but lady Cardross insisted this was too much, as she was "of a mean quality," and this was sustained as an *excellent* reason for dividing it between them!! An account of the losses of Lord Cardross, found amongst the Wodrow MSS., has been privately printed, and forms No. 7 of the *Nugæ Scoticæ*, Edin., 1829, 8vo.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Patrick Home, afterwards Earl of Marchmont.

## CORONATION SONG, 1689.

FROM Mylne's MS. It is there entitled "The Coronation Song, 1689 ; or a dainty fyne King indeed. To the tune of the Gaberlunzy Man."

The music to which "The Gaberlunzie Man" is now sung would not suit the versification of this abusive production, a few words from which have been omitted in the second part. The caricature description of William III. shows to what extent political feelings will carry partizans.

The attack on Queen Mary is unjust. She was a devoted wife, and her phlegmatic spouse loved her as much as his cold nature would permit. She was bound by her duty to adhere to the fortunes of her husband, and would have been guilty of a grave crime if she had deserted him to follow the fortunes of her infatuated parent. Had William not arrived opportunely in England, there can be very little doubt that a new civil war would have followed, in which oceans of blood would have flowed. Even at the present date any attempt to restore the power of the pope would be followed by similar results. There can be no doubt that William saved the monarchy.

The reference to the queen's descent from Hyde would tell more in 1689 than at present, as it was then well known that her Majesty's grandmother was of very humble origin.

**The Coronation Song, 1689.**

The eleventh of April has come about,  
To Westminster went the rabble rout,  
In order to crown a bundle of clouts ;  
A dainty fine king indeed.

Descended he is from the orange-tree ;  
But if I can read his destiny,  
He'll once more descend from another tree ;  
A dainty, &c.

He's half a knave and half a fool,  
The Protestant joyner's crooked tool,  
Oh ! its splutters, and nails shall such an one rule ;  
A dainty, &c.

He has gotten part of the shape of a man,  
But more of a monkey, deny it who can ;  
He has the head of a goose, but the legs of a crane ;  
A dainty, &c.

In Hyde Park he rides like a hog in armour,  
In Whitehall he creeps like a country farmer,  
Old England may boast of a goodly reformer ;  
A dainty, &c.

Have you not seen upon the stage, come tell O !  
A strutting thing call'd Punchinello,  
Of all things it's the likeliest this fellow ;  
A dainty, &c.

A carcass supported by a rotten stump,  
Plaistered about the back and the rump ;  
But altogether it's ane hopefull lump ;  
A dainty, &c.

And now, brave mobile, shout aloud,  
You've gotten a king of whom ye may be proud ;  
There's not such another in all the crowd.  
A dainty, &c.

**The Second Part:**

You've viewed enough of his ugly shape,  
I'll tell you the qualities of the ape—  
There's none of his rogueries shall escape.

A dainty, &c.

He is not qualified for his wife,  
Because of the midwife's cruell knife,  
But . . . . . does please to the life.

A dainty, &c.

He twice to the states did solemnly swear  
That he would not be statholder there ;  
Tho' they tied him with oaths they were never the near.

A dainty, &c.

Some people were glad of the monster's invasion,  
Had he but stood to his declaration ;  
But now it's plain he hath cheated the nation.

A dainty, &c.

Cromwell did but smell at the crown through the  
rump ;  
But though three were before Orange, he with a jump,  
Did venture his neck to saddle his bump.

A dainty, &c.

The Habeas Corpus Act was quickly suspended,  
That instead of his body his nose might be mended,  
And leading by the nose might for wit be intended.

A dainty, &c.



To his father and uncle, ane unnatural beast,  
A churle to his wife, which she makes' but a jest,  
For she in requittal will add to his crest,  
A dainty, &c.

One lucky presage on's coronation day  
Fell out in the midst of anointing, they say ;  
The heroic Mogen himself did bewray  
A dainty, &c.

Queen Moll and her sister Nanny so bright,  
As soon as they found his laxative plight,  
Tho' he nodded and frown'd they giggled outright  
At a sad s—n king indeed.

Lo ! this is the darling of the town,  
The nation's Jack pudding that wears the crown ;  
Come, rabble, stand off and make room for the clown ;  
A dainty, &c.

### **The Third Part.**

Huzza to King William and his delicate mate,  
She was a most lovely princess of late,  
But now a contemptible object of hate ;  
A dainty fine queen indeed.

O' the father's side she had honour I grant,  
But duty to parents she barely does want—  
Which makes her a fiend instead of a saint ;  
A dainty, &c.

Her virtues all cited by the convention,  
Are too invisible to find any mention ;  
The hinting thereof was but ane invention ;  
A dainty, &c.

If fraud and ambition, curst falsehood and pride,  
And a swarm of unnatural vices beside,  
Be sanctified virtues in the offspring of Hyde,  
She's a dainty, &c.

Then may the confusion that hither hath brought us,  
Always attend them, until it has wrought us  
To bring back King James, as loyalty taught us.  
Our gracious king again,  
Our gracious king again.\*

\* The following "Epitaph on William of Orange, usurper, who died 8th March 1702," is from Mylne's MS.

Howl, howl ye fiends, your sables deeper die,  
For here interr'd your greatest friend doth lye ;  
Your William dead, hurl'd by Jehovah's hand,  
Flies headlong down, your legions to command.

Yet much I doubt the potentate of hell  
Dare trust his legions to a fiend so fell,  
But rather use him as ane useless thing,  
Who, now he's dead, can no more serve your king.

## A SHORT SCOTISH LITTANY.

THIS attack upon the Duke of Hamilton has been preserved by Wodrow. As his Grace was Lord High Commissioner immediately after the revolution, the date may be fixed in 1688 or 1689.

The Duke did not retain his office for any length of time, as he was superseded in 1690 by George, Earl of Melville, a title now merged in that of Leven. His lordship, who had previously the Barony of Melville, was forfeited in 1683—but was restored in 1689, and created an Earl the next year.

*A Short Scottish Litany.*

From our new kings' vicegerent that blustering Hector,  
More fitt to be a factor or custome collector,  
Who huffs and adjourns us like Noll the protector,  
Liberā nos Domine.

From our late king adjureing, sole knight of the  
garter,  
Who loyalty and honor for proffit doth barter,  
Who for his religione will scarce die a martyr,  
Liberā, &c.

From him whose achievements were ne're worth a louse,  
Who furiously cross'd the designs of the house,  
Who made our big mountain bring forth but a mouse,  
Liberā, &c.

From a Laodicean's hodge-podge reformation,  
Who banish'd dear prelacy out of the nation,  
Then left our church sitting without a foundation,  
Liberā, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Hamilton.

From him whose ambition would rule all alone,  
Who turns with all parties, yet is trusted by none,  
Whose fall few wise men will be found to bemoan,  
Libera, &c.

That it may please thee to restore  
Our wonted courage yet once more,  
That we may tame this foaming boare,  
Quæsumus.

That for religion we may stand,  
And freedom of our native land,  
And all may fall who these withstand,  
Quæsumus.

That Satan's agents these years past,  
Who Israel held in bondage fast,  
Haman's reward may find at last,  
Quæsumus.

That peace and truth may meet again,  
Among us ever to remain,  
Let those desires never prove vain,  
Quæsumus.



AN ADDRESS FROM THE GEESE TO THE  
PRESBYTERIAN PREACHERS.

THIS and the pasquil that follows are from Mylne's MS.—The minister whose extraordinary comparison of the Deity to a "dreeping goose" is mentioned, was the Rev. Robert Blair, minister at St. Andrews. The anecdote is thus told in "Scotish Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed:"—It is given merely, be it observed, as an *on dit*. "It is reported of Mr Robert Blair at St Andrews that he had this expression in his prayers, "Lord, Thou art a good goose, for thou art still dreeping," and several in the meeting-houses of late have made use of it. To which they add—Lord thou rains down "middings of blessings upon us." This familiar manner of treating the Deity is hardly credible; yet it has occurred even in the present century. Some forty-five years since, a popular itinerating performer, who preached in St. Cecilia's Hall, was in the habit of saying very odd things. On one occasion, in his prayer, he said,—“Oh Lord, I have been pestered with anonymous letters—put it in the hearts of those that send them to pay the postage.” On another, after giving out a text from one of St. Paul's Epistles, he paused, as if he was considering the meaning of the passage he had read. He then exclaimed in a loud voice, “you're wrong, Paul, you're wrong, I'll bet you half-a-crown, you're wrong,” “Done,” quoth St. Paul in a lower voice, “Done,” quoth the preacher. After placing half-a-crown on the pulpit, he proceeded with a clever argument *pro* and *con* in which the Apostle came off victor—“you've conquered, Paul, your right—I'm wrong—there's your half-crown,” which he removed from the place he had put it and returned to his pocket.

These religious indecencies are usually confined to the

popular orators who have no connection with the educated and respected members of the Established Church of Scotland.

Kennedy was the brother of Hugh Kennedy, the Moderator of the General Assembly, who has been accused of receiving one hundred pounds as his share of the money paid for the sale by the Covenanters of Charles I. The former once, praying in Clydesdale, said, "Lord grant that all the kings of the world may fall down before Thy Son, and kiss his soals, not the Pope's soals, &c., no, nor his stinking pantons\* neither."

### **An Address sent from the Geese to their Reberend Brethren.**

Dear dwining brethren, we the keckling crew  
With hopes puff'd up address ourselves to you,  
That pray you faill not in benevolence,  
To us that put in you such confidence.  
Ye have the ruling power in hand, tho' we  
Did suffer more in tyme of prelaacie,  
For by their coalls, their teeth, their knives, their  
wives,

We were deprived of our poor harmless lives—  
Though we were ne'er in armes against the king,  
This did not shelter us from suffering,  
We suffered in our names, for every sot  
Was call'd a silly goose or idiot ;  
But ye dear brethren honour'd us so farr  
That God himself to us ye did compare.  
Thus did a brother in a meeting-house,  
Boldlie declare that God's a goodlie goose,

\* Slippers.

For "still he's dreeping," said the learn'd divine ;  
This daintie figure made his preaching fyne.  
Noe mortall man amongst you payed soe dear,  
As we in scorching flames, save Major Weir.  
A man had hated the Doxologie,  
The Creed, Lord's Prayer, as weel as ye or we,  
Dear fellow-sufferers pray you plead our cause,  
And doe prevent the sanguinarie laws,  
On Yule that fatal superstitious day,  
On which the brethren wiselie fast and pray.  
In end think this, we seek not all our due,  
Tho' we be elder brethren than you,  
For, our fraternity we reckon thus,  
Ye'r come of Calvin, we are come of Huss,  
But yet the older shall the younger serve,  
Which like yourselves we wittilie observe,  
This is the way that ye did guide a text,  
And we goe on in our relation next.  
In our assemblies we resemble you,  
Where twenty speak at once, e'en as we doe,  
We both indeed make such a gibble-gabble,  
And such confusion as was heard at Babell ;  
Think us no Papists, in earnest, or in droll,  
Tho' our ancestors sav'd the Capitoll.  
Keep in their homes all of these Christmas ranters,  
And act like rare and worthie Covenanters,  
Search murdering rounes where your dear brethren are,  
Let no malignant hands your interest mar ;  
We'er hussars both, ye know, see then that ye  
Follow your grandsir, Mr Kennedie :  
Fight for your brethren, ere they be devoured,  
And call such fights the battles of the Lord.

## ADDRESS FOR THE CAMERONIAN GEESE.

THE following is in the title prefixed by Mylne to this satire : "The address of the true and sober geese of the Kirk of Scotland for themselves, and in name and behalf of the wild Cameronian geese, to the brethren of the General Assembly." This witty satire, and the preceding one—are very much in the style of Dr Archibald Pitcairn, and from their nature and the vein of humour running through them, are just such compositions as may be conjectured to have proceeded from his pen.

**Address of the Cameronian Geese.**

We fellow-sufferers for the good old cause,  
 Beg your protections of the present lawes ;  
 All we demand, as ye will find on sight,  
 Is in your grievances and claime of right ;  
 To you we think we need not represent  
 The treatment of the former government.  
 How many were in pyes incarcerat,  
 And for no cryme but that of being fatt ;  
 Which, if it were sustain'd as relevant,  
 It would goe hard with many a modern saint.  
 Some were, in contradiction to the lawes,  
 Hung by the heels, and tortured without cause ;  
 Others, against their conscience, which was worse,  
 Were brought to feast at Christmas by (main) force ;  
 While they bedrencht us with malignant wyne,  
 And never a drop of honest forty-nyne.  
 Base popish angells, which first kept that day



And with the herds sung the first Hoguemennay.  
Our livings taken from us, were bestowed  
On pamper'd pullets, that prelatiek brood ;  
Thus we were butcher'd, persecut, opprest,  
And all because we could not take the test.  
'Twere criminal to doubt of your assistance,  
Who 'gainst despotick power make such resistance ;  
Who've rais'd ane army, and depos'd a king,  
Upon this pious, important designe ;  
That men on Yule without a goose might dyne,  
And much of generous Christian blood have spent,  
To hinder feasts on Yule, and fasts in Lent.  
This for ourselves, now one word if you please  
For our dear brethren, Cameronian geese.  
We act not by wild principles like them,  
Nor shun all converse with malignant men ;  
For, rather than our benefices loose,  
A kind indulgence we could ne'er refuse.  
Yet these our brethren cannot be forgot,  
Who lye exposed to malignant shot ;  
And to the violence of wind and weather,  
When persecute in one place seek another.  
They are by Gilliecrankies much persu'd,  
Who do without relenting shed their blood ;  
Relieve them, then, according to your powers,  
Their case is just the very same with ours.

## THE TROUPER'S PROPHECIE.

THIS is entitled in Mylne's MS. "The Trouper's Prophecie of the Presbyterian Downfall."

To the tune of "Hold fast thy Crown."

Mylne has in one of his MS. collections the following "Coat of Arms" of Sir John Presbyter:—

"He beareth parti per pale indented, God's Glory and his own interest, over all honour, profite, and pleasure, counter-charged; ensigned with a helmet of Ignorance, opened with Impudence befitting his degree, mantled with Gules and Tyrannie; doubled with Hypocrisy, over a wreath of Pryde and Covetousness; for his crest, a sinister hand holding up a solemn League and Covenant reversed and torn; in a scroll underneath the shield, these words for his motto, *Aut hoc, aut nihil*.

"The Coat of Arms is du-paled with another of four pieces, signifying thereby his four matches.

"The first the family of Amsterdame: She bears for her arms on a field, Tolleratione, three Jewes head proper, with as many blew caps on them.

"The second is the House of Geneva: She bears for her armes, in a field of Separatione, marginall notes of the Bible falsely quoted.

"The third is the country of New England: She bears for her arms in a field of Sedition, a prick't-eared preacher preaching upon a pulpit, proper, holding forth to the People a schismatical doctrine.

"The fourth and last is of Scotland: She bears in her esentcheon the field of Rebellion, charged with a Stoole of Repentance.

“ To make him chieff of kinn, he ought to have supporters : which may be a schoolboy or a mechanick, armed proper for the rable ; and for a motto under all these—  
*Per fas aut nefas.*

### **The Trouper's Prophecie.**

Soft, soft Sir Presbyter, ye spur  
Your speavie mear too fast,  
As formerly, so it will be,  
Your Covenant she'll cast ;

The burden of that bloody bond .  
It clog'd that beast before ;  
She stagger'd long, tho' she was strong,  
Then choak'd with blood, gave o'er.

Build now your meeting-houses large,  
But let them be of timber ;  
Believe this rhyme, they'll last your time,  
Altho' they be but limber.

Preach down the prelates, meek Mass John,  
Ye'll with my lady dine ;  
Yet here the grace hath little place,  
Where no man saith, Amen.

Pray for our gracious King, pray on,  
Yet villany still foster,  
While ye neglect all due respect,  
Unto the Paternoster.

Sing psalms, sing praises, sing aloud,  
Yea, hallelujahs hie,  
Your whining tone, will ne'er expone,  
Without Doxologie.

Dear Presbyter, that mysterie—  
Declare, upon what score  
You pray for king, and yet did hing,  
Rather than pray before ?

Vivat, Vivat, now is your song,  
To morrow you'll cry, die.  
And down with Kings, those heavenly things,  
Most irreligiouslie.

Your great confusions never will  
Agree with Monarchy,  
That heavenly way, abhorr'd you ay,  
And therefore down go ye.

Now when in falling you do groan,  
Then hanging by the crupper,  
You'll sigh and say, this dismal day  
Foretold was by a trouper.

## SATYRE UPON THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND EARL OF BREADALBANE.

The first Earl of Breadalbane exercised almost a kingly power over a great part of the Northern Highlands of Scotland. Free from all scruples of conscience, he without hesitation appropriated to himself whatever he thought it worth his while to take. Whilst only Laird of Glenurquhay, he had resolved to possess himself of the Earldom of Caithness, and with this intent circumvented the degenerate Sinclair in possession at the time, and got from him a right of succession, to the prejudice of the male heir. According to Fountainhall, the matter stood thus:—"The last Earl's right by which he bruiked the title, was not as air served and retoured, but as a singular successor who had bought in a comprising." In other words, the Earl of Caithness, who intended to make Glenurquhay his successor, had not taken the Earldom in the usual and proper form by being served heir to his predecessor, but had obtained a right to a comprising or adjudication affecting it. Hence it was contended that no resignation in the hands of the Crown by a compriser could validly transfer the title to any one. Upon the demise of this compriser, Sinclair of Keiss, the next heir made up his title by a regular service to the Earl last feudally vested in the Earldom.

Glenurquhay got himself created Earl of Caithness in September 1677, by charter or patent from the Crown. His opponent in virtue of the recognised rule, that a title of honour in Scotland vests in the next heir *jure sanguinis*, assumed the title, and brought a reduction of Glenurquhay's charter or patent before the Court of Session. Scottish Parliaments had no original jurisdiction to adjudicate in

such competitions: and committees of privileges were under that name unknown in the North.

The Privy Council interfered, and in March 1680 Glenurquhay was recognised as Earl of Caithness, and an order was made that in his travels to repossess himself of the lands of which he had been dispossessed by the other Earl, he was to be furnished with "meat and drink."

On the 11th November of the same year, the Privy Council had the pleasure of considering a precognition, that is, to an investigation "of the affair of the two Earles of Caithness." The two peers, unlike the two monarchs of Brentford, did not smell at the same nosegay; so far from this, Earl John, *alias* Glenurquhay, on the one hand, was abusing the power, by "fire and sword," given him by the Privy Council; whilst on the other, Earl George, *alias* Sinclair of Keiss, amused himself by fire-raising, and "wilfully burnt doune" his opponent's "principal mansion house."

The Privy Council, no doubt heartily tired of these mutual complaints, wisely, upon the 9th of December following, remitted "the two Earls of Caithness" to the Court of Justiciary.—a proceeding which apparently brought the rivals to their senses.

Glenurquhay was ultimately defeated in his attempt upon the Caithness dignity, and he was compelled, no doubt with many hearty curses, for he was not very particular in this respect, to accept a modern Earldom, with precedence only from the date of the Creation. Accordingly, 13th July 1681, the Privy Council decided "betuixt George Sinclair Earl of Caithness, and John Campbell, likewise Earl of Caithness," "that George should take the place due to that Earl, and Glenurquhy should be created Earl of Braydalban, Lord Pentland, Holland, and Glenurquhy, and of a new date only." It is understood that this decision was brought about by the instrumentality of the Duke of York, who then controlled the kingdom of Scotland.

The original Caithness charter, of 1458, was a territorial one, without any special creation of a Peerage, conferring only the Comitatus, nothing more. Under it the Sinclairs, originally Earls of Orkney, sat in the Scottish Parliament as Earls of Caithness until the death of the assignee to the comprising. Whereas the Glenurquhay charter of a modern date, with special creation of the Earldom, was held to be inoperative in competition with the older deed, which merely granted the Comitatus.

Glenurquhay thus became Earl of Breadalbane, and from the extensive remainders in the patent it is not likely that the title will ever be extinct. He obtained a privilege to select which of his sons was to be his successor. This he exercised, and for reasons which have never transpired, nominated his second son, who became in due time the second Earl of Breadalbane, although his elder brother was then alive, and lived many years afterwards. An alleged descendant of the disinherited heir is at present claiming the title and estates. His claim to the honours is presently before the House of Lords.

Lord Breadalbane is, it is almost unnecessary to mention, associated with the massacre of Glencoe, and the curse upon his descendants for his participation in that lamentable business is still remembered in the north. It can hardly be denied that the character of his Lordship given in this satire, is tolerably correct. He died in March 1716, in the eighty-first year of his age. His male issue failed upon the death of John, the third earl, upon 26th January 1782, at the age of eighty-six. Under the patent the earldom passed to Campbell of Carwhin, who became fourth earl, and was created a marquis in the peerage of Great Britain. With his son the marquisate failed, and the extinction of the Carwhin branch in the male line let in the male heir of Campbell of Glenfalloch.

The following motto is prefixed to the satire by Mylne:—

“*Difficile est Satyram non scribere.*”

**Satyre upon the Duke of Hamilton and  
Earl of Broadalbion.**

FIE for a herauld to proclaim a warr  
Betwixt a Highland and a Lowland Czarr.  
Th' one vaccats thrones, despiseth higher powers,  
Without reserve proves absolute by tours.

This, hero like, disdains all sacred things,  
Ungrate to all, he boldly forfeits Kings.  
Money's the only God he does adore,  
For which he grinds the faces of the poor,  
And chaugeth every shape to hoard up more.  
He's biggest now, because they<sup>1</sup> bear the sway,  
And they have promis'd fifty pound a day ;  
For which he'll serve the deill, and God betray.

And that he may neglect no mean to thrive,  
All his unjust appeals he must revive ;  
But if he miss of what his avarice claims,  
Then he'll again take pardon of King James ;  
And in a pett even from the councill run,  
And baull, and make a noise of all that's done.  
This is the very game he lately play'd,  
And so by turns he hath both Kings betray'd.

The other hero, cloath'd in a sheep's skin,  
Gives smother words, but's as much wolf within ;

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS.



As prone to cast about to th' other shore,  
When once he's sure the stormy blast is o'er.  
He knows the time, and bargain when to make,  
Of each conjunction doth advantage take.  
At a good rate he sold a Highland peace,\*  
Which of its self would serve but a short space,  
And to the bargain got himself a place.  
Of old these champions for their first essay,  
In martial feats did run a contrair way ;  
The one whose courage never yet was sunk,  
When upmost, prov'd a Highland star to Monk ;  
The other briskly followed Monroe,  
When forced to flee from a prevailing foe,  
But to a charge he scorned e'er to goe.  
For tho' he baulls and hectors all by's word,  
Yet he grows pale, and trembles at a sword.  
The Hattoun Crow,<sup>2</sup> chased from her native seat  
By her own brood, creates this great debate ;  
Spermaticks sink, true mother of discord,  
Inflam'd these Hectors at the counsell board.

\* This refers to the general belief that Breadalbine had pocketed a great part of the money remitted from London to pacify the Highland chieftains.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Hatton, after Earl of Lauderdale, was said to be cuckolded by ane Crow, and by many more. R. M.

## JACK BOWLES' RANT.

REDPATH has the following anecdote in his veracious chronicle of the actings and doings of the curates during the ascendancy of Episcopacy. "The second curate of Stirling, being accused by his elders of being drunk when administering the sacrament, was, notwithstanding, continued in his charge by the bishop." Not a very likely story assuredly. "Nay," continues the writer, "drunkenness was so ordinary amongst them, that a drunken fellow of Edinburgh, called Jack Bowles, when reprov'd for being drunk in the morning, answered, that he would not get room to drink in the afternoon, for then the best ale-houses in the town were filled with curates." This charge, asserted to have been made by a drunken blackguard, is too absurd to be believed.

Mylne's Key renders only a few additional explanations requisite. Forester is meant for James, Lord Forester, who was, upon the 26th of August 1679, stabbed with his own sword in his garden at Corstorphine, by Christian Hamilton, wife of Andrew Munro, merchant in, Edinburgh, and daughter of Hamilton, the Laird of Grange. She was the niece of the first Lady Forrester, and pleaded provocation, the noble Lord having, while in a state of intoxication, used very improper language towards her. There seems little doubt that an improper intimacy subsisted between them. She pleaded pregnancy, but the medical men negatived her assertion. Her cousin, another of the Grange family, had previously murdered her husband, and it was also asserted that the Lady of Warriston, who nearly a hundred years before had strangled her husband, was of the same race.

The murderess escaped from prison on the 29th of Sep

tember, in male attire, but next day was captured, and on the 1st of October executed.

Gilbert Rule was nicknamed Doctor Guiltus, from an exhibition he made of himself in a public lecture, where he remarked, "*Si aliquis Virus colebit falsum Deum, seu verum Deum, ut non præscriptum est, iste virius est guiltus Idolatriæ.*" This ignorant and presumptuous man was actually placed in the University of Edinburgh, upon the removal of Dr Monro, a gentleman by birth, a thorough scholar, and an able head of the institution from which he had been extruded by religious fanaticism. Rule is drawn with much cleverness by Pitcairn under the name of Mr Salathiel Littleseme, in his comedy of the Assembly.

Argyle was at a later period created a Duke. His morals were none of the best, and his Lady, the daughter of the Duchess of Lauderdale, was not the person calculated to improve them.

The Marquis of Douglas was the husband of Lady Barbara Erskine, from whom he was separated by means of scandalous insinuations conveyed to him by his chamberlain, Weir of Blackwood. See the Ballad on the subject, *Scottish Ballads and Songs*. Edin., 1868, vol. ii., p. 362.

### Jack Bowles' Rant.

Take Melville's chin, and Lothian's eye,  
Join'd to Squire Weddell's <sup>1</sup> nose and ears,  
Which head on Raithie's <sup>2</sup> shoulders tye,  
Held by the crooked neck of Stairs :

<sup>1</sup> This Weddel was a wryter, and had a very big reid nose ; he was pilloried for some forgerie.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Raith.

Let him, like Mortarpiece,<sup>3</sup> have gutts,  
 And Mr James Melville's<sup>4</sup> thighs and knees ;  
 And let his genitals be such  
 As are King William's privities.

Let him be arsed like Sutherland,  
 And have the legs of Tittle Tattle ;  
 And let him gormandize like Anne,<sup>5</sup>  
 And take, like George,<sup>6</sup> the other bottle.

Let him have Cassill's feet and toes,  
 On's bum put Mr Kirkton's<sup>7</sup> breeches ;  
 And on his legs great Monro's<sup>8</sup> hose,  
 Useing the Marquis of Douglas' speeches.

Let him have Forfar's livery coat,  
 And like to Dr Rule be smart ;  
 With a short Moderator's cloak,  
 And liberall as a Councill Clerk.

With Cardross' and Lord Crawford's sense,  
 And Mr Kennedie's<sup>9</sup> moderation—  
 And if we may without offence,  
 We shall allow him Leven's discretion.

<sup>3</sup> Monro of Fowlis. <sup>4</sup> A son of E. Melville's.

<sup>5</sup> After, Queen Anne.

<sup>6</sup> Prince of Denmark.

<sup>7</sup> A Presbyterian Minister.

<sup>8</sup> Major General Monro wore large hose, for hiding bad legs.

<sup>9</sup> This Kennedie was Moderator of the General Assembly ;  
 his two sons were banisht for prophesying, and he fell down  
 in the street himselfe dead.

And let him have M'Kay<sup>10</sup> his valour,  
And General Douglas' <sup>11</sup> gratitude,  
And hardness of Cornet Lawder,  
Who at Runrorie swam in blood.

And let him have Argyle's religion,  
And the Lord Seaforth's faithfulness,  
And chaste like sweet Mass David Williamson,<sup>12</sup>  
With Rollo and Forrester's pleasures.

Let him have Morton's devotion ;  
When angrie, like the Duke to huff ;<sup>13</sup>  
And let him with Captain M'Kay his motion  
Artificially take a snuff.

Let him have wit like Annandale,  
And be as politick as Ross ;  
First let him plott, and then reveal,  
Like children when they are cross.

Let him be loyall like a Campbell,  
And trusty like Duke Hamilton ;  
And be as courteous as that female  
Who uses some besides her own.

<sup>10</sup> He fled away from Killiecranky.

<sup>11</sup> This rogue treacherouslie deserted King James 7th.

<sup>12</sup> A Presbyterian Minister that had seven wives.

<sup>13</sup> Duke of Hamilton. Balcarres complains that the Jacobites were outvoted in every thing, and were compelled to sit and hear the Duke "bawl and bluster, his *usual* custom." Memoirs, 2d Edition, p. 99.

Let him, that he may be compleat,  
Be pious like Blackbarronie ;\*  
This done, let him but walk the street,  
And deill a boy shall follow me.

Sic scritur. JACK BOWLES.

\* Murray of Blackbarony.



## MAC-QUEEN'S APOLOGETICAL LETTER.

AMONGST the Scottish Prelates who were most disliked by the Presbyterians, there was no one more persistently abused than John Paterson, who was promoted to the See of Gallo-way on the 23d of October 1674, and thereafter translated to the See of Edinburgh on the 29th of March 1679, which he held until the year 1687, when he was elevated to the Archbishoprick of Glasgow, of which he was deprived by the Revolution of 1688, and the abolition of Episcopacy in Scotland. He died at Edinburgh on Wednesday the 8th of December 1708, in the 76th year of his age.

Amongst his detractors the principal was George Redpath, who, in his answer to Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, has accused Paterson of the grossest immoralities; and if credit were to be attached to half of what he said about him, the preferment of such a man to ecclesiastical places of the highest description was an insult to Scotland of the gravest nature. Judging from the virulence which seems invariably to attend religious as well as political controversialists in their disputes, we venture to place little credit in these defamatory fabrications, in which there may occasionally be some few atoms of truth disguised and perverted by an infinity of falsehood.

In 1822 Sir Walter Scott edited a work called "Chronological Notes on Scottish Affairs from 1680 till 1701, chiefly taken from the Diary of Lord Fountainhall," Small 4to. This description was to a certain extent true, but in reality it was Fountainhall expurgated by Robert Mylne,—that is to say, the former, a Whig, is corrected and altered by the latter, a rabid Jacobite, so that the work is one of the most curious pieces of historical patch-work in the world; and its value has not suffered from the volumes prepared from Lord Fountainhall's papers for the Bannatyne Club,

which are amongst the most important and interesting historical records of the times to which they relate.

In the work above noticed, there is the following anecdote, "Mr John Macqueen, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in Edinburgh in December 1683, having by trapane got a petycoat of Euphame Scott's (after Lady Eyemouth, and spouse to Wynram of Eymouth, who is now broken and she dead) with whom he was deadly in love, though she hated him; he made thereof a wastecoat and drawers, for which he was suspended, but the Bishop of Edinburgh, Paterson, reponed him in February 1684."

On this entry Sir Walter in a note observes that he has, in a collection of libels and lampoons of this period, one which is entitled, "The Apologetical Letter sent from Mr. John Mac-Queen, Second Minister of the College Kirk at Edinburgh, to His Ordinary, John Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh;" and he quotes a passage which refers to the text. The collection is in the handwriting of Mylne; and the following is a full copy of the letter which has, though in many places not particularly delicate, a great deal of humour.

The reference to band-strings is one of the stories which Redpath took the opportunity of propagating; what the true state of matters may have been cannot now be investigated with any prospect of success. It may be mentioned that a ballad on the subject is to be found in a collection of fugitive pieces named "Excerpta Scotica" of which only sixteen copies were privately printed, taken from an original MS. in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

### **Mac-Queens Apologetical Letter.**

— My Lord, I hereby do narrate  
My love contrivances, and state



Tho' not by way of theologic,  
But rather an apologie ;  
Hoping ye'll be no more offended,  
At me, who justly was suspended ;  
For they who sternly bell the catt,  
May be turn'd out, and then laugh'd att.  
I swear on word of sacerdot,  
I was in love with Effie Scott,  
Call't love, or lust, or what you will,  
Since the event of both proved ill.  
I shall not here, with burlesque penners,  
Carp at her beauty, wit, or manners ;  
But know, that I'm of different mind  
From what I was, for Cupid's blind :  
Yet never the less, I do assure thee,  
My greatest motive was her dowrie.  
But not to linger any more,  
This femiall brat I did adore,  
Her courted, suited—she refus'd,  
And slighted all the means I us'd  
Whereby to gain on her good graces ;  
Affronted me in severall places  
In horrid manner—such like, no man  
Was ever used by any woman.  
For not to mention rails quite<sup>1</sup> often  
On those who hard hearts try to soften,  
I met with such as might have quench't  
Love's hottest flames, but I was trench't  
So deep in Cupid's snare, that, trow me,  
I did what God did not allow me ;

<sup>1</sup> In MS. realls — meaning probably rails or scolds.

For when the compliments and fleaiches  
Which used to gain our Irish wenches  
Had not the grace to work upon  
This Scottish adamantall stone,  
I then indeed fell on a fancie  
Which reaches nigh to necromancie.  
Into this town there lives a matron,  
Who, 'tis said, takes Circe for her patron,  
It was the counsell of this Sophie  
I should get clothes were worn by Effie,  
The which if I obtain'd, and put on  
The chief part of this love sick mutton,  
'T would instantly, in spite of fate,  
Cause her to love where she did hate.  
This course I took, and forthwith got  
With greatest difficulty, a coatt  
Term'd pettie, as the vulgar speech is,  
Or ye may call them female breeches.  
Of part of it I first compos'd  
That which my sickly heart inclos'd,  
And of the rest, and its absurdies  
I made a jacket for my hurdies.  
Yea, more than this, and it's as stringe,  
I mounted gloves with its silk fringe.  
And after all my work and pain  
I mist my mark, and not till then  
I found too late, when thought upon,  
'Twas wrong to go to God of Ekron.  
But yet, my Lord, when all is said,  
I'm not the first such pranks has play'd ;  
For not to favour poet's fancies,

Nor remnant fables and romances,  
Balking those shapes which the great Jove  
Took to himself when he's in love.  
Tho' mongst them all I much resembled  
That wherein he at first dissembled,  
With Juno on the mountain Ida,  
You look like it as well as I do,  
Being yet unmarried, but I grant  
My frolicks such success did want.  
Nor is it need we cross the seas  
For instances to prove the case,  
Yea, scarce to go as far as Surrey,  
For if you search you'll find in Murray<sup>2</sup>  
Some that a good while have been wedded,  
And yet ensnar'd by that blind Godhead.  
Yea, who have done and suffered more  
Than all that I have told before.  
My failings, I confess, are horrid,  
But I was ne'er in love so torrid  
As to miscarry with my mate  
Before we were in marriage state.<sup>3</sup>  
Neither did she me once upbraid  
As unchaste, or in mascarade  
Went she in search of me, or yet  
We got entrapt in Vulcan's net.  
Nor did I e'er explain this text  
Of Samuel, 2 chapter, verse the sext,

<sup>2</sup> A woman of that name. See Kirkton, p 182.

<sup>3</sup> It was said that the Bishop lay with his spouse before marriage. R. M.

Nor any such like paradox—  
I gave a nut mill, not a box.<sup>4</sup>  
I went avow'dly from the street,  
And never up back stairs to meet  
Her, whom I sought the winning after.  
I was bedued with virgin water,  
Yet I'm a stranger to the fountain,  
As great as you were to the mountain  
Parnassus named, where the Muses  
Enjoy themselves in their recluses.  
But to conclude, I hope you see  
I'm not as ill as I could be ;  
And also, that there are some things<sup>5</sup>  
Worse than the kissing strap or strings,  
Which I abhor, yet, on my soull,  
I swear I have been playing the fool,  
And consequently he is rather  
Surely more guilty, reverend father.  
For none who wears a coat, which black is,  
Should favour Ladies or their lackies ;  
And that I may win to a period  
Of this ungumsler,<sup>6</sup> I pray to God  
To give repentance unto all  
Who sinners are ; so add I shall  
No more,—but rests, as I have been,  
Your Lordship's servant, John MacQueen.

<sup>4</sup> This was in a fancy. R. M.

<sup>5</sup> This was hand-strings, which he got from another of his Dames, which he put in the pulpit while preaching. R. M.

<sup>6</sup> Confused stuff.

PRESBYTERIAN ADDRESS TO THE  
PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THESE very severe and clever verses on the Presbyterian's address to the Prince of Orange were found amongst Mylne's MSS. The author's name has not been preserved—but from the severity of the attack, and the general cleverness, it is not unlikely that Dr. Archibald Pitcairn had some share in their composition.

*The Western Presbyterian's Address, 1689.*

When sacred monarchy was tumbling down,  
And bold usurpers seized upon the crown,  
On the last day of fatal eighty-eight  
The holy brethren of the Western seat  
Together heavily, and all at once,  
From hollow hearts did echo forth their groans ;  
With prayers of devout nonsense inspir'd,  
With sacred sack and holy brandy fir'd,  
To God they first ane information bring,  
They cheat the people and they curse the King.  
Then they address or do command the Prince  
To give them his most speciall defence ;  
And that 'gainst law and reason he would try  
To settle them in Church democracy,  
Which brings alongst with it, without debate,  
Endless confusion to both Church and State :  
His Highness they call chosen of the Lord,  
And singularly fit to draw the sword

Against the Prelates their chief enemies,  
 And consequently God's ; they do despise  
 All differing parties, swell'd with spiritual pride,  
 Blind to themselves, they damn the world beside ;  
 To us all threatenings in the Scriptures they,  
 But to themselves the promises, apply ;  
 So if the Prince refuse, anon he'll see  
 His name torn from the absolute degree.  
 These rabble drivers raise the hue and cry  
 For shaking off the yoke of Prelacie,  
 Most grievous in itself, that neither they,  
 Nor their forefathers ever could obey.  
 So with applause that general cant goes on  
 To raise Christ's kingdom when its but their own,  
 To which they give the name of the Good Cause ;  
 Thus wanton grown by kicking at the laws,  
 They openly or secretly oppose  
 Whate'er divine or human laws impose.  
 This pamper'd tribe, half villains and half fools,  
 Against the settled peace most dangerous tools ;  
 At many meeting a petition make,  
 Although to God extemporic doth speak,  
 Which comes near a fanatic sermon's length,  
 And senseless gibberish wrung out by the strength  
 Of heated fancie, with a grave pretence,  
 Which justifies the author's want of sense ;  
 But this address so penn'd, deserves in short  
 To go to Bedlam rather than to court.  
 But, holy brethren, I would gladly see  
 How this address does with the last agree.  
 I grant you serve the king now as before

According to your principall and power ;  
So thus in short we most exactly see  
The sober Presbyterian's modesty,  
If any such in all this world there be.

In fine, from that perplexed religion  
Whose government is mere confusion,  
Whose doctrine doth destroy moralitie,  
Of thy great goodness, Lord deliver me !



## LITANY, 1690.

THIS Litany and the ensuing one were found in "The New Almanack, or New Prognostication, for the year of our Lord 1690," "by an expert Mathematician," (James Paterson.) Of these Almanacks, a most curious collection, commencing 1685, and ending in 1710, was presented to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, by the late James Swan, Esq., W.S. In the one for 1692, occurs the following advertisement. "The Ancient Clidesdail Society, called the Whinbush, is now revived, and kept at Robert Clarksons, in the south side of the Land Market, (in Edinburgh), a little below the Weigh-house well, every Friday, from 6 till 8 at night.

Paterson has prefixed these lines to his "Common Prayer Book for all those that fain would have one, but dare not use it." "(Borrow this) Litany."

*Litany*, 1690.

From underminers and cut throats,  
 And those who use gun-powder-plots ;  
 From those who subtile counsel gives,  
 All for to take their neighbours lives ;  
 From those who are sworn to do evil,  
 And have their reward from the Devil ;  
 From those that swear for to be rich,  
 Although they rob it off the church ;  
 From those who by pretence of grace,  
 Do cheat their neighbour of their place ;  
 From those that mock at the good Cause,  
 And laugh at all the Holy Laws ;  
 From those that swear and think it not,  
 And in their heart there is a plot ;



From Grumbletonians who desire  
 That Popery may rule this Empire,  
                     Good Lord deliver us.  
 From those that counsel our King and Queen  
 To slave their subjects, as they have been,  
 Let their last end at Tyburn be seen.  
                                     Amen.

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**Another Litany, 1690.**

From all these apparent Atheists,  
 Call'd Protestants, defending Papists ;  
 From oaths so made against the Pope,  
 That brings true Protestants to rope ;  
 From Friers, Priests, and Jesuits,  
 And these new cut-throat proselytes ;  
 From all those of a wavering mind,  
 That change their judgment<sup>1</sup> like the wind ;  
 From those who live by cheats and quirks,  
 And those who organs bring to kirks ;  
 From those that useth holy water,  
 And secretly, their beads do patter,  
 From cuckolds that wear gilded horns,  
 And those who raise the price of corns ;  
 And those their neighbours that backbite,  
 And in the same do take delight ;  
 From those that lie for scant of news,  
 From those in Atholl that wear trews ;  
 From those that hate our King and Queen,  
 Or any way molest their reign,  
                     Libera nos Domine.

<sup>1</sup> Religion.

MOCK LINES ON KING WILLIAM'S  
COWARDICE.

UPON the 5th of March 1696, King William embarked at Margate, and landed in Holland on the 7th of the same month. He returned to England on the 6th of October following, nothing decisive having been done on either side—the French not having attempted any siege, and not entering upon any considerable action during this inglorious campaign.

The reason assigned for the inactivity of the English, was the scarcity of money in England from recoining the silver this year. Both the confederate and opposing armies chiefly subsisted on the plunder they got from the inhabitants of those countries which were the seat of war.

The Jacobites, as might be expected, gladly availed themselves of such an excellent excuse for turning the King into ridicule, and he was accordingly unjustly accused of cowardice. Mylne was an ultra Jacobite, as has already been mentioned, and no doubt felt great pleasure in writing down the ensuing stanzas which he calls, "Mock Lines on King William. Three staves sung in the Parish Church of W[estminster] last thanksgiving day (in imitation of Mister Hopkin's) composed by the Reverend Mr. Vicar."

The idea in the last four lines of the second stanza is very like the celebrated one attributed to Butler—

"The man that fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day;  
But he that is in battle slain,  
Will never rise to fight again."

**Mock Lines on King Williams Cowardice.**

Rejoyce ye people all, and some  
Throughout this happie nation  
Our King is woundless now come home,  
Save in his reputation.  
The mervelous deeds that he hath done,  
Would please you much to see 'em,  
And for the battles he has wone,  
The French now sing Te Deum.

The seas most rough, and foes most fell,  
The first with ease he past,  
But when the foe he could not quell,  
He them outran at last.  
But when there is no remedie,  
That man doth honour get,  
Who uses heels most manfullie,  
And stayes not to be beat.

Then let us all with mirth and glee,  
Sing and drink with merry hearts,  
For we have had such victory,  
As best suits our deserts.  
Now to conclude, let all that's here  
Join in this pious wish,  
That the success of this next year  
May be the same with this.

## PROPHECIE CONCERNING THE PRAYER BOOK.

MYLNE describes these lines "as ane prophecie concerning the prayer book against the Whiggs."\*

The ritual of the Church of England is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful compilations in existence, and has been thought so by many of the sincerest members, clerical and laick, of the Church of Scotland. With an anxious wish to detect error and to cavil at words, many captious followers of Calvin have endeavoured to impugn, but ineffectually, this admirable companion of the Bible. Perhaps in these times, when change has such a charm for the public, one or perhaps two of the forms of worship for particular days might be omitted without material injury to the volume; but the Editor cannot find any sufficient reason for this castration: if it be injudicious to return thanks to the Deity for the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, or the restoration of the extruded family of the Stewarts, such services might be dispensed with, without touching the book itself. There is an old proverb, "let well alone," which should be duly considered before amateur religionists are allowed to tamper with the prayer book.

\* Mylne has these lines also upon the Whigs—

"Great Guttons,  
Stealls Muttons,  
Bellied Gluttons,  
Fudling Drinkers.

"False Teachers,  
Whigg Preachers,  
Wealth Leachers,  
Wanton Jinkers."

# **Prophecie concerning the Prayer Book.**

Filthie leachers,  
 False teachers,  
 Cursing preachers,  
     Never calme ;  
 Be hook or crook  
 Ye'll never brook  
 The Service Book,  
     In this realme.

Spyte of the Whigs,  
 Your cantings, jiggs,  
 And Bothwell Briggs,  
     And all your worth,  
 The Common Prayer  
 Shall mount up stair,  
 Both here and there,  
     In South and North.

Raileing Ranters,  
 Covenanters,  
 For all your banTERS  
     This I fortell,—  
 The book shall spread,  
 And shall be read,  
 Spyte of your ded  
     The deill of hell.

PASQUILS ON THE LORD ADVOCATE  
STEWART.

SIR James Stewart has had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of both Jacobites and of Revolutionists,—both parties considering him to be a trimmer, and both applying to him the significant sobriquet of “Jamie Wylie.” There appears, so far as materials exist, no sufficient reason for branding him with a nickname indicating cunning and duplicity.

James Stewart was the second son of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, whose controversy with Provost Tod forms the subject of a Pasquil which will be found in a previous part of this Collection, and where some account of the worthy magistrate, his admirable wife Anne Hope, and his family, is given. After the Restoration, the Provost was subjected to great hardship. He found the assistance and advice of the future Lord Advocate of infinite service, and it may be truly said that it was to the exertions of his anxious son that he ultimately was liberated from the unjust imprisonment to which he had been subjected by the tyranny of those to whom the administration of public affairs in Scotland had been entrusted by Charles II.

The successful defence of the father by the son rendered the latter obnoxious to Lauderdale, and he thought it prudent to remove himself from Scotland and seek shelter elsewhere. He had been educated for the bar, and had every prospect of rising high in his profession, but in the existing state of things, it was in vain for him to meet with justice in a Court where the decision of a cause depended not on the law but on the venality and caprice of the judge. Show me the man and I will show you the law, was a maxim originating with Balmerino and recognized by the arbitrary

Duke, and no person would have been so very imprudent as to entrust his cause to an Advocate known to be offensive to Government.

Stewart therefore went abroad and took up his residence at Rouen, with a view to assist his father and his brothers, Henry and Robert, in their commercial speculations. He did not remain long in France. Thinking he might return with safety to his native country, he again proposed to remain in Edinburgh, but finding Government continued hostile, for he had been outlawed after his flight,—and learning that a warrant for his apprehension had been issued in the month of February in that year, which he fortunately got notice of,—he fled to London, where he remained several years under the name of Lawson. He was suspected,—and it is believed truly, to have been either the author of, or to have had some share in the composition of a tract entitled “An Account of Scotland’s Grievances by reason of the Duke of Lauderdale’s Ministry, humbly tendered to his Sacred Majesty.” This work, which is occasionally still found in the libraries of book collectors, is a forcible and convincing account of the tyranny of this imperious nobleman.

The exile found, whilst in London, the benefit of his legal education. “’Tis said he placarded an office for solving intricat law causes of any kind, at half fees, or half-a-guinea; his clerk Thomas Spence was to take the caises put, and return the caise with the solution, upon receiving the fee.”\* Unfortunately, he was too successful, as the celebrity of his expositions led to inquiries about the person giving them, and he was obliged to change his lodgings and dismiss his clerk.

When the influence of his enemy Lauderdale waned, the prosecution against him, by the interposition of friends, was quashed, but the test-oath proposed in 1681 was a

\* Coltness Collection, p. 363.

barrier in his way, and his having given professional advice to the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, caused him to seek refuge in Holland. This flight was followed by his forfeiture in absence by the Court of Justiciary.

The vicissitudes of this ever-changing state of existence must naturally have induced Mr Stewart to take such measures within his reach as might enable him to leave Holland and resume his professional duties so perpetually interrupted. He had formed an acquaintance with the celebrated William Penn, who has so recently been so fiercely attacked by Lord Macaulay, and through his influence with King James VII. he obtained his pardon. Whether he foresaw what was to follow we cannot say, but certain it is, that while received in favour in England, he had the prudence to preserve a friendly relation with the Prince of Orange. These actings are assigned as the reason of the nickname of Jamie Wylie. When it is recollected that the party so named had for upwards of twenty of the best years of his life been subjected to persecutions and annoyances of every description, it was but natural and prudent for him, without earning the epithet of "Wylie," that he should endeavour to arrange with his persecutors in such a way as to enable him to pursue a profession for which he was so peculiarly qualified. That he compromised his principles in any way does not appear. He was always moderate, although a resolute opponent of tyranny of every description. Neither can his conciliating William of Orange afford any just ground of offence. Knowing, as so clever a man as Stewart is confessed at all hands to have been, that the course pursued by James must lead to serious consequences, how could blame attach to him for seeking to be on good terms with a potentate who was regarded as the uncompromising defender of the Protestant faith. Had Stewart been a party to any plot to dethrone James, whilst he was seeking William's protection, he might have been justly



censured, but, excepting the harmless fact of his propitiating the Prince, and wishing to stand well with him, nothing further can be proved against him.

The abdication of James was not followed by the promotion of Stewart; Hamilton had no fancy for him, and he was equally distasteful to Melville, his Grace's successor as Lord High Commissioner.\* It was not until 1692 that this sound Lawyer obtained the situation of Lord Advocate, for the duties of which office he was particularly fitted, and the duties of which he performed so effectively. He held this high position until 1708, when he was removed and was succeeded by the Hon. Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, a son of the first Viscount of Stair. He was displaced in 1711, when Sir James was reappointed.† He died upon the 1st of May 1713, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He was twice married. He was only a knight himself, but his eldest son and successor, James, was created a baronet 22d December 1705. He was Solicitor-General for Scotland, and died in 1727.

For six years and a half before his death the Lord Advocate was in a very helpless state, Wodrow says, his preservation "has been next to a miracle, a man of his bulk, business, and infirmity, for so long a time to be confined to a chair, and never able to move except when lifted by his servants; yet still clear in his head and judgment, and as fit for business as ever in his life time. The last time ever he was out on his own feet—and it was even then much for him to move them, and was supported by two—was when the first article of the Union was voted in Parliament. He was put upon to speak upon it—but declined; and after that night he fell very ill, and every body expected

\* Melville opened the Scotch Parliament 15th April 1690. On the 30th of the same month he was created an Earl.

† Coltness Collection, p. 367.

that winter he should have died ; yet it pleased the Lord he recovered some sort of health, but never his limbs."

The reputation of Sir James as a sound lawyer was universal. He was the author of a work of great value, although now somewhat obsolete, entitled, "Answers to Lord Dirleton's doubts on some Abstract Points of Scottish Law," folio 1715. A second edition in 8vo appeared at a later date. Some copies of the folio edition of the Answers contain a fine portrait of Sir James Stewart, after an original painting by Sir John Medina. Several of his letters will be found in Carstairs's State Papers. The sketch prefixed of his character in that collection describes him as "one of the best civilians of his age, who, with natural fine parts, affects great plainness, affability, and familiarity in his manners."

In 1712, he purchased from his nephew, Sir David, the second Baronet of Coltness, the family estate. He had previously inherited Goodtrees, vulgarly called "Gutters," and now possessing the more poetical name of Moredun, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. This had been his mother's estate which had passed to him as a second son—his father's estate having gone to his elder brother.

When abroad, Sir James, without neglecting the interests of his family in their commercial transactions, communicated such information as he thought might be interesting. In one of his letters from Rouen, to his father, he tells him that he had "caused make two Perrucks for your Lordship, one of dark haire, which is the mode heire, and light is going out, and another faire haire, the dark is very cheap, and cost bot 16 lib, the other is a verie fine fashionable one, and cost 36 lib."

The pounds could hardly be sterling, and as the writer was accustomed to pounds Scots, and kept regularly a book for his mercantile correspondence with Scotland, it is evident that it was these he meant. The vagaries of fashion

are amusing enough. In 1672 fair hair was "verie fashionable," in 1868 golden locks are the rage. "Dark haire," carried the day at Rouen—and light haire "is going out." In the preceding century red hair was in request, and Queen Mary in her portraits is represented as having it, nevertheless we suspect her majesty had a fine collection of wigs of various colours, which she used according to the exigencies of fashion, whatever might have been the natural colour of her hair.

The last article, entitled Gall and Honey, is said to have proceeded from the pen of Mr Robert Calder—sometimes called Caddel—who was one of the presumed authors of the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed.

Major Weir, who is introduced by Calder into this satire, was a distinguished warlock of his time, and a very particular friend of "Sathan." This intimacy was productive of fatal results, as it led to his being burnt for crimes, of which witchcraft was the least, in the year 1670. "He was dreaded for his sorceries, and admired for his gift of prayer."\*

After his apprehension, Weir desired the presence of the minister of Ormiston, to whom he confessed his manifold iniquities—an exceedingly foolish step on his part, as the reverend gentleman was a principal witness against him on his trial. There was evidence without it of his other criminal offences, irrespective of the absurd charge of sorcery.

Weir's reputation for sanctity and his facility of praying had for a number of years rendered his presence a comfort to those who were sick and in trouble. Upon occasion of his visits he always took his cane, without which he was unable to give religious consolation, and he uniformly leant upon it when in the act of praying. Common report asserts that this cane was his familiar spirit, and the devil had told him, that so long as he had it in his hand no earthly power

\* Arnot's Criminal Trials, p. 348.

could hurt him. When carried from prison for execution, he held it in his hand ; and when the fagots were attempted to be set on fire which were placed around him, they would not burn, although every effort was made to raise a flame, to the astonishment of the crowd assembled to witness his death. The executioner was told to remove the major's cane. It was forcibly wrenched from his grasp, and the torches applied to the wood, which instantly ignited, and in due time the unhappy wretch was reduced to ashes. The stick, when removed from Weir, flew up in the air and disappeared.

Sinclair, in his "Satan's invisible world discovered," asserts that the stick was consumed with its owner ; but the traditionary account now given, the editor heard some fifty years since from an old lady who, when a girl, resided near the scene of the major's abominations.

Arnot says that in his time, 1785, "so great was the horror entertained for Major Weir, so general was the belief that his house was possessed by devils, that almost for a hundred years no person would inhabit it. At this minute it is not occupied as a dwelling house, but as a smith and wool-comber's shop." Fifty years after the date of this work, the same feeling of horror prevailed ; and even now, although modified, the impression that there is something unearthly about it remains. It was situated near the top of the West Bow. The tenement above it was in the lower part used as a bookseller's shop by a person of the name of Main, who was well versed in the traditions of the place, and after he left it by the Messrs Nelson, who carried on there originally the business of publishers.

Weir was born near Lanark in Clydesdale, and had originally held a lieutenancy in a regiment which served in Ireland. Of his promotions no record has been preserved. It is very likely that he was with Cromwell when he overran that unhappy country. Sinclair says he had som

public command in Edinburgh, but how he got the title of major he did not know.

From his covenanting opinions, which were the same as those of Weir, *alias* Lowrie of Blackwood, of whose lineage nothing is known, it is not unlikely they may have been connected. They flourished about the same time, Lowrie having been chamberlain of the Marquis of Douglas, and the traducer of the Marchioness. They both were natives of Lanarkshire.

The Major was burnt between Edinburgh and Leith, at a place called the Gallow-lee, on Thursday, the 14th of April 1670. He was then seventy years of age. His sister, who was not very much younger, was not hanged until afterwards.

### **Lines on Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate.**

Quam formosa tua et facies tenebrosa Stewarte,  
Quam simplex, duplex, quam falsum pectus honesti,  
Quam verax, mendax, Oh! quam suavis, amarus,  
Quam celeste tecum meditans terrestria pectus,  
Tuque colens Christum, cœlum nec Tartara credis,  
Non mirum quamvis ludis utraque manu.

#### PARAPHRASED.

How wonderous are the features of thy face,  
Where smyles and frowns by turns assume their place.  
That gloomy cloud which on thy brows does sit,  
Speaks thy deep judgement and thy dangerous witt.  
Thy visage is an emblem of thy heart,  
Where every passion acts a different parte.  
A subtile serpent, now a harmless dove,  
All rage and furie—in a moment love.

By nature false, yet honest if thou please,  
 Honey or gall, speak truth or specious lyes,  
 Such Proteus shapes you can put on with ease.  
 A Saint in show, but in a carnall mynd,  
 A slave to mammon's drossie part inclyn'd.  
 Heav'n thou pretends to seek, but heaven does know,  
 All thy desires are centered here below.  
 Wheedling's thy trade, and spite of all commands,  
 Thou findst the art to play with both the hands.

### **Other lines on Sir James.**

Sir James Stewart thou'lt hing  
   in a string,  
 Sir James Stewart, knave  
   and rogue thou art,  
 For thou ne'er had a true heart  
   to God or the King,  
 Sir James Stewart thou'lt hing  
   in a string.

### **Gall or Money for Sir James Stewart, her Majesty's Advocate.**

GALL.

My heart, my heart, take this propyne,  
 Sent by a stipendless divyne ;  
 Who, when he goes to Aberdeen,  
 Must seik protection from the Queen,  
 Against your Presbyterian currs ;  
 Who to our stipends sticke like burs ;

So thou to mammon sticks like birkie,  
 And keeps the Whigs in ev'ry kirkie,  
 Thou plotting trickie Laird of Gutter,  
 The honest clergies persecutor,  
 And this thou does for worldly pelf,  
 Its nyne years since thou hang'd thyselfe.  
 Of law thou makes a Welchman's hose,  
 (I fear this line be true in prose ;)  
 Thou hast a pleasant face and hue,  
 Tho' shame a word of this be true ;  
 Thou pleads the cause of Core and Dathan,  
 Thou'rt subtill like old Nick or Sathan ;  
 Thy shoes are cloven like his foot,  
 Thou'rt souple tho' thou hes the gout,  
 Thou calls thy clients all thy hearties,  
 Yet you'll take money from both parties ;  
 Thou may be drown'd for all thy geir,  
 Or else be burnt like Major Weir ;  
 Or hang'd 'twixt Edinburgh and Leith,  
 Take thou this T——d, to pyke thy teeth ;  
 Thou silver gulfe, thou money glutton,  
 Thou swallowes gold like beefe or mutton,  
 For worldly pelfe thou still does gape,  
 Sathan might think shame of thy shape,  
 For if the Devil assumed thy corpes,  
 And travelled through the Holand Dorps,  
 Thou would terrify the Southerkines,  
 More than a gyzard in black sheep skines,  
 Vex not thy scull nor *pia mater*  
 But give a guinea for this Satyr ;  
 It is a thing thyselfe hes sought,

No reason I should work for nought ;  
 I can write verse lyke Gall or Honey,  
 As you plead any cause for money.

#### HONEY.

Poets (my Lord) have liberty to lie,  
 Satyre and Praise are both alyke to thee ;  
 Such is the temper of thy joviall spirit,  
 For thou'rt known to be a man of witt and merit,  
 Its known thou art weill vers'd in politicks,  
 And so thou art in all the sacred criticks ;  
 Thou can clear things mysterious and dark,  
 We know thy byte is not so ill's thy bark ;  
 In justice then, I doe give thee thy due,  
 And yet there's something in my satyre true.





## VERSES ON BREADALBANE AND QUEENSBERRY.

THE following is the title given by Mylne to the following pasquil, "Lines upon the Earl of Broadalbion and the Duke of Queensberry, the pretended son of George Blair."

This Pasquil refers to the money placed at the disposal of Breadalbane for the pacification of the Highlands. In the Melville and Leven papers, presented to the members of the Bannatyne Club in 1843 by the Honourable William Leslie Melville, many interesting particulars will be found relative to a measure which the Earl of Melville, the King's Commissioner at the time, considered to be injudicious. But King William, thinking as Simon Lord Lovat, next century did,\* that money would go a far way in the Highlands, took his own way, and Breadalbane, as the distributor of what was remitted, considering that charity begins at home, no doubt took very good care of himself.

William's autograph letter to the Earl is in French, and does not show that his majesty was very proficient in that language. It is dated

*Kinsinton ce 20 de Mars 1690.*

Par la lettre jointe, vous vaires mes intensions a l'eguard de l'adournement de mon Parlement en Ecosse, jusques a ce que celle d'Angletere sera leve dont la cession ne sera que d'environ trois semaines. Il sera necessaire que vous tachies a gagner Mr Bredalbin, afin que par son moien l'on tache a separer les Rebelles. Et je suis content de donner une bonne somme d'argent, ay jait remestre les 4000 lb. que le

\* Letter from Lovat to Lochiel.

committie des affaires de geurre m'avoit demande, pour executer ce qu'ils ont projette. L'espere que les fregattes qui sont parti il y a si long temps feront arrive. Aujourdhuy est parti Slezer avec l'artillerie et munitions de geurre. Sores assure de la continuation de mon amitie.

WILLIAM R.

The Earl Melville, having better means of forming an opinion as to the propriety of entrusting Breadalbane with money, and doubting its effect exceedingly even if properly and fairly distributed, was disposed to advise very different steps, and so far as can now be judged, preferable to those adopted. His Lordship well knew that if the King and his ministers were suffered to be so very "squeezeable," to borrow a designation not long since applied to weak governments, there would be perpetual drains upon the Public purse, and "honest Broadalbion," as he is called in the satire, would be speedily demanding more "secret service money."

Colonel Hill, who had the command of the forces in the Highlands, addressed a letter, 26th June 1691, from Fort William to Melville, in which occurs this passage: "My Lord Broadalbine is come to the countrey, haveing his remissione in his pocket, as also my Lord Athole, and they have obtained a Commissione, and have undertakin to settle the Highlands. Breadalbine is the manager, and hath mett with M'Leane, Lochiel, and some others, but I find he hath done nothing with them, they, especially his cousine Lochiel, will not trust him. He tells them, the money he has for them is locked up in a chist at London, but they believe (iff he say true in that) he will find a way to help a good part off it to himself. Buchan, Glengary, Sir George Barclay, and others, are gone through the Braes to his house at Glenurchy. This (*prima facie*) looked somewhat strange, that a man who had been bouying them up all this while in rebellione, and kept constant correspondence with Buchan, should now

be trusted to settle them." Hill objects unhesitatingly to payment of any money to these slippery gentry.

Melville lost the confidence of the King, but the cause has never been ascertained. In 1691 his Lordship prepared a very elaborate and distinct narrative of his actings as his Majesty's representative, from which a paragraph relating to the "honest" Earl has been extracted.

"As for the business of Breadalbans treaty with the Highlanders, I shall presume to say, that tho' before your Majestic came from Holland and since, before you was putt to so great expense as you have since been putt to, that it was fitt to take off by money some of the chieff of the Highlanders, and that it was your Majesty's interest to have as many of the Highland superiorities in your own hand as could be fairly purchased without doing violence to any particular person; But I must take the boldness also to say, that I did and doe think that the obligeing of the heads of the Clans to give good security for the peaceable behaviour of their dependants, would have been a surer foundation of peace amongst men, who can be tied by no faith, and this was that which the law did allow. I do not see indeed any great prejudice to the publick interest by Breadalbans articles in so farr as they relate to particular persons, nor do I take upon me to condemne the granting of an indemnity to the Highlanders for their rebellion against your Majesty's government; but I durst never have advised the freeing of them from all obligations to make satisfaction for the depredations and robberies committed by them against your Majesty's best subjects, this being the thing which is grievous to your Majesty's faithful servants. As for the affronts which some did putt upon me in the management of that and other businesses, though I could not but be sensible of them, yet respect to your Majesty's service did make me burie in silence my resentments, though I regrated more upon a nationall account than my own."

Monarchs are usually displeased when ministers speak their mind, as Melville did in respectful opposition to the project of subjugating the Highlanders by money. On this and some other matters the monarch and his commissioner disagreed. Melville was removed from his high position, and appointed to the insignificant office of Keeper of the Privy Seal about the end of the year 1691, and in 1695 was made President of the Council. He retired from public life in 1701, upon the demise of William, and died in 1707.

The precise amount of money obtained by Breadalbane cannot be ascertained, but it must have been very considerable, and the distrust of Lochiel his cousin and the general belief, that whether it was kept in a "chist" in London or elsewhere, a great part would be retained by the "honest" nobleman, has every appearance of being well founded.

Robert Mylne, in a note, calls Queensberry the son of George Blair. This refers to a person of that name who was chamberlain to the Queensberry family, and who, in 1677, was also factor for the city of Edinburgh. These chamberlains were apparently persons of influence, for Weir, *alias* Lowrie of Blackwood, the chamberlain of another Douglas, had sufficient address to induce the weak-minded and puritanical Marquis, to separate from his young, beautiful, and loving spouse, upon a charge which the silly husband never attempted to prove, when pursued for aliment. The individual whose paternity the zealous Jacobite was pleased to question, was the third Earl of Queensberry, and an able and energetic man. He was created Marquis of Queensberry and Earl of Drumlanrig 21th Feb. 1680, and Duke of Queensberry 3d Feb. 1683. He died in 1694 at the age of 58, and was buried with much funeral solemnity at Durisdeer, where a stately monument was erected to his memory. In the "Scots Compendium," London 1756, sixth edition, he is described as "One of the greatest and worthiest men of that age." He rebuilt the Palace of Drumlanrig and

embellished the environs. His garden is represented to have been the finest in North Britain. He furnished his residence with a noble library, which was sold in Edinburgh in 1810, after the death of the last male descendant of the body of the builder, upon whose demise the Dukedom of Dover became extinct. The Marquisate of Queensberry passed to Douglas of Kelhead, together with a portion of the entailed lands as heir male. The March Estates went to the Earl of Wemyss, and the Queensberry Dukedom and the Drumlanrig property to his grace of Buccleugh.

In the collected works of Robert Ker of Gilmerton, there occurs the ensuing curious account in verse of the "Spring and Rise of the house of Queensberry," occasioned by seeing Drumlanrig built by the first Duke.

I came some further on my way,  
 A fair palace I did espy !  
 I said, what way was this foundation laid,  
 By the oppression of some lairds ;  
 The superstructure was carried on,  
 By shedding of the blood of men !  
 And then the capstone its put on,  
 And this does make men sigh and groan.  
 Altho' that house should reach the sky,  
 God's judgement will make some men cry ;  
 My Lord Drumlenrick is in his stile,  
 That Traitor did Scotland beguile ;  
 If you would read the coat of arms,  
 You'll see he's com'd of bastard bairns ;  
 He is but of a Bastard sort,  
 And they'll prove nothing but as Scots.  
 There is some Parks they have inclos'd,  
 And many families they raz'd :  
 They have join'd house and house together,  
 There's a curse upon him, and some other.  
 He has a monument at Disdear,  
 Himself shall become one some year.

These lines are worthy of Scott of Satchell, whose genealogical lucubrations in verse seem to have inspired the Gilmerton feuar with a desire to become his rival.

The Earl of Drumlanrig succeeded to the Dukedom, and was so much esteemed by Queen Anne, that she created him Duke of Dover in England. He was Secretary of State for Scotland, an office he held until his death in July 1711.

Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Clerk Register and Justice-General, was made Viscount of Tarbet by King James VII., and Earl of Cromarty by Queen Anne. He died in August 1714, in the 84th year of his age. He was the author of a Dissertation on the Gowrie Conspiracy.

Linlithgow, was George the 4th Earl. He was a Privy Councillor of William III. and one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. He married Henrietta, daughter of Alexander first Lord Duffus, but had no surviving issue by her. In a letter dated 9th July 1689, addressed by the Duke of Hamilton to Lord Melvill, mentioning certain designs against government, his Grace refers to the confession of "one Scott," who he states to be "the Goldsmith's sone whoes mother E. Lithgow maryed." This probably was a second wife, but the peerage writers afford no information on the subject. They are much too "polite," as Lord Hailes says, to record mesalliances. He died in 1695. His nephew and successor, joining in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted of high treason and his estate forfeited.

### **Verses on Breadalbane and Queensberry.**

Quoth honest Broadalbion, to the son of George Blair,  
 "Since the gear is agoeing, let's e'en take our share,  
 Should the scarecrow of Loyalty, Heaven or Hell,  
 Make a man such a fool as forget him nain-sell?

“Na, be God,” quoth the Duke, “we’ll be no longer  
sham’d,  
I’d rather see all the Kings of Christendome damn’d,  
Let Tories or Whigs, knaves or atheists us call,  
My estate is my God, my King, and my all.”

Says Lithgow, “You know my father’s old way,  
Shall we be trampled by dogs?—is all I can say.  
Then down the burn, Davie,\* I’ll follow you tuo,  
And forget all the Bishops of all long agoe.”

Drumlanrig persues with ane air that’s obledging,  
His uncle’s true honour,† and his father’s religion,  
“Let the king save Namure, or be mockt by his foes,  
I’d rather be here with my Lady Montrose.”‡

But thou, George, Lord of Tarbet, art a plain honest  
man,  
Never works, nor plots mischief, let say it who can,  
Cares as much for a God, as for Mahomet’s pigeon,  
Yet canst talk, like old wives, of the French and  
Religion.

Silly Crawford was nothing to you, mighty men,  
He slew but his thousands, as you have your ten,  
Why should Tories live free from death and damna-  
tion,

More than the first Peers and wise men of the nation?

\* The Rev. David Williams.

† General Douglas, an eminent Turn-coat.

‡ Probably the widow of James, third Marquis of Montrose, who died in the prime of life in 1684. She was a daughter of the only Duke of Rothes.

## DE JURAMENTO ILLICITO.

FROM the MSS. of Sir Robert Sibbald. Both the Latin verses, and their translation by Dr Archibald Pitcairn, are equally excellent. Their preservation by Sibbald shows that the intimacy, which had subsisted between these two Physicians, did not suffer much interruption by the knight's temporary Roman Catholic mistake, and the Doctor's roundel on the subject. The attachment of both these persons to the cause of the Stewarts, tended materially to a renewal of their friendship.

**De Juramento Illicito.**

Qui principem abjurat animo lucrandi,  
 Nec jus nec verum curat,  
 Qui principem abjurat,  
 Hoc, ei, ut rem acquirat est causa prædicandi  
 Qui principem abjurat animo lucrandi.

Est regula scripturæ, *sua cuique dentur*,  
 Hoc quibus non est curæ  
 Regula Scripturæ,  
 Mentis sunt impuræ et stigmatè notentur,  
 Est regula Scripturæ, *sua cuique dentur*.

Qui primo proposuerat foedus abjurandi  
 Gentem abhorruerat,  
 Qui primo proposuerat,  
 Nam lites iste moverat et causas altercandi  
 Qui primo proposuerat foedus abjurandi.

Ad sanitatem regis tibi propino,  
 Est Dux nostri gregis,



Ad sanitatem Regis,  
Est fons nostri Legis Jure Divino  
Ad Sanitatem Regis tibi propino,

Englished.

Who takes the abjuration, for love of filthy gain,  
To keep his post and station ;  
Who takes the abjuration.

When comes a restauration, he'll take his word again  
Who takes the abjuration, for love of filthy gain.

The Scripture doth enjoin, give ev'ry one their due ;  
Why then for love of coyn,  
Since Scripture doth enjoin,  
Should falsely one purloyn, and swear against what's  
true,  
Since Scripture doth enjoin, Give ev'ry one their due.

Whoever first did state the oath of abjuration,  
Did Church and Nation hate ;  
Whoever first did state,  
For he's caused much debate, 'mongst people of each  
nation,  
Whoever first did state the oath of abjuration,

A health to the King I do thee propine,  
Who over us should reign,  
A health to the King,  
He's of our laws the spring  
And that by Right Divine,  
A Health to the King I do thee propine.  
Vivat Rex !

## LINES ON THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

WILLIAM, Earl of Crawford, was one of the chief opponents to the continuance of Episcopacy in Scotland, and on that account was ridiculed and satirized by its supporters. Lord Tarbet, better known afterwards as Earl of Cromarty, in a memorial relative to the state of the church in June 1689, for the use of government, commences with stating that "the matter of church government hath been made a pretence for the troubles of Scotland now for 100 years. Episcopacy appears insufferable by a great party, and Presbytery is as odious to the other. The one the more zealous and hotter, the other more numerous and powerful. The present parliament is more numerous of Presbyterians by the new method of election of burrowes; but the major part of the nobility and barones are not for Presbytrety."\*

Crawford was one of the very "hot" and "zealous" Presbyterians, and as the greater part of the nobility and barons were favourers of Episcopacy, it was no small advantage for its opponents to have on their side a nobleman of ancient lineage, whose zeal might make up for mental deficiencies. He had, moreover, the advantage of being supported in the Parliament of 1689 by the burrows, where the vote of any one member was as good as that of another. In this way the Earl, by supporting the majority in point of numbers, had a political weight which he never would otherwise have possessed.

Amongst the Leven and Melville Papers a great number of Crawford's letters, during the years 1689 and 1690, have been printed, which, taken as a test of his lordship's

\* Leven and Melville Papers, p. 125.

acquirements, are not calculated to produce any high opinion of his intellect. They are tedious and dull—filled with scriptural ejaculations—ill spelt, and teeming with flattery towards Melville, who was treated as if he was something more than human. Despite of all the writer's endeavours to palliate the treatment of the Episcopal clergy—the truth that they were very ill-used frequently peeps out. There is very little to instruct or amuse in any of them. The following anecdote relative to an unfortunate curate is curious enough. The Reverend Mr Aird, Crawford says, was represented as a man of great piety, and “turned out by a streach.” His lordship justifies his extrusion by asserting that he not only prayed for the late king, but that he wished “the Lord to put a hook in the nose of the usurper, and send him the way he came.” “If,” continues his lordship, “ignorance be the mother of devotion, he is the most religious man I know.” “Preaching one day on these words, ‘and there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour,’ he was silent about as long, and then told his congregation he did not doubt that they were surprised, but that during the whole time he had been in such raptures, that he wondered he had ever spoken again.”\*

Through Melville, in May 1689, the earl was appointed, to his infinite delight, President of the Parliament that was to follow, but not to the gratification of the Duke of Hamilton—the Lord High Commissioner—who seems to have had a thorough contempt for him.

In the comedy of the Assembly he is, as Lord Whigriddden, described in the *dramatis personæ* as an empty fool; whilst the Earl of Leven is called Lord Huffy, and characterised as a madcap. In the preface to the second edition of this play, Crawford is treated with the greatest possible contempt. Many instances of his stupidity are mentioned, of which one instance may be given. “When the brethren

Leven and Melville Papers, p. 319.

were speaking about the terms of communion with the Episcopal party, he took it they meant the Lord's Supper, whereupon he made a ridiculous speech to that effect." The brethren who had no respect to his dignity told him roughly that he did not know what he was saying; "for they think ill manners as essential to religion as want of sense."

The preface, after other instances of his lordship's ignorance, thus concludes, "For all his pretensions to religion, yet to oblige a friend or compliment one he is afraid of, he will do things both against his conscience and reason, for so he lately told the Viscount of Tarbet he had done, in subscribing an act for his pension. His malice and injustice to the Episcopal clergy, even to those who complied to the civil government, is well known in this kingdom; and that his sense is as little as his estate, which is none at all, no man with any sense doubts."

Lord Crawford was grandfather of the gallant field-marshal, whose life, as compiled by Rolt, is one of the most execrable attempts at biography that ever issued from the press.

By the extinction of this branch of the Crawfords, the earldom devolved on the Earl of Balcarras, who claimed it successfully before a Committee of Privileges, having been enabled by the aid of the late John Riddell, Esq., the learned antiquary and genealogist, to extinguish the male representatives of the different families who stood between his lordship and the last Earl of the name.

In the course of the evidence laid before the Lords on the Committee of privileges, it was proved that Lindsay of Edzell, the undoubted male heir of this ancient race, was reduced before he died to the humble position of a menial.

**Lynes on the Earl of Crawford.**

Of all the worthies who advanced the cause,  
 There's one indeed deserves the chiefe applause ;  
 A genuine Saint, a Whig without allay,  
 Not tainted with the least malignant clay,  
 A true Nathaniel in Presbytrie.  
 Cant, Henderson, and all that yet hath been,  
 Are but forerunners and dark types of him.  
 Ane homi-omrie of fanatique span,  
 Justling by chance, made up the wondrous man,  
 Each atom was a Presbyterian.

Brought from a garden and obscure retreat,  
 Abdolomenus like, to rule the state,  
 Sick herbage now and fading flowers declare  
 The fatall loss of such a gardiner's care ;  
 Yea, the poor tender imps begin to fail,  
 And suffer sadly through their master's zeall,  
 And though he always something doth retaine,  
 As it's no wonder, of the gardiner's mien ;

Yet for a modern statesman he was fit,  
 For both were small—his fortune and his witt ;  
 The two constituents of phanatick Peer  
 Are want of sense, and scarce twelve pounds a-year.  
 Witt was a dangerous tooll in former reigns  
 For arbitrarie counsell and designs ;  
 And a bad fortune well may reckon'd be  
 To being forfeit, just the next degree.

He was the restless Puritan's posthorse ;  
Old sighing hags did chalk him out his course,  
And zealous Websters were his counsellors.  
Then he became knight-errant of the cause,  
And fought his way through all the kingdom's laws ;  
Sense and religion both in triumph led,  
While armies of lewd curates vanquished,  
Would gain his point in spite of policie,  
And conquer by the absolute decree.

One trusty Squair\* he had for all his train,  
Who did a virtual troop of guards contain ;  
He, not being used to plenty, glutts his panch,  
Forsook God's laws, and lusted for a wench ;  
Or if in sacred phrase you needs must have it,  
Went in unto a sister who conceived.

Farewell, my lord, who ne'er shall be forgot  
Till Whigs cease to perjure, lye, cheatt, and plott ;  
Till Struther parks,† as they before have done,  
Produce a tree can laden sixty tun ;  
Till all this come to pass thy name shall be  
Bless'd with a happy immortality ;  
Poor famished curates shall thy praise proclaim,  
And crying orphans echo forth thy name.

\* This was Young of Kirkton, R. M.

† Called Crawford Priory, belonging to the Earl of Glasgow,  
as heir of line of Earl William.

## POPULAR RHYMES, 1689-90-91.

In the first of these it is obvious that the Duke "full of pryde" was his Grace of Hamilton, who is uniformly represented as an imperious and haughty man. The "monkey out of Fife" seems to have been meant either for Lord Melvill or his son Lord Raith, both Fifeshire men. In Lord Newbottle's "Bannoeks o' Bear-Meal," the son is specially designated "Raithy the monkey."

The popular rhyme in question evidently refers to the displacing of Duke Hamilton as Commissioner, and the appointment of Lord Melville to that high office. The cause of this removal, as stated in a very curious pamphlet, entitled "The justice of resuming the Bishop Rents in Scotland," 8vo, London, 1714, p. 3, was his Grace's refusal to concur in the Presbyterian Church establishment, unless the inferior Episcopal clergy should be allowed to continue in their livings. Lord Melville and his sons, "Raithy" and Leven (rigid Presbyterians), had then King William's ear, and took this opportunity of getting the Duke laid aside. When the matter came before Parliament, his Grace supported his opinion with great good sense and feeling. "We have now," said he, "before us the case of four hundred unfortunate clergymen, who have spent any little patrimony they had in fitting themselves for holy orders; they have come in upon the faith of the nation, and are possessed of livings; the laws are still standing unrepealed in their favour, and they have as good a right to their benefices as I have to my estate, for I have no security but the law of the land." There is good sense and justice in the Duke's argument, but then and since, neither the one nor the other is considered when the chief object is to displace a man in power. His exertions were fruitless; but his rival did not long enjoy his place, as he was very soon after dismissed. It

will be kept in remembrance that the Duke was in general a steady adherent of King William, and was consequently as obnoxious to the Tories as either Lord Melville or "Raithy the monkey."

The subsequent rhymes all refer to the three sons of the Earl of Melville, who married Katherine, daughter of Alexander Lord Balgony, eldest son of Alexander, first Earl of Leven. Besides his three sons, Melville had a daughter married to Robert Balfour, the fourth Lord Burleigh.

His lordship's eldest son, Lord Raith, held the high office, and sat in Parliament as Lord "Thesaurer depute" until his death, which took place before 21st of May 1700, when Adam Cockburn of Ormiston was appointed his successor. Lord Raith had no issue.

David, the second son, through his mother, became Earl of Leven, which ultimately took precedence of the Melville title. The third son James was a peat, or pet, of which occupation explanation has already been given. From the high position of his father and the influence of his brother, he no doubt made a very good thing of it.

Lord Balgony, who predeceased his father, the first Earl of Leven, married Lady Margaret, daughter of John, sixth Earl of Rothes, and by her had, besides Lady Melville, Alexander, second Earl of Leven, who espoused Margaret, sister to Charles, Earl of Carlisle. Lamont notices, July 15, 1664, the death of the Earl, "being but a young man, at his seat of Balgonie. He died of a high fever after a large carouse with the Earl of Dundie,\* at Edinburgh and the Queensferry." It was reported that on crossing the Firth, they drank sea-water, "one to another," and after landing were dreadfully sick. He was buried at Markinch, 3d August following. His funeral sermon, being, says Lamont, "the first one in Fyfe for the last twenty-four years past or more," was preached by Mr. John Robertson, minister of

\* Scrymgeour, who lived till June 1668.



Edinburgh, who had formerly been his chaplain. His Countess, "a tender weake woman," speedily followed him, as she died at Edinburgh, on the 30th of September thereafter. Her body was brought to Wemyss, and from thence transferred to Markinch. They had no son, and only two daughters, Margaret and Katherine. The former died in 1674. In this way Katharine became Countess of Leven in her own right. She was the wife of Mr Francis Montgomery, but survived her marriage a very short time. Upon her death, David Melville was served heir to her in April 1682, and succeeded to the Earldom of Leven. He brought with consent of his father, for he was a minor, a reduction of her contract of marriage upon the ground of minority and lesion. It was averred that the Lady had been forced to marry Montgomery, by her uncle the Duke of Rothes, although "she was diseased," and according to the opinion of learned physicians, incapable of having children. Rothes threw everything he could in the way of preventing the Earl being served heir of entail to his cousin, and at one time, 20th February\* 1677, was able to stop the service during "the possibility of a second son of my Lord Chancellor's body, for the Devil must byde his day." On pronouncing the interlocutor in favour of the Chancellor, this Roundell was made :—

Ens Reale (id est Melville's, 2d son) craves to be preferred,  
 Ad quantum et ad quale, Ens Reale,  
 But I (id est the Chancellor) say, nihil tale  
 Unless I be interr'd,  
 Ens Reale craves for to be serv'd.

Melville asked a further hearing and waited patiently till the arrival of Lauderdale, who "turnes the chasse," on the 24th July following, by his overawing the Chancellor's friends, and obtaining letters of administration from the

\* Historical Notes, vol. i. p. 140.

Crown (1st August) to Melville as *Pater Patriæ*, to his second son David. Thus *Ens Reale*, ultimately came off victorious to this extent, though unable to reduce the marriage contract, by means of which the Leven estate was seriously injured.

Next came the great competition between Montgomery and Earl David, as to the family jewels, in which one interesting point was the subject of much discussion. The first Earl of Leven, before his elevation to the Peerage of Scotland, had been one of the chief generals of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, as Major Dalgetty calls him, who had presented Lesley with "the Great Jewell, called the Jewell of the Family." This, it was contended, was not only airship, "but the Earl by his Testament, had prohibited alienation *extra familiam* and ordered it to remain as the Jewell of the house."

The decision was, 27th July 1683: "That the Great Jewell gifted by the King of Sweden must belong to the Family, and that the Jewell is the airship Jewell, and that the rest of the jewells are not airship moveables."

## Popular Rhymes.

### I.

There was a duke so full of pryde  
 There durst no man come neeria,  
 Till cam a monkey out of Fife,  
 And dang him tops o're tiria.

### II.

Three brave chins as any man may see, sir—  
 There's huffie chin, and muffle chin, and chin of  
 gravitie, sir;  
 And if your chin be out of mod, goe ye to the baillie,  
 sir.

## III.

'Three brave sons, and all gallant statesmen—  
'There's crooked son, and wicked son, the third son is  
a pate, man ;  
And if your purse be full enough, it will end all  
debate, man.

## IV.

Three brave laws, and all weell keeped—  
The perjur'd law, the assurance law, and all your  
chimney sweeped.



## BANNOCKS OF BEAR-MEAL.

In the Jacobite Relics this satire on the Whigs is ascribed to Lord Newbottle, and in all probability correctly, for although Hogg does not say from what MS. he procured the copy printed, there is no doubt that it was from one of Robert Mylne's, whose notes are tolerably accurate, although not unfrequently tinged by a strong party feeling for the Stewarts.

Robert, Earl of Lothian, Earl of Ancrum, and Lord Newbottle, was the eldest son and successor of William, the third earl. Notwithstanding this clever but violent attack on the Revolution party, his Lordship was open to conviction, and, after due consideration, thought it better, both on his own account and that of his country, that he should obtain increase of dignity and comfortable places under the government of the king *de facto*, than waste his talents in solitude and obscurity lamenting the exile of the king *de jure*. He accordingly gave his services to the public, as Lord Justice General and Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, and in 1701 was rewarded by William with the Marquisate of Lothian. He married a daughter of the Earl of Argyle, and by her, who died 31st July 1712, had his successor William, who, as the following extract from Wodrow's *Analecta* indicates, did not stand very high in the reverend gentleman's estimation:—"I am told," says Wodrow, in 1725, "the young Marquis of Lothian is one of the most promising of our young noblemen. He was still sober, but now is reconed religious. May it hold, as, alace! his father's did not."\*

In the printed version, Chinnie is called Clunie, an error no doubt arising from Mylne's autograph, which occasionally is rather crabbed. Chinnie of course means Lord Melville

\* Vol. iii.

—a nobleman very distasteful to the Jacobites—who was so called from his chin projecting rather more than is usually the case. It is somewhat remarkable that this peculiarity should still be retained by some of his lordship's descendants. It seems, like the Austrian lip, to be an indubitable mark of origin, but with this recommendation, that it does not disfigure, but rather improves the facial appearance.

The following explanation is “from an old commentator,” as Hogg calls Mylne:—

“Chiinnie, Lord Melville, from the height of his features (chin it should be). Raithy, Lord Raith. Little Pitcunkie, Melville's third son. Leven the hero (Melville's second son), who whipt lady Mortonhall with his whip. He is the Lord Huffle of Dr Pitcairn's Assembly, where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers. Cherrytrees Davie, Mr David Williamson, who did lie with Murrey's (of Cherrytrees) daughter, when pursued by the troopers (having been hid in her bed). Greenock, Dickson, Houston, taxmen of the customs. They were Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr R. Young? Borland is Captain Drummond, a great turn-coat rogue. Grave Burnet, Old Gribto (Bishop Burnet, it is presumed). Mennie, Willie, and Annie, Prince and Princess of Orange and Princess of Denmark. Argyle he was killed (received his death wound) in a brothel near North Shields.” Geordie, means George, the Prince of Denmark, who is said to have been fond of his glass, and to have communicated this partiality to his wife, who was sometimes called by her enemies Brandy Nan.

It is presumed that Gabriel Semple, minister of Jedburgh, is the clergyman meant. Wodrow mentions that he had “a habite when preaching of putting out his tongue and licking his lips very frequently. There was a fellow that used to ape him, in a way of mock, and one day, in a drunken caball, he was aping him and putting out his

tongue, and it turned stiff and senseless, and he could not draw it in again, but in a few days died."\* Wodrow is not very sure about this judgment on the foolish drunkard for ridiculing the reverend gentleman, and wishes some confirmation, but as nothing more is said on the subject, it may be inferred that he was not successful in his inquiries. In another part of his amusing collection, our author gives an anecdote about the Jedburgh minister, in which three gentlemen were prematurely cut off, because they left the church one Sunday during sermon!!

According to Jamieson, "Soudie means a gross heavy person, one who is big and clumsy." Crowdie, meal and water in a cold state mixed together, so as to form a thick gruel. Bannock means an oat cake kneaded with water only, and baked on a girdle.

### **Bannocks of Bear-Meal.**

Chinnie the deddy, and Rethy the Monkey ;  
 Leven the hero, and Little Pitcunkie ;  
 O where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy ?  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politicks dings all the nation,  
 As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion ;  
 And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of Levy,†  
 Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherrytree Davy.

There's Greenock, Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,  
 For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what think ye ?  
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy ?  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

\* *Analecta*, vol. ii. p. 187.

† Young of Kirkton.

There's honest Mass Thomas and sweet Geordie Brodie,  
Weel kend William Veitch and Mass John Goudy,  
For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy,  
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lassies,  
There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses ;  
They preach well, and eat well, and play well at  
noudy,  
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Macky for lying, lean Lawrence for griping,  
Grave Burnet for stories, Dalgleish for his piping,  
Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,  
And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,  
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater ;  
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy ?  
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,  
For lying, for drinking, for swearing, enormous ;  
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie ;  
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,  
The reproach of mankind and disgrace of our nation ;  
Deil hash them, deil smash them, and make them a  
soudy,  
Knead them like bannocks and steer them like croudy.

## PASQUIL ON LORD LEVEN'S MARRIAGE.

As previously mentioned, the Earl of Leven, a zealous Presbyterian, is introduced in the Comedy of the Assembly as Lord Huffle. Mylne says that his Lordship, having been reproved by the Lady Mortonhall for hunting in her park without her permission, "switched" her "with his rod." The noble Lord was, at the time, Governor of Edinburgh Castle.

These "lines on Lord Leven's marriage with the Countess of Weemes daughter," are from Mylne's MSS.

The Countess was a peeress in her own right, and her mother Margaret, after whom she was called, was, 1st, the widow of Lord Balgony, and, 2nd, of Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleugh. Her third husband was David, third Earl of Wemyss. The only child of this last marriage succeeded her father in 1679, and married Sir James Wemyss, created Lord Burntisland for life, who died in 1681, leaving by the Countess his wife, one son, and two daughters, the eldest of whom, the Lady Anne, married the Earl of Leven. Her mother was consequently sister uterine of Alexander, second Earl of Leven, and of Catherine, wife of George, Lord Melville.

Mass David Williamson, who sang the "Nuptial Hymne" after the bedding of the noble couple, was the Hero of Cherrytrees. Before coming to Edinburgh, he was a preacher in Aberdeen, and Wodrow says that whilst there, instigated by the Jacobites and Episcopalians, on a Sunday, a crazy fellow, during the minister's progress to the church, danced and sang before him the song of "Dainty Davy," for which offence the poor wretch died in the evening. This, whether true or the reverse, affords a curious confirmation of the



legend that the song was originally composed upon Williamson.

Wodrow has also this anecdote of Williamson. Whilst preaching in Edinburgh, "a ratton" suddenly made its appearance, and very coolly sat down on the Bible, from whence the preacher had selected his text, and which lay open on the desk beside him. Astonished by this unusual apparition, he stopped in the middle of his discourse and declared it to be a messenger from heaven to warn him of his approaching dissolution—dismissed his congregation, and sickened. This took place some months before February 1702, but as he did not die until the 6th of August 1706, the rat must have been a device of Satan to frighten the worthy man.

Williamson must have recovered from his alarm speedily, for he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly which sat on the 6th of the following month. Upon this occasion a Latin epigram was circulated, which Mylne thus describes:—"On a Star appearing at noon, when the General Assembly sat down, 6th March 1702, and Mr. David Williamson being Moderator chosen thereto."

Solus ut hic Phœbus, solitum astra vicissim  
Nunc simul alma Venus, suus et Moderator Apollo.

### **Pasquil on Lord Leven's Marriage.**

In fertile Weemes, that soull-refreshing place,  
Under the droppings of the dew of grace,  
Dorinda lives, the honour of her race,  
Pride of our kirk, and glory of our aige.  
Her all and every part was formed so weill,

No prelat member did the rest excell,  
But parity in every limb did dwell.  
So perfect all did justly her account  
A transumpt of the patron of the mount.\*  
Dorinda—only fit for Ajax love—  
Ajax, who thunders from his rock of Jove—  
Ajax, who doth with birchen sceptre reign  
O'er all the frightened ladies of the plaine.  
No superstitious rite or idle jest,  
But godly psalms did grace the nuptiall feast ;  
Instead of garter los'd, or stocking flung,  
Sex double verse to Martyr's tune were sung.  
The bride was bedded by the word of God,  
Ane patron of reformed kirks abroad.  
In the next place, a posset made of sacke,  
Which gravely as the sacrament they take,  
After some disputes, curious and nice,  
About postures in the time of exercise,  
Sex loud Precenters solemnly did sing;  
The sacred crowd danced in a holy ring,  
Until good sweet Mass David did begin,  
Inspired with sack to sing his nuptiall hymne.

\* Edinburgh Castle, of which the Earl of Leven was Governor. The "birchen sceptre" was the "switch" which he used to chastise the Lady Mortonhall.

## SONG ON WEMYSS AND LEVEN.

THE following "Song on the Earl of Weems being made High Admiral, and the Earl of Leven, Generall, March 1706," is from Mylne's MSS.:—

The Earl of Wemyss was the brother-in-law of the Earl of Leven, whose marriage with Lady Anne Wemyss is the subject of the preceding lines. He was one of the commissioners for the treaty of union with England, and was thereafter one of the sixteen peers for Scotland in the first and second parliaments of Great Britain. He received the office of Lord High Admiral in 1706 from Queen Anne, and after the Union held the office of Vice-Admiral from 1708 until 1714. He died in 1720, leaving, by his Lady Ann, a daughter of William, first Duke of Queensberry, James, his successor, who, by marriage with the daughter of the notorious Colonel Charteris, acquired a vast increase of estate.

The Earl of Leven was one of the Privy Council of King William III. On the accession of Queen Anne, he was continued in his post of Governor, and was made Master of Ordnance. He was a commissioner for the Union, and subsequently one of the sixteen Scottish peers. In 1708, he was commander-in-chief of all her majesty's forces in Scotland. He died in June 1728.

The French invasion upon this occasion, ended in smoke. There had been a serious intention to attempt a landing, and armaments were prepared at Dunkirk for that purpose. It appears that Lord Leven did all he could for the safety of Scotland, but that the government of England had been negligent.—See Chamberlaine's History of Queen Anne. Folio, Lond. 1738.

**Song on Wemyss and Leven.**

Let all our foreign enemies  
Attack us, if they dare—a,  
Since Weems is Neptun of our seas,  
And Leven the God of War—a.

Let the bold boasting King of France  
Send out his mighty fleet—a,  
Weems with his Tritons shall advance,  
And all the navy meet—a.

The Triton Hamilton shall show  
His skill in sea affairs—a ;  
He'll sink the great Tholouse, and blow  
Their vessels up by pairs—a.

Gordon, when thus the fight begun,  
With Campbell shall advance—a ;  
They'll sink a ship, with every gun,  
And chace the rest to France—a.

But if our English neighbours dare  
The river Tweed to cross—a,  
Leven, the thundering God of War,  
Shall drive them back with loss—a.

Lothian the great shall lead the van,  
And Grant bring up the rear—a,  
Grant bred in arms, a valiant man,  
And Lothian a worthie peer—a.

## DIALOGUE ON THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM.

1703.

According to Nisbet,\* the first of the surname of Brody, or Brodie, "was one Michael, son of Malcolm," who got "the Lands of Brody in the reign of King Robert I., and from the Lands took the surname of Brodie." His authority for this are the manuscripts of Sir George Mackenzie. He then continues, "from him is descended the present Laird of Brody. The family, it seems, has been in use, as chief of the name, to carry supporters, viz. :—Two *savages* wreathed about the head and middle, with laurel; and for the Crest, a right hand holding a bunch of *arrows*, all proper, with the motto—Unite."

If the acquisition of the lands of Brodie, in the shire of Moray or Elgin, gave the surname to this Michael, the son of Malcolm, it follows that the antiquity of the family could not be esteemed great in the reign of James the fifth; and explains that line, the meaning of which was somewhat obscure in the ballad ascribed to that monarch, and entitled the "Jolly Beggar,"† in which the goodman's "dochter," after her mistake, exclaims in a rage—

"I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird o' Brodie;

O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the poor bodie?"

The young lady was speedily and satisfactorily enlightened, that the beggar was of higher rank than any "gentleman," or "at least the Laird of Brodie." A family obtaining lands for the first time in the reign of Robert the Bruce, could not, in the reign of James V., be regarded as among the old Baronial Lairds of Moray. Hence the not very complimentary way in which the proprietor at that date

\* Vol. i., p. 261. Folio, 1722.

† Ritson's Scottish Songs, p. 168, vol. i. Lon. 1794.

was named by the young lady, who would, nevertheless, have made no complaint even had her lover been "at least" the Laird of Brodie, although she was in anger when she thought she had been beguiled by a beggar.

At the date of the ballad, Alexander Brodie probably was in possession of the estate. His son, David, was born in the year 1553, and died in May, 1627, at the age of seventy-four. He was succeeded by his son, also named David, who was born in the year 1586, and who died at the early age of forty-six, upon the 22d September, 1632.

His successor was Alexander, the most distinguished man of his race. He was born on the 25th July, 1617, and married, 28th October, 1635, a daughter of the Laird of Innes, who died 12th August, 1640, when only twenty-three years old. Their only son, James, was born 13th September, 1637. Upon the 28th July, 1659, he married Lady Mary Ker, who, "on the 31st July, 1659, did subscribe her covenant to and with God, and became his, and gave herself up to him." \*

Alexander Brodie was appointed a Lord of Session on 22d June, 1649, and took his seat on the Bench 1st of November following. He was held in great esteem by Cromwell, who, in June, 1653, invited him to London to treat of an union of the kingdoms; but, according to his diary, he resolved, with the strength "of the Lord, to eschew and avoid employment under Cromwell."

Lord Brodie is represented as a gentleman of shining piety. His diary, even as originally printed, is tedious and uninteresting; and the enlarged edition by the Spalding Club is still more so. That he was an able and honest man is undoubted, and his brethren, the Commonwealth Judges, are generally reputed to have been equally so; but Brodie, from being a Scotchman, and having many relations and friends, is entitled to more praise, than those

\* Diary of Alexander Brodie, Esq. Edin. 1740, 8vo, p. 19.

who, being unconnected with the country where they administered justice, had neither kith nor kin to provide for. His Lordship died in 1666, and was survived by his son, James, who, in August, 1680, was served heir to him in the lands of Brodie.

This gentleman entertained the same strong religious opinions as his parent, and, as a necessary consequence, was obnoxious to Government. From Fountainhall we learn that the "Brodies" were punished, with other Morayshire proprietors, "for their ladies' Conventicles;" and that the Laird of Grant was the only one of the number who got off. The fines were disposed of after the usual fashion of such things in Scotland. In vindication of the law, it was necessary to send some person of rank to the north. The Earl of Kintore was selected for that purpose, and he discharged his duty well and promptly. Having mulcted the offenders pretty smartly, he, by the help of Queensberry,—and the Earl of Strathmore, by the influence of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Middleton,—got a gift of the fines between them. Thus, Kintore, the Judge who laid on the fines,—subsequently, as King's Donator, pocketed one half of them—the other going to Strathmore, who had, so far as appears, nothing to do with their imposition.

The lines that follow are from Mylne's MSS., and are called "A Dialogue betwixt the Laird of Brodie and Lillias Brodie, anent King William, pro and con." This is followed by the name of the speakers, thus—

"LAIRD OF BROADLAND AND LILLIAS BRODIE."

As Mylne had previously designed the male party to be the Laird of Brodie, it would have been better if he had kept to the original designation. Who Lillias Brodie was he does not mention; but she seems to have been a fierce Jacobite, which was not consistent exactly with the politics of a family which had been so severely fined for their religious opinions.

**Dialogue between the Laird of Brodie and  
Lillias Brodie.**

- B.* Here lyes the greatest Prince e'er Europe bred ;  
*L.* Had he not James, his father, banished.  
*B.* A most affectionate and loving Prince ;  
*L.* Had not ambition thrust his uncle hence.  
*B.* A most religious Prince, and most devout ;  
*L.* Had he not crown and mitre both thrown out.  
*B.* The chastest e'er on British throne did mount ;  
*L.* Of him Myn-heer\* can give the best account.  
*B.* A most religious keeper of his word ;  
*L.* His manifestoes still are on record.  
*B.* He never promised once, and after broke it,  
*L.* Save that he fought with articles in his pocket.  
*B.* No innocent blood in all his reign was shed,  
*L.* Save all Glencoe in one night murdered.  
*B.* He saved our country, and advanced our trade ;  
*L.* Witness such product we from Darien had.  
*B.* He acted still with Parliament's advice ;  
*L.* Witness the private Articles of Peace.†  
*B.* His ministers were still most true and just ;  
*L.* Argyle and Stuart for avarice and lust.‡  
*B.* But since he's gone, God save our Sovereign Lady.  
*L.* Amen, says Lillias, she had best pray for Dady.

\* Bentineck. R.M.

† Of Ryswick.

‡ The first Duke of Argyle's immoralities were as notorious as the imperious and abominable temper of his wife, which drove him from her arms. Sir James Stewart, the Lord-Advocate, was a respectable married man, so that the "avarice" mentioned must refer to him.



## THE TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

[IMITATED.]

This is the translation of one of Dr. Pitcairn's Latin poems. It is thus titled—"In imitation of the XII. Ode of the first Book of Horace ; transferring the Scene from Old Rome to the New Constitution of Scotland." It is to be sung to the tune, "Hark ! I hear the thundering cannons roar." It was found amongst the MS. collections of Robert Mylne.

**Twelfth Ode of Horace.**

[IMITATED.]

WHAT Hogan hero, statelie muse,  
 Cargill or Cameron, wilt thou choose,  
 Their praise with bag-pipes to diffuse,  
     Till all the fields resound them.  
 In Pentland hills, or Largo links—  
 In Struther's parks,\* and Leven's brinks,—  
 While Raithie on his fiddle jinks  
     Till all the trees dance round him.

He by material art can bind,  
 The people wavering as the wind ;  
 And by the holy league refin'd,  
     Send Bishops all a grazing.  
 With Father Melville let's begin,  
 For Church and State, when's hand was in,

\* Now Crawford Priory—then possessed by the Earl of Crawford.

He govern'd so, that a shake o's chin  
Set all the town a-gazing.

Than he, none greater ; like him, none ;  
His wit and parts adorn'd the throne ;  
But next to him his godlie son

Dear Jamie had the honour.\*

And thou, brave Leven, who still aspires  
To kindle zeal at Bacchus fires,  
If Lady cross but thy desires,  
Thou'll draw thy whip upon her.

And thou, stout David Williamson,  
Alcides-like, with club comes on,  
As Jove on Leda lights upon

My Ladies fine young daughter.

When thy bright burning star appears,  
It soon dispells all doubts and fears,  
Dreeps holyness instead of tears,  
And turns her sighs to laughter.

Next shall I praise our founder Knox,  
Or Kirkton, preaching all in jokes,  
Or Managers of Jugs and Stocks,  
Stirlin, or Sir John Hall, too ;  
Or shall I sing of zealous martyrs,  
Mitchell and Weir, who died in halters ;  
Or Cleland, who by Highland Tartars,  
Had a severe downfall too.

\* He was Lord Treasurer-Depute.

Raemore and Orrok,\* props of the Cause,  
 Who use no combs but their sharp claws,  
 And hungry Brae, shall have applause,  
     From every Covenanter.

Crawford, like his own trees shall rise,  
 Rules† Roman stile shall wreath him bays,  
 Blest hands to plant a paradise,  
     And preach religious banter.

But Kennedie, for his moderation,  
 Shall have eternal commendation ;  
 He rais'd the honour of the nation  
     By a Newcastle Mercat.‡  
 High Prince, reformer of our State,  
 To thee committed is by fate  
 Great Kennedie, who is thy mate,  
     Whom all malignants bark at ?

His conquests everywhere are seen,  
 From Kelso even to Aberdeen ;  
 He spares not Curates, though the Queen  
     Hath often it requested.  
 He next to thee doth govern, while  
 Thou quells the Tories of this Isle ;  
 And thundering flashes of thy zeal  
     Old prelaie hath blasted.

\* Orrok, a Presbyterian minister, preached against Episcopacy, April 1688. Fountainhall, ii., page 863.

† See Pitcairn's Play, and the Pamphlets of the time, for jests on Rule's execrable Latin.

‡ Kennedie was accused, in the Pamphlets of the Revolution, of getting a share of King Charles the First's blood money.

## PASQUIL ON ARGYLE AND HAMILTON.

The monster mentioned in these verses is thus described by Lindsay of Pitscottie :—" Ane bairne was borne rekoned to be ane man child, who, from the waist up, was tuo fair personages, with all members and portraitours perteaning to two bodies ; and the back of one was fast to the other, but fra the wast down they were bot on persone. The King caused tak great cair upoun the vpbringing of their bodies in on personage, and caused learne thame to sing and play upoun instrumentis, who within schort quhill became verie ingenious and cunning in the art of musick that they could play upon any instrument, the one the tenor, and the other the tryble, very melodiouslie, quhilk moved the people to treit them verrie weill. Also they could speak sundrie leadis ; that is to say, Latine, French, Italianes, Spanisch, Duch, Dense, English, and Irisch. Thir tuo bodies lived twentie aucht yeires, and thean the one of them depairted, quhilk was verie dollorous to the other, quhilk was the longest leiver ; for the quhilk men bad him be merrie, he would answer, " How can I be mirrie that has my brother as ane dead carcase upoun my back who was wont to sing and play with me : quhen I was sad he would comfort me, and I richt so to him ; bot now I have nothing but dollour in bearing so heavie a burtheine, dead cold and dissolved on my back ; thairfor I pray the Almightye God to delyver me out of this lyffe, that we may be laid in the earth togidder quhair fra we came." \*

Finnie, the author of the Pasquil, was, according to Redpath, "curate of Dornoch, and carried himself smoothly with his parishioners till the first year of King James, when he

\* *Chronicles of Scotland*, by Robert Lyndsay of Pitscottie. Edin. 1814, vol. i., p. 246.

preached downright Popery, alledging to the people that they must renounce Protestantism if they would be saved." Whereupon the parish ejected him. He went to Edinburgh, "and sent a party to plunder them for his tithes; but missing of his expectation from his turning Papist, he spent his money, and turned vagabond."\* This story about Finnie preaching Popery is evidently a fiction, invented by Redpath to explain away Finnie's compulsory exclusion from his curacy.

The Duke of Argyle was the celebrated John, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father, 28th September, 1703, and whose introduction in the Heart of Midlothian as the protector of Jeanie Deans, has placed him in a much more favourable light with the world than he merits. Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, who knew him well, in his political memoirs thus describes him:—"He was, in his own person, a most shameless prostitute to power, and extremely avaricious; he would sell nothing but himself, which he continually did with every circumstance of levity, weakness, and even treachery." Wodrow, whose political principles were the same as those of his Grace, had little confidence in him.

To the Duke of Hamilton the Jacobites anxiously looked forward as the individual on whom they might depend should an opportunity arise for restoring the Stewart dynasty. Had he survived the Queen, it is not easy to calculate what might have been the consequence—but it was otherwise ordained. His Grace perished in a duel with Lord Mohun, a profligate young nobleman, who was himself killed in the encounter. The popular belief was that the Duke was unfairly dealt with, and that Mohun's second, Macartney, was his assassin. Had he been captured at the time, his fate may readily be predicted; but he made his escape, and continued concealed until the recogni-

\* Answer to the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence.

tion of the House of Hanover enabled him to return with safety.

On the other hand, the Whigs rejoiced in the removal of so popular an opponent. The following lines were circulated by them after the duel, which shew what they thought of "the brave antelope:"—

Lord Mohūn, the Glory of the Age,  
Has like a Hero left the Stage ;  
If in good humour, or in rage,  
Is doubtful surely.

But Hamilton, we know full well,  
Instead of France, is tript to H——,  
Where he his Embassy will tell  
Most purely.\*

If the Glory of the Age of Queen Anne was profligacy, Lord Mohun was *facile princeps*; for, as Scriblerus remarks, in his immortal treatise—

"None but himself could be his parallel."

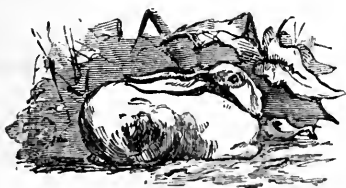
### Argyle and Hamilton Compared.

THE Monstre in King James the Fourth his time,  
Was the great wonder of this northern clime.  
It had two heads and bodies two unite,  
The Senate is a greater wonder yet :  
It hath two heads, one bodie in two split,  
The one head is a monster, *par ma foy*,  
A compound of a female and a boy ;

\* "Political Merriments, or Truths told to some Tune."  
London 1715, 12mo, p. 48.

Which, if we Scripture rightly understand,  
Prognosticats a curse upon this land.  
The boy, and his brib'd squadron, can't escape  
His predecessors exit on a rape.  
They all deserve to die a violent way,  
Who both their Country and their King betray.

The other head is the brave Antelope,  
Tho' enemy to Bishops and the Pope.  
He, and his noble Cavalcade, designe  
To right their native Country and the King.  
Heav'ns prosper their efforts ! and us rescue  
From English thralldom and Hanover too.



## PARODY ON THE 137TH PSALM.

This parody is usually ascribed to Dr Archibald Pitcairn. It was to be sung to "the Tune of the Broom of the Cowdenknows," which, as regards the first part, might answer well enough, but it would require a refrain or second part to make it complete.

It is an early instance of a parody in Scotland upon the Psalms of David. The Book of Godly Ballads was a serious work, intended to withdraw the public from the use of secular songs, and to induce the adoption of religious ones. Pitcairn was just a man to take pleasure in tormenting the Presbyterians; and as they did not scruple to tax him with unsound religious opinions and Jacobitism, he was quite reckless in what he said or did. His wit and humour, his ability as a physician, his liberality to the poor, his generosity to his friends, and his sincerity as an Episcopalian, effectually sustained him in all he either said or did.

At a later date, the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm was parodied with more success by that very excellent and accomplished Scotchman, of whose sound religious faith there never was a question,—who, so honourably to himself, and so beneficially to his country, discharged the arduous duties of Ambassador to the foreign Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin. It was the composition of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B., who styles it "a Paraphrase made at *Sas Van Ghent* when the Regiment was very sickly."

## I.

By Sas's sickly stream we sat,  
And ay we grain'd and ay we grat  
When Scotland we thought on;  
Our bag-pipes hung neglected by,  
The bag was toome, the whistle dry,  
And silent was the drone.



## II.

Now they who brought us to this town  
Cry'd "Lads, why are ye a' cast down,  
Come gie's a Scottish sang."  
But surely we'd be sair to blame,  
To sing our sangs sae far frae hame  
To sic a scurvy gang.

## III.

Auld Reekie I can ne'er forget  
For ony town that I've seen yet  
In a' their foreign lands.  
Gin e'er I do, in time to come,  
I pray that I may be struck dumb,  
And powerless be my hands.

## IV.

How happy would the Dutchman be  
If Britain were sunk in the sea,  
'Twould better their condition.  
But let's gang on as we've begun,  
'Tis to be hop'd we'll spoil their fun,  
And nick them of their fishing.

## V.

Oh, then we'll gar them a' repent  
The sending us to *Sas Van Ghent*,  
We'll pay them for their pains.  
We'll spare them neither young nor auld,  
We'll tak their gaytlings by the spauld \*  
And dad them to the stanes.

Sir Robert's parody on Barbara Allan is excellent. It was made on the Regiment to which he was attached receiving

\* Shoulder. See Jamieson.

orders to march from *Maestricht*\* to *Sas Van Ghent*,† in Dutch Flanders.

## I.

It fell about the month of June,  
Or in the month of July,  
That *Jan de Bach*,\* in the low country,  
Did use us very cruelly.

## II.

A letter by the post he sent  
With news that was right dreary,  
That we must march to *Sas Van Ghent*,  
Of which we'll soon be weary.

## III.

“ Rise up, rise up, young men,” he said,  
“ 'Tis time that ye were stepping ;  
Of the bad air be not afraid—  
Tak' ay the other chappin.

## IV.

“ For dinna ye mind as well as me,  
Breda, where ye were lying,  
The lads that drank came off Scot free,  
While the sober folk lay dying.”

\* *Maestricht*, the capital of the Province of Linburgh, and situated on the river Maese. It is one of the strongest places in the Netherlands.

† A small town and fort—situated on a canal leading from the city of Ghent to the Scheldt. It is provided with sluices, by means of which the country could be laid under water. The change from so agreeable quarters at *Maestricht*, to such a wretched damp village, must have been very disagreeable to the regiment.

‡ Secretary at War.

Many years have now passed away since William Hone was prosecuted criminally for printing and circulating political religious parodies. Of the impolicy of such a measure, there can surely be little difference of opinion. It was injurious to the Crown, as indicating a determination to put down a man whose opinions were offensive to those in power for doing that which had been done without objection for more than a century previously. Lord Ellenborough, who tried the three separate indictments, never, it is said, recovered from the effects of the verdict of the Jury *against* his charge.

### Parody.

#### I.

AT Athole's feet we sat and wept  
When Bothwell we thought on,  
And Pentland Hills, where we were wont  
To randesvouze upon.

#### II.

When he required of us a sang,  
A song of our own nation,  
The de'el a sang had we to sing  
-But the Oath of Abjuration.

#### III.

Our gracious Queen, she is not lyke  
Our griefes for to turne over ;  
But we maun flee to our elect,  
The Emperour and Hanover.

PITCAIRN'S ADDRESS TO GRAY,  
VERSIFIED.

From Fountainhall's MSS. :—" The following poem is a burlesque upon Dr. Gregory's Elegy, writ by Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, and inscribed to Dr. Robert Gray. Dr. Brown of Dolphington (a man of a whimsical fancie) is author of the said merry poem."

Brown was author of the " Character of the True Public Spirit," and a tract, in two parts, entitled " Essay on the New Process for a Land Mint," 8vo, Edin. 1705.

ROBERTO GRAIO, Scoto, Londini, Medicinam profitenti,  
ARCH. PITCARNIUS, Scotus. S.\*

Ille, qui terris latitat Britannis,  
Solus, aut nullo sapiens amico,  
Ille quàm debet miser inquefelix  
Vivere, Grai ?

Audiit nunquam, meditante Stoto  
Carmina Eoas domitura tigres,  
Proximum aut Phœbo Priorum canentes  
Dulcè Camœnas.

Ille quid credat redeuntia astra  
Solus ac Lunæ sibi dedicari,  
Se nisi ut solum miserunque possit  
Sæpe videre ?

\* Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcarnii et aliorum. Edin-  
burgi 1727. F. 46.

**Pitcairn's Address to Gray, versified by  
Broun of Dolphington.**

Archy Pitcairn, the Scot's address,  
To Robie Gray, a Scot beguess,  
At London physick does profess,  
Sends the great letter S,  
Quod est—healthiness.

He who alone in Brittain's land darn'd lies,  
Or wants a friend with whom he may be wise,  
How mis'erable un and happy lives he, pray  
Tell me, Rob Gray?

For he ne'er heard the umquhile sweet singing Stot,  
Who Eastern tygers could quail with his nott,  
Nor how wont to Apollo, prayers, praise,  
Sweet Muses raise.

Why should he think the course of Sun and Moon,  
Are dedicat to him, but that he thereby soon  
Himself alone—and wretched too to be  
As often seen.

How can it by my lonely mind be borne,  
From poor wretched me so many comrades torn,  
That none almost is left but thee, my dea-  
rest Gray, but thee?

Quid putes mî nunc animi esse soli,  
Postque tot raptos inopi sodales,  
Te ferè solo superante, te ca-  
rissime Grai ?

Namque nos liquit decus illud ævi  
Scotici, sic Dî voluere, liquit  
Regiæ stirpis decus atque fama  
Gregorianæ.

Ille Neutonum incolumem lubenti  
Narrat Euclidi, siculoque Divo.  
Miraque augusti docet almus Angli  
Cœpta stupentes.

Deinde Pergæum reducem novumque  
Acris Halleii studiis, sed ipse,  
Quàm graves nuper tulerit labores  
Dicere parcit.

Ista nequicquam memoramus : ille  
Immemor nostri, patruoque gaudens,  
Nos ope et eurâ sapientis orbos  
Liquit amici.

For fled's the honour of the Scottish age,  
The Gods so wish'd—I fear they're in a rage—  
Of Gregory's Royall lyne, the fame and glore  
Shines here no more.

Now gracious he, Euclid and Archimede,  
Which the rich news of Newton's health makes glad,  
With wonders th' august English man hath done,  
He doth them stain.

Then how Pergæus restor'd is and made new,  
By the smart Hally's pains, too, he doth shew,  
But how of late himself hath laboured  
Not a word said.

But we these mind in vain, forgot by him are we,  
Who's gone, his Uncle to enjoy, not see,  
And needy we of a wise friend to boot,  
Left destitute.



## ON THE COUNTESS OF WEEMS HER MATCH WITH THE VISCOUNT OF TARBET.

THE Countess of Wemyss's marriage with Lord Tarbet, (afterwards Earl of Cromarty), which took place 11th April 1700, afforded some merriment on account of the disparity in the ages of the parties—after all it was not such as to create much astonishment. His Lordship was a vigorous old man of seventy, undoubtedly—but his Lady could not have been much under forty—if indeed she was not above it. Had she been twenty years younger there might have been some cause for censure. Strange to say, Lord Cromarty survived his wife (who died in the year 1705) nine years, and departed this life, the 17th day of August 1714, aged eighty-four.

The verses are spirited—the allusion to one of the strange exploits of St. Francis is very happy. This holy personage, as we are informed in the “*Alcoran des Cordeliers*,”—“*fut tenté de prendre femme, et lors il s'encourout tout nud au milieu de la neige, se faisant une femme et des enfans de neige.*” Upon another occasion, when tempted by order of the Emperor Frederic, who caused a beautiful female to be concealed in his bed-chamber, the Saint adopted an opposite course, and as the explanation subjoined to the *curious* print on the subject tell us, “*Il se mit au milieu d'un grand feu, lui disant que c'etoit la son lit.*” Vol. ii. p. 68. Amsterdam, 1734.

### On the Countess of Weems her match with the Viscount of Tarbet.

With Tarbet match'd, the gods betrayed your charms,  
A victim to his cold and wither'd arms.



Tho' haughtie you, whose proud but beauteous eyes  
 Did all your noblest blood, your slaves, despise ;  
 Whose rigid cruelty with scorn did treat  
 The young and brave that languish'd at your feet ;  
 Even your contempt the captive Strephon bore,  
 That noble youth could give you two times more  
 Than e're you felt within your zone before.  
 And now to wed ane old unsavory thing,  
 Who to your bed will cramps and stitches bring,  
 Will serenade in coughs the night away,  
 And then present a ghastly sight all day.  
 What is't, fool dame? what wild, what strange pretence  
 Has in that aukward choice debauch'd your sense ?  
 Was't with the frigid lump to quench the fire,  
 When thoughts of pleasure but renew'd desire,  
 And the young did your softer breasts inspire ?  
 The good St. Francis did your cure allow,  
 He hugged and tumbled with his wife of snow ;  
 Thus quell'd the heat with which his breast did glow.  
 Was it (his) wit and humour you pretend,  
 Scorning the lover to possess the friend ?  
 Then caged by your bed, he might have hung,  
 Where you'd enjoyed his only gift,—the tongue ;  
 But for to stain your sheets he ne'er was meant,  
 I swear by all the gods there's witchcraft in't.\*

\* His Lordship's marriage gave rise to the following lines :

Fortunate senex nusquam non numine notus  
 Siccine amore senem, te coluere deæ.

Thou soncic auld carle, the world hes not thy like,  
 For ladies fa' in love with thee, tho' thou be ane auld tyke.

## JOHN PLAIN'S REPRESENTATION.

THE following Pasquil is entitled "The humble Representation and Petition of John Plain, unto the Deacon Conveiner, and the remanent Deacons of all the Incorporate Trades in this City." It occurs in Davidson's MS., and gives a curious picture of the corrupt civic election practices in 1700.

**John Plain's Representation.**

Renowned Burghers, now into September,  
The tyme approaches as wee may remember,  
When toyles are made amongst Incorporations,  
Which have their end in pretty large collations.  
When in Conveining-houses tradesmen meet,  
And o'er a mutchkin whiles doe make their leit ;  
When proud aspiring Romans through ambition,  
In pynts of wyn to Deacons make petition ;  
When nightly such caballs our taverns fill,  
And votes are bought and sold for double gill ;  
By such unmanly, base, and droucken actiones,  
Our free election is oerturned with factions,  
By men, whom a just God for such hath sent,  
To plague us with unhappie government,  
A mixed Councell, of ill polished tools.  
Some knavish witts, and other some stark fools,  
Some weighed so with will, they neither dow,  
Nor able are, to bear it up the bow.  
Frantikly furious and taking quick offence,  
And some so silly they can scarce speak sence ;

Some honest men, indeed, though with sore heart.  
Wee must confess these form the smallest part.  
Alas ! for such are dayly passing hence ;  
Witness old Thomson, and brave Master Spence,  
Who's zeal and faithfulness did so appear,  
For Edinburgh, as made the rogues to fear.  
Our noble Provost, of renowned name,  
With severall whom I need not name,  
Have as our cities circumstances craved,  
For ought we know, most honestly behaved.  
But sure there have been, and are knaves among us,  
Or whence was all the coyn of Muir and Menzies,  
From copper turners, turned to golden guineas,  
Whose stock not long ago of goods and geir,  
Was not worth half, is now their rents by th' year :  
Why are a great part of our guards discharged,  
Although our stents and burdens are enlarged ?  
Pray how is all our common good destroyed  
And to what uses is that good employed ?  
Our debts instead of lessening are increased,  
The proud exalted, and the poor oppressed ?  
Our publick servants, to our great disgrace,  
Are most pert knaves, or such as need no place,  
Who's crimson noses which in taverns haunt,  
Declare they feed, whilst more deserving want.  
We've needles Hospitals contrived by those,  
Who lead our burgher-masters by the nose,  
To please some tradesmen, and to toom our purses,  
And stead of blessings win the poor folks curses :  
And some affirme that it is no reflectione,  
That F——\* did libb our volluntar collectione ;

\* Bailie Ferguson.

And sure M'Lelland's\* trade did never thrive,  
So well before as since the nyntie-five ;  
Which things, and many men we right well know,  
Before John Hunter's cock left off to crow,  
Have made our citizens to think, I fear,  
Our Michael Musick stands us very dear.  
Therefore, my brethren, let me now exhort you,  
As you would have your conscience to comfort you,  
Upon a deathbed be persuaded then,  
To mind your trust and quit yourselves like men ;  
Let private interest and base selfish ends,  
Which through all corners of our land extends,  
Be laid aside ; let it be understood  
You'll sacrifice such for the publick good ;  
Vote wicked men to doores, and all who wrong you,  
And purge the publicans quite from among you,  
Be zealously couragious ; sett your face  
Against all such as are not fit for place ;  
Of qualified and faithful men make choice,  
Who's government may make us to rejoice ;  
And he who does of all things take inspection,  
Will aid your Counsell in this Election.

This is a speech made by John Plain,  
To Magdalen Chapels honest men,  
And to all tradesmen of the town,  
Except the rogue and the baboon.

Edinburgh, 1700.

\* Sir James Maclellan, Provost of Edinburgh ; his son James claimed the Peerage of Kircudbright in 1741, but never brought the matter before the House of Peers.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON  
OF WHYTLOW.

LOCKHART of Carnwath's account of Lord Justice-Clerk Whytlow is unfavourable. He owed his elevation to his political zeal; he "displayed a forward haughty mind. Betwixt man and man, where he had no particular concern, he was just, but extremely partial where his friend or his own politics interfered. He had a sound, solid judgment, but all his actions were accompanied with so much pride, vanity, ill-nature, and severity. But he was odious to everybody." \* He only held the office of Justice-Clerk a few months before his death, which happened in December 1704.

Lord Whytlow amassed upwards of seven thousand sterling, a large sum in 1704, all which he left to his wife, in order to enable her to *buy*, as was said, a young husband.

**Epitaph on Whytlow.**

## I.

Stand, passenger, and pass not by,  
Till that ye know who here doth lye.  
A Lord he was, some tyme ago deceast,  
Abhorer of King, Prophet, and of Priest.  
And of Archbishops, Bishops, and their kynd;  
Brawler of men who were not of his mynd.  
His means were still his God, his dog his child,  
His wife the Dalilah who him beguiled;

\* Lockhart's Papers, vol. i., p. 107. This was George, the President's eldest son.—He died in March 1732.

His Scripture creed, and his new Gospel light,  
 Were all confined into his claim of right ;  
 For which he's damned, and his body rotten ;  
 He's mock'd by the age, and his practiques forgotten.  
 In hell for ever, he ryves the claim of right,  
 And giv'st King William for his a—— to dight.

### On the Bank and Whytlow.

#### II.

When bank is broak, and Whytlow dead,  
 The rump will run ow'r the head ;  
 When credit's gone, our laws are under,  
 Scotland's low, who can wonder ?  
 When we're Glencoe'd by land and sea,  
 Who will relieve us ? What think ye ?

#### Another.

#### III.

Old Nick was in want of a Lawyer in Hell,  
 To preside o'er the Court there of Session ;  
 So old Whytlow he took, for he suited him well  
 For his tyranny, pride, and oppression.

'Twixt the Devil and Whytlow, the poor wretches  
 damned,  
 Will be sore put about in that hot land ;  
 For since the fierce Justice-Clerk's got the command,  
 They could hardly be worse off in Scotland.

## ON PRIESTFIELD'S LEAD COFFIN.

Of Sir James Dick of Priestfield, now called Prestonfield, the reader has already heard, in the amusing account of his lawsuit with the Duchess of Lauderdale, relative to the swans in Duddingston Loch. He was an extensive speculator, and held at one time the office of Lord Provost of Edinburgh. He used to purchase at the Exchequer sales, a right to such taxes as were exposed to auction, and endeavoured to get a good bargain if he could. In 1686, the Inland Excise upon the breweries having been exposed to competition, Sir James would only offer £19,000 sterling for it, and as this sum, with the excise upon foreign commodities, would not make up the King's quota of £40,000, his offer was rejected. But the Lords, who were the exposers, judiciously put the thing right by subdividing the tax, and in this way some became tacksmen for the excise of the ale of one shire, and some for the ale of another—thus the deficiency was made up. The Lord-Clerk Register, Sir George Mackenzie, afterwards Viscount Tarbet and Earl of Cromarty, thought fit to claim £30 from each of the tacksmen; but “the Lords Exposers” ordered him to subscribe the tacks without any gratuity, the buyers “having it so dear; tho’ he called it his due.”\*

A curious proceeding occurred in December 1684, very different from our modern notions of Parliamentary usage. Sir James Dick, and William Borthwick, a surgeon, had been commissioners to Parliament for Edinburgh, and it had been the practice that he who had been “chosen for a burgh in the beginning of a Parliament, continues during the whole sessions and currency of that Parliament.”† Nevertheless

\* Fountainhall, vol. ii., p. 763.

† *Ibid.*, p. 586.

both were summarily set aside, and Sir George Drummond, the then Provost of Edinburgh, and William Watson, a "Cordiner," put in their place. The pretences were—1st, that Sir James, in August 1682, more than two years before, had offered a bribe to Lord Hatton "at Privy Council;" and that, 2dly, Sir James could not sit in "the Convention of Royal Burrows," but only the actual Provost; and that it was "unreasonable he should represent them in Parliament who cannot be present at the Convention of Burrows." As to Borthwick, it was not considered necessary to assign any reason whatever for his expulsion.

Amongst other speculations of Sir James, was that of importing playing cards from abroad. One Peter de Braweis had procured from the Privy Council the sole right of making playing cards, and an order discharging their importation after the 1st of April 1682. This person was, it seems, not a Protestant, but a Papist; and the gift was in contravention of the Act 1660.\* Nevertheless, Braweis prosecuted Sir James, and one Thomas Young, who appears to have been a sharer in the speculation, who defended themselves on the ground that they had imported the cards before the gift from the Privy Council. The Privy Council refused to allow the foreigner to take possession of the cards thus imported, but found, lest it should wrong his manufacture, that "Sir James and Young should either sell them to De Braweis (who sought two pennies to affix his mark to every stock of them) if they could agree on a price, or to export them, or to keep them at home and sell none of them, under the pain of escheat, for a year or two, till it might appear whether De Braweis will be able to furnish the country with that commoditie himself." From this it may be gathered that gambling with cards was prevalent in Scotland before the Revolution; and that previous to the gift to De

\* Fountainball, vol. i., p. 377.



Braweis, their importation from abroad must have been profitable.

Priestfield was burnt about eight at night, 11th January 1681, by the students of Edinburgh College, during the riots occasioned by the apprehension of the re-establishment of Popery. Sir James was at the time Provost of Edinburgh, and it was falsely reported that he had set fire to it himself, but why he should have done so, is not very intelligible.

### **Upon Priestfield's Lead Coffin.**

Death works great wonders now the Miser's dead,  
And he that fed on silver 's turned to lead ;  
We fear he will not rest, because we're told  
He ne'er slept sound, except 'mongst baggs of Gold.  
Perhaps he has retired, through perfect greed,  
To extract quick-silver from the buried lead.



A SONG ON THE TREATY OF UNION,  
16TH APRIL, 1706.

FROM Mylne's MSS., who prefixes this fitting notice—  
“ There were 31 rogues following that put the bryd in her  
bed.” He adds it is to be sung to the tune of “ Fy, let us  
all to the Wedding.” A version of the song was published  
in the Jacobite Relics.

*The Treaty of Union.*

Fy, let us all to the treaty,  
As there will be wonders there,  
For Scotland's to be a bryde,  
And married be the Earle of Stair.

There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Marr,  
And Morton comes in by the by ;  
There's Lothian, Leven, and Weems,  
And Sutherland, frequently dry.

There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Dupplin,\*  
Lord Archibald Campbell,† and Ross ;  
The President, Francis Montgomerie,  
Who'll amble like any pac'd horse.

There's Johnston,‡ Daniel Campbell and Stewart,§  
Whom the Court has still in their hench ;

\* Earl of Kinnoul.

† Earl of Islay.

‡ Provost of Edinburgh.

§ Campbell of Shawfield and Lord Advocate Stewart.

There's solid Pitmedden and Forglen,\*  
Who minds to jump on the bench.

There's Ormestone, and Tilliecoutry,  
And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton ;  
There's Arniston, and Carnwath,  
Put in by his uncle, Lord Wharton.†

There's young Grant, and young Pennycook,  
Hugh Montgomerie, and David Dalrymple ;  
And there is one who will shortly bear bouk,  
Prestongrange, that indeed is not simple.

Now, the Lord bless the gimp one-and-thirty,  
If they prove not Traytors in fact ;  
But see their bryde weil dressed and pretty,  
Or else—the *De'el* take the pack !

\* Two Judges of the Court of Session.

† Afterwards Marquis of Wharton. His Lordship's sister, Philadelphia, became the wife of Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath. The articles of marriage bear date the 2d September 1679, and are recorded in the Books of Session 11th January 1715. The lady's tocher was five thousand pounds, in return for which she was provided with a jointure of six hundred pounds sterling a-year. Sir George was an eminent lawyer and Lord President of the Court of Session. He was murdered by Chiesley of Dalry, 31st March 1689, on a Sunday morning, from motives of private revenge. There is a very beautiful painting of Sir George belonging to the Faculty of Advocates. His widow married Captain John Ramsay, son of James, Lord Bishop of Ross, who was deprived of his See at the Revolution, and died at Edinburgh, 22d October 1696.

## A CURSE AGAINST THE UNIONISTS AND REVOLUTIONISTS.

MYLNE calls this "A Curse against those that were for the Union and late Revolution." It is severe enough in all conscience.

### *The Curse.*

Scotland and England now must be  
United in one nation ;  
So we again perjurd must be,  
And taik the abjuration.

The Stuarts, antient true born race,  
We must now all give over ;  
We must receive into their place  
The mungrells of Hanover.

Curst be the Papists who first drew  
Our King to their persuasion ;  
Curst be that covenanting crew,  
Who gave the first occasion,  
To a stranger to ascend the throne,  
By a Stuart's abdication !

Curst be the wretch who seiz'd his throne,  
And marr'd our Constitution ;  
Curst be all those who helped on  
Our cursed Revolution !

Curst be those treacherous traitors who,  
By their perfidious knaverie,  
Have brought the nation now unto  
Ane everlasting slaverie !

Curst be the Parliament that day  
They gave the Confirmation ;  
And curst for ever be all they  
Shall swear the abjuration.



## EPITAPH ON THE FIRST EARL OF STAIR.

THIS nobleman was the eldest son of the Viscount of Stair, and was raised to the dignity of an Earl in 1703, by Queen Anne. He was very unpopular, and his participation in the Glencoe Tragedy made him so deservedly. He married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir John Dundas of Newliston, in the county of Linlithgow. His exertions during the long debates on the Union, were, it was asserted, the cause of his death in January 1706.

His eldest son, John, the second Earl, was a man of distinguished merit. He served under Marlborough, and was Ambassador Extraordinary to France; was appointed a Field-Marshal of the forces, and Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces, in 1743, till George II. personally took the command at the battle of Dettingen. He died at Edinburgh in May 1747.

**Epitaph on the first Earl of Stair.**

Stay, passenger, but shed no tear,  
 A Pontius Pilat lyeth heir,  
 Whose Lineage, Lyfe, and finall state,  
 If ye'll have patience I'll relate.  
 A bratt of ane unburried Bitch,  
 Gott by Belzebub on a witch,  
 Whose malice oft was wreck't at home,  
 On the curst cubs of her own womb.  
 This her old sone, and treu born heir,  
 Of (his) parents vice, had double share;  
 Bred up in treacherie and trick,  
 By crook'd Craigie,\* and Old Nick;  
 Wherein he hes such progress made,

\* "Crook'd Craig'd Dadie" in another MS.

As to outstripe both Devil and Daid,  
 Ungrate, rebellious, and unjust,  
 A slave to Avarice and Lust.  
 Who alwayes turned his spyte and scorne,  
 'Gainst head wher he had planted horne ; \*  
 He mock'd at murthering a single man,  
 His noble aime reachit a whole clan. †  
 Lest ought but hell sould equal's guilt,  
 Man, Wyfe, and Bairnes blood must be spilt ;  
 Tho' they were innocent, no mater,  
 The complement to a friend the greater.  
 But these being crymes below his station,  
 He's bravelie since murdered his nation.  
 All thes being done by his advyce,  
 He hes ridden post to gett his pryce ;  
 For tho' religione allwayes cloak'd him,  
 Yet now at last the Devil has choak't him ;  
 For of him he had no more neid  
 Since Cain his heir was to succeid,  
 Now Passenger, pass off with speid,  
 For seldome lyes the Devil dead ;  
 Make haste, if thou thy safety prize,  
 For legions haunt wherever he lyes.

\* *Nota.* He cuckolded Lord Raith, yet wes ane inveterat  
 enemie to his father, Lord Melville.—R. M.

† Massacre of Glencoe. Fletcher of Salton said of him in  
 Parliament, that had there been an Act against Ministers of  
 State for giving bad advice to the King, and acting contrary  
 to Law, "his Lordship had long ere now been hanged, for the  
 advices he gave King James, the murder of Glencoe, and his  
 conduct since the Union."

### On the Union Parliament.

From a MS. which belonged to late J. A. Maconochie, Esq.

Our senate has had many (a) fiery debate,  
About settling the kirk and securing the state,  
But if its decrees will determine their fate,  
They're wiser than I can tell.

It's a split into parties and different factions,  
And managed by secret caballing and factions,  
What the public will gain by these cunning  
transactions,  
He is wiser, &c.

Each party pretends they're for serving the crown,  
And for that dear interest they'd renounce all their  
own,  
But who speaks sincerely, or who plays the loun,  
He is wiser, &c.

The staunch revolutioners pretend all their care  
Is securing religion by a Protestant heir,  
But if they'd vote for a Papist who offered them mair,  
He is wiser, &c.

All the pretence of the Torian class  
Is that laws for our honour and interest may pass,  
But whether or no there's a snake in the grass,  
He is wiser, &c.



The crosier and crown to fix *sicut ante*,  
 Is the noble pretence of *squadronè volante*,  
 But whether they'll prove *brigada constante*,  
                   He is wiser, &c.

If the proto deserter who now rules the roast,<sup>1</sup>  
 Be true to his country in his eminent post,  
 Or if he serves England at old Albion's cost,  
                   He is wiser, &c.

If the traitor by whom our trade was undone,<sup>2</sup>  
 Instead of repenting be still sinning on,  
 Or if he'll do something his crimes to atone,  
                   He is wiser, &c.

If the border protester<sup>3</sup> be as wise as he's bold,  
 If his zeal be inspired by conscience or gold,  
 Or if he'll turn stout or honest when old,  
                   He is wiser, &c.

If the Highland seal keeper<sup>4</sup> deal faithful and just,  
 Or if all having cheated, any party should trust  
 A man who is honest, but when he needs must,  
                   He is wiser, &c.

If the gallant and great but mysterious Duke,<sup>5</sup>  
 Designe the true heir his (own) kingdom should bruik,  
 Or if coin and commission be the bait for his hook,  
                   He is wiser, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Queensberry.<sup>2</sup> Earl of Seafield.<sup>3</sup> Probably Annandale.<sup>4</sup> Athol.<sup>5</sup> Hamilton.

If the traitor spawned Duke,<sup>6</sup> and the hackney whore  
 lover,  
 His soul and estate will redeem by Hanover,  
 Or if both are too deeply engaged to recover,  
 He is wiser, &c.

If the charming young Marquis<sup>7</sup> with the innocent  
 face,  
 Will equal the glories of his honoured race,  
 Or if honour and Presbytrie can thrive in one place,  
 He is wiser, &c.

If the east country Marquis<sup>8</sup> with the politick air,  
 Will atone for the crimes of Monsieur son Pere,  
 Or if of the spoil he's but seeking a share,  
 He is wiser, &c.

If the Marquiss Dragoon<sup>9</sup> bona fide doth move  
 In religion or loyalty, friendship or love,  
 Or if traytors *ex tradice* can honest men prove,  
 He is wiser, &c.

\* If the crafty old Peer,<sup>10</sup> whom both parties suspect,  
 With his youthful bravados and seeming neglect,  
 Designs to crown all by a finishing trick,  
 He is wiser, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Argyle.    <sup>7</sup> Montrose.    <sup>8</sup> Tweeddale.    <sup>9</sup> Lothian.

\* In another copy thus :—

If the crafty old Peer who keeps the black box,  
 Will go through and not bring his friend upon blocks,  
 Or if he has most of the serpent or fox,  
 He is wiser, &c.

<sup>10</sup> Tarbet.

If the Gard de Corps Count,<sup>11</sup> with the very dull air  
 Of prudence and politicks has got a good share,  
 Or if his head and his coffers be equally bare,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the crouch backed Count,<sup>12</sup> and cunning deceiver,  
 Will follow the steps of his once worthy father,  
 Or if he'll be honest, or loyal, or neither,  
     He is wiser, &c.

\* If the Count<sup>13</sup> who of yore at St Germain's has been  
 From trimming and treason has kept himself clean,  
 Or if he be a leper both without and within,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the Count<sup>14</sup> who married the coquette his daughter,  
 Will by his intrigues afford us more laughter,  
 Or if he'll be wise and more prudent hereafter,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the long chin'd Count<sup>15</sup> who murdered his brother,  
 Did atone for his crimes by's vote for Hanover,  
 Or if doing the one was as ill as the other,  
     He is wiser, &c.

<sup>11</sup> Perhaps Crawford.

<sup>12</sup> Mar.

\* In another MS. it runs thus :—

If the Saint German Earl with the scurf on his skin,  
 Designed any harm by his frank coming in, &c.

<sup>13</sup> Colin, third Earl of Balcarras.

<sup>14</sup> Lord Wigton divorced his first wife, a daughter of Lord Balcarras, for an amour with Lord Belhaven (1708). (Commissary Court Record).—She had previously eloped with the Duke of Montrose (Carstairs's Letters), but her kind Lord forgave her.

<sup>15</sup> Melville.

If the madcap his son <sup>16</sup> will fill's father's place,  
 By acting the crimes of his villanous race,  
 Or if these be the signs of your true babes of grace,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the Merchian Count <sup>17</sup> who stood out so long,  
 Has stumbled on treason amid all this throng,  
 Or if he be willing his treason to own,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the Count <sup>18</sup> who the eldest baton doth sway,  
 Be as good at politicks as making of hay,  
 Or if Madam thinks most of what Monsieur doth say,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the Count <sup>19</sup> who the second baton doth wear,  
 Be as free of debaucherie as treason or fear,  
 And as chaste as he's thoughtless in getting of gear,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the Count <sup>20</sup> who in Flanders had used to carouse,  
 At home be considering what party to choose,  
 Or if constant debauch any thinking allows,  
     He is wiser, &c.

If the Count <sup>21</sup> who proposed the abjuring his prince,  
 Be still on a level with the Monarch of France,  
 Or if God has deprived the rogue of his sense,  
     He is wiser, &c.

<sup>16</sup> Leven.      <sup>17</sup> Hume.      <sup>18</sup> Errol.      <sup>19</sup> Marishal.

<sup>20</sup> Sutherland.      <sup>21</sup> Marchmont.

If the Peer<sup>22</sup> that thought murder would for loyalty  
 pass,  
 Has been guilty of worse among the Hanover class,  
 Or if guilt can be fixed on a rattle-brained ass,  
 He is wiser, &c.

If Roxburgh the young, the rich, and the wise,  
 Be true to his country, and parents despise,  
 Or if Saltoun and Johnstone has taught him the guise,  
 He is, &c.

If the potent red Earl, whose badge is the rose,<sup>23</sup>  
 By the Rumplean race be led by the nose,  
 Or if patent be the bribe the country to expose,  
 He is, &c.

If the new mounted Earl of antient repute,  
 Plays the rogue for little, and gets to the boot,  
 And thinks by what means his estate to recruit,\*  
 He is, &c.

<sup>22</sup> Perhaps Stair.

<sup>23</sup> Probably Roseberry.

\* This, it is presumed, means Sir James Stuart of Bute, Baronet, who was created, by Queen Anne in 1703, Earl of Bute, Viscount Mountstuart and Kingarf, Baron Cumra and Inchmarnock. The baronetcy of Nova Scotia was conferred on the Earl's ancestors in 1627.

The Earl was the male representative of Sir John Stuart, a natural son of King Robert II., as Duncan Stewart honestly discloses, but according to the polite compilers of the Scottish peerage, the illegitimacy is struck out, and the Earls of Bute, by this *slight* omission, are converted into the male representatives of the royal house of Stuart.

The Bute earldom is now merged in a marquissate, and the

If old Jamie Wylie<sup>24</sup> to his mistress prove true,  
Or as he did his master, betray her not too,  
Or if catching of money be all in his view,  
He is wiser, &c.

If Saltoun<sup>25</sup> for freedom and property cry,  
While tyrant may be read in his tongue and his eye ;  
If shagrin and oppression did give him the lie,  
His tenants and servants can tell.

If the Galloway Earl had mounted the stairs,  
To get places of profit for himself and his heirs,  
If providing it be not for his country he cares,  
He is wiser, &c.

estate "recruited" so much, that it is at the present date one of the finest in Great Britain.

<sup>24</sup> Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate.

<sup>25</sup> Andrew Fletcher of Salton.



**Upon the Rogues in Parliament, 1704.**

Our Parliament is met on a hellish design ;  
'Gainst God and the true heir knaves doe combine,  
To play the game over of old forty-nine,  
But unless they repent they'll be damn'd.

Some the son of a whore \* would have placed on the  
throne,  
Which makes each Cavalier pray, sigh and grone,  
And damn the whole pack who to this are now prone,  
Since without Repentance they're damn'd.

And cursed for ever be the sixth of July,  
If that Hanover come in so unduly,  
And those who excluded the heir *viro soli*,  
Without Repentance are damn'd.

When thrones are disposed of by Atheists and Knaves,  
Who their countrie have sold, and to England are  
slaves,  
And the true Royall heir of all just right bereaves,  
Such cannot escape a damnation.

Thou false misled Twedale, thy father thou'lt trace,  
By abjuring the true heir of the old Royall race,  
And damn your own soull to purchase the place,  
For which good morrow repentance.

\* The Duke of Monmouth.

Thou turn about Chancellour,\* trimmer and wheedler,  
Now honest, now knave, unfixt and a medler,  
In thy honour and soull thou'rt like a Scots pedler,  
Like the bush to each wind a readie compler,

Thou base blustering Annandale, false and unjust,  
Unfaithful to all and unworthy of trust ;  
To kings and friends false, slave to oaths, drink, and lust,  
For which sin on and be damn'd.

Thou old dotterel Georget† whom we thought mysteri-  
ous,  
It's plane you're ane old fool, a damn'd knave and  
serious,  
And since your tricks are so black and damn'd  
deleterious,  
Sin on, your fate is the gallows.

Thou troaker, thou traytor, thou false Jamie Wylie,  
Who endeavours to break king Fergus' old Tailzie,  
Thy sins for damnation do call without failie,  
Wherefore sin on and be damn'd.

Thou Johnstoun,‡ thou spawn of a villain and traytor,  
A varlot by birth, education and nature,  
Old Scotland's base cut-throat and false England's  
creature,  
For which sin on and be damn'd.

\* James Ogilvie Earl of Seafield, last chancellor of Scotland.

† George, Earl of Cromarty, previously Viscount of Tarmachan.

‡ Secretary Johnstone, son of Sir Archibald Johnstone,  
better known as Lord Wariston.



Thou snarling base Rothes, brave Fyfe's great disgrace,  
These desemblers thy good father and grandfather  
thou'lt trace,  
False to the brave Duke\* whilst rogues you embrace,  
Ther's great odds betwixt market dayes.

You Roxburgh, you Haddington, thou knave, and  
thou fool,  
You're a Deist and thou's for the A B C schooll,  
And both joined in one your Hanover's toole,  
Ungrate Rob† and Thom of the Cowgate.‡

You Melvill, you Leven, you're originall traytors,  
Whose villanie's plain from your practice and  
features,  
You're hearth-money cheats, to the king you are  
haters,  
So nought but atonements can save you.

Balcarras, thou casts off all honour and law,  
Not conscience, but pension keeps thee in awe,  
Your estate is crackt, in your head there's a flaw,  
For morrow your Lordship and——

Abjureing old Marchmont, Jack Presbyter's darling,  
The spawn of ane old rotten Geneva earling,

\* Hamilton.

† Afterwards second Duke of Roxburgh.

‡ The sobriquet of the first Earl of Haddington.

Not worthy to drink with Luckie M'Farling,\*  
You see an young rogue is ane old one.

Ye, John, Earl of Stair, Hugh and David Dalrym-  
ple's,  
Who plague the whole nation with your damn'd tricks  
and whimples,  
Pleadings, decreets, and Glenco, are excellent samples,  
How much of your fathers you trace.

Thou apostate Hamilton, John, Lord Belhaven,†  
Who to thy countrie's interest hes bide good even,  
And entered the league with the damn'd factious seven,  
Thy last year's speeches will damn thee.

Thou Atheist, thou factious, thou infidell Yester,‡  
Thy grand-sir's true heir ; old Noll is thy master,  
Thy sores are beyond all physick and playster,  
Wherefore sin on and be damn'd.

Thou furious reprobate prating Whitelaw,§  
Who with stretchs and false claimes does bluster  
and blaw,  
Thou mocks Religion, Succession and Law,  
Wherefore sin on and be damn'd.

\* This is evidently the lady who afterwards shot Commis-  
sioner Cayley. See note on "Peveril of the Peak," vol. 28,  
page 93. Best edition, 12mo.

† Lord Belhaven, according to Lockhart, "was moved by  
avarice and ambition to desert his party."—See Lockhart  
Papers, vol. I., page 115.

‡ Charles, Lord Yester, subsequently the Marquis of  
Tweeddale. § See page 361, *ante*.

Morose Jerviswood and affected Sir John,  
And vain Will Bennet\* are to the enemy gone,  
Their country they have sold, their honours undone,  
Wherefore sin on and be damn'd.

Ye Sutherland, Lawderdale, and the Forbes the tall,  
Ye Glencairn, ye Lothian, and Hyndford, ye're all  
A drunken, rebellious and senseless caball,  
And unless ye repent ye'll be damn'd.

You Maxwell and such as ne'er had pretence  
To honour, good manners, or any grain of sense,  
Twixt heaven and earth you'll be in suspense,  
If timber and rope can be had.

Thou Francis† of Giffan, thou's bigot as hell,  
And Brodie § in nonsense in this does excell,  
For rebellion ingrained, you may each bear the bell,  
Wherefore sin on and be damn'd.

Ye Lamington, Stevenston, Gib, and Cavers too,  
Your equals in villainie you quite outdoe,  
For the rising sun to a phantom you bow,  
You'll forfeited be and then hanged.

\* Bennet, younger of Grubbet.

† Montgomery, second son of Hugh, seventh Earl of Eglington.

§ Brodie of that ilk.

Ye Campbells, ye Johnstons, by yourselves you're a  
sect,  
You're false robbers and thieves none should you protect,  
From God and from Cæsar you remove all respect,  
Your slughons are falsehood and plunder.

In such an array of rogues Argyle may come in,  
Whose blood bears the stain of originall sin,  
And if he's like to goe on as they did begin,  
Then he'll follow the fate of his grandsire.

Thou Queensberry,\* once the abjuration did slight,  
And now gives thy squadrone to defend Scotland's  
right,  
For which we'll excuse your youthful old plight,  
If your father's advice you will follow.

\* "The Duke of Queensberry," Lockhart remarks, "did not think fit to come to the beginning of this session of Parliament, being desirous to see how affairs would go before he ventured himself in a country where he was generally hated and abhorred; and therefore he sent the Duke of Argyle down as commissioner, using him as the monkey did the cat in pulling out the hot roasted chestnuts."—Lockhart Papers, vol. I., page 114.

**Verses on the Scots Peers, 1706.**

FROM an anonymous MS. in the Advocate's Library.  
A somewhat mutilated version occurs in Davidson's MS.

Our Duiks wer deills, our Marquesses were mad,  
Our Earls were evils, our Viscounts yet more bade,  
Our Lords were villains, and our Barons knaves,  
Quho with our burrows did sell us for slaves,

They sold the church, they sold the State and Natiene,  
They sold ther honour, name and reputatione,  
They sold ther birthright, peerages and places,  
And now they leave the house with angrie faces.

And now they frowne, and fret, and curse their fate,  
And still in vain lost libertie regrate,  
And are not these raire merchants nycellie trick't,  
Quho wer old Peers, but now are deils belikt,\*

Barons and burrows equally rewarded,  
They wer cajoll'd by all, but now by non regarded,  
O may our God, who rules both heavene and earth,  
Avert sad judgements,—from us turne his wrath,

Let all true Scots with God importunat be,  
That he may yet restore our pristine libertie ;  
'That he who rules the hearts of kings alone,  
May settle James† at length upon the throne.

\* But are not these sad merchants fairly nicked,  
Who once were Peers, now Commoners betricked,

*Davidson's MS.*

† The old Pretender—called by the Jacobites James VII.

**A Litanie anent the Union.**

From a forced and divided Union,  
 And from the church and kirk communion,  
 Where Lordly prelates have dominion.

Libera nos Domine.

From a new transubstantiation,  
 Of the old Scots into ane English nation  
 And from all foes to Reformation.

Libera nos, &c.

From selling Kingdoms, Kings and Crowns,  
 For groats ill payed by Southern lowns,  
 From mitres, surplice, long sleev'd gowns.

Libera nos, &c.

From a November powder treason,  
 To blow up Parliament at this season,  
 Tho' without powder, rhyme or reason.

Libera nos, &c.

From Pets, and men of Posts and Pensions,  
 Sole managers of state conventions,  
 And from all interest in contentions.

Libera nos, &c.

From heavie taxes laid on salt,  
 On blinked\* ale, on beer or malt,  
 And herrieing us without a fault.

Libera nos, &c.

\* Sour.

From trading with ane emptie purse,  
And meriting the old wife's curse,  
And from all changes to the worse.

Libera nos, &c.

From paying debts we doe not owe,  
Equivalentes we do not know,  
From being mad and still kept low.

Libera nos, &c.

From Patriots to Presbytery,  
Who to it bear antipathy,  
And such friends as old Cromarty,\*

Libera nos, &c.

From Patriots who for pious ends,  
Keep kirks unplanted that the teinds  
They may secure to their best friends.

Libera nos, &c.

From bartering the ancient nation,  
For a new trade communication,  
From English acts of navigation,

Libera nos, &c.

From Burrows, Barons, and our Peers,  
Who bring ane old house o'er their ears,  
For which they shall pay, some folk swears.

Libera nos, &c.

\* George Mackenzie, created by James VII. Viscount of Tarbet, and by Queen Anne, Earl of Cromarty.

From holy wars and hellish plots,  
From faithless Christians, brutish Scots,  
And the disease that noses rots.

Libera nos, &c.

From rebell ruleing corporations,  
And headles Mobs governing nations,  
And acting out of their stations.

Libera nos, &c.

From paying us our Darien costs,  
By laying on cess, and new imposts,  
From the English ruling Scots rots.

Libera nos, &c.

From a free trade with prohibitions,  
Restriction's heavie impositions,  
Union on base unjust conditions.

Libera nos, &c.

From Peers whose state's a sepulchre,  
Who vote the nation to interre,  
And enemies to fast and prayer.

Libera nos, &c.

From pillor'd Poets and Scots Pedlars, \*  
For souldering kingdoms, busie meddlers,  
From Organs and Cathedral Fiddlers.

Libera nos, &c.

\* De Foe and Paterson.—R. M. Paterson was the founder of the bank of Scotland.



From old Scots nobles in the rear  
Of each new upstart English Peer,  
And rousing Parliament robes next year.

Libera nos, &c.

From Oaths and Tests, which bar the just  
From Offices of place and trust,  
To satisfy the Clergy's lust.

Libera nos, &c.

From Esau Merchants and Trustees,  
Who serve them best, who give best fees,  
And men whose heads are full of bees.

Libera nos, &c.

From Pride, Poverty and greed  
United, and from old Scots feed,  
From making more haste than good speed.

Libera nos, &c.

From all religious compositions  
Of old and modern superstitions,  
From boots and thumbkin inquisitions.

Libera nos, &c.

From innocent men laying snares,  
And killing Glenco-men by pairs,  
From sudden death, like the Earl of Stairs.

Libera nos domine.

## LINES ON THE FIRST DUKE OF MONTROSE.

UPON the accession of George I., Montrose recovered his influence at Court, and was made Secretary of State in place of John, Earl of Mar. He also held the office of Keeper of the Great Seal, and was elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. Wodrow says, he was "no bright man," an opinion also entertained of him in London. His Grace died in 1741.

The Duke was the son of the third Marquis of Montrose, by Lady Christian Lesly, daughter of John Earl of Rothes. The following account of him is given in the work passing under the name of Mackay's *Memoirs of Secret Service*, but supposed to have been really written by De Foe.

The first Duke of Montrose, the great grandson of the great Marquis, was, upon attaining majority, made in 1705 Admiral of Scotland and received a ducal coronet from Queen Anne in April 1707. He concurred in the union between England and Scotland, and was elected one of the sixteen Scotch Peers. He was appointed Lord Privy Seal in place of the Duke of Queensberry, and held the office until 1713, when he was removed by the influence of Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

In the *Anallecta*,\* an account is given by Wodrow, of the causes that brought about his dismissal, which is probably correct enough. Montrose came up to London, being desirous, in concert with some of his friends, to have an interview with the Queen, and was anxious that Oxford would use his influence with her Majesty, and give him his support. "Oxford told him, he did not use either to introduce or doe anything till he knew the business; whereupon the Duke told him he had a memorial to present to the Queen.

\* Vol. ii, p. 192.

This was concerted among the nobility at London, especially those of the Squadrone ; and contained a representation of the grievances the Peers in Scotland were under, both in the matter of their Sovereign being bound up from creating them British Peers, and the matter of elections in Scotland, and other breaches as they reckoned of the Union. A copy of it he gave to the Treasurer (Oxford) to read, and when he had read it, he said, 'My Lord, this is a lybell against the ministry and not a memorial,' and thereon he reckoned himself a party and could not introduce his Grace to the Queen upon any such matter, and immediately he went away to the Queen. What he did there he knows himself ; but when the Duke tried some other way to get access to the Queen, at length she sent him word, she had no further service for him, and he might go home when he pleased, and accordingly he never afterwards was allowed to see the Queen." His post was then given to the Duke of Athol.

"He inherits," says Mackay, "all the great qualities of those two families (Roths and Montrose), with a sweetness of behaviour which charms all those who know him ; hath improved himself in most foreign courts ; is very beautiful in his person, and about twenty-five years old."

Lockhart, after admitting that Montrose might have been the head of the Cavaliers, from the popularity of his family and his own good behaviour after his return from his travels, continues thus—"that being of an easy, mean-spirited temper, governed by his mother, and her relations of the family of Roths, and extremely covetous, he could not resist the first temptation the Court threw in hisway." In consequence he lost cast with the Jacobites. "He was a man of good understanding," but easily led. His courage upon some certain accounts was much questioned, "but his insincerity and falseness [were] allowed by all." \*

\* Lockhart Papers, vol. i., p. 119.

**Lynes on the First Duke of Montrose.**

Who can believe thy meanness, and suppose  
 Thy pigmy soul sprang from the great Montrose,  
 He bravely fought, and vanquished to maintaine,  
 What thou dost stryve to sink, but striv'st in vain,  
 For if there's truth in heaven, as sure there must,  
 God will support the race of James the just.

Could thy brave ancestor unlock the womb,  
 Of his unspotted everlasting tomb,  
 And raising up his head, unveil hs eyes,  
 He'd view thy stains with horror and surprise,  
 And stabb'd with the dishonour of thy crime,  
 Would beg to leave the world a second time.

Base miscreant to thy Prince, thy soul too vile,  
 Denotes the genuine issue of Argyle,  
 For weill we know the lust of Calvin's train,  
 (Thy mother's god) makes the conjecture plain,  
 Hence we conclude, to quench her holy fire,  
 Some pious Campbell must have been thy sire.

## ON THE DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

LOUIS the Fourteenth, whose demise gave rise to the ensuing verses, died on the 1st September 1715.

The Tinelarian Doctor, in one of his singular pamphlets, addressed to the French King, and commencing "Old Louis, may it please your Majesty," asks, "I would fain ken Lewis if ever you heard of me, for many time I have heard of you, and more in the pulpits than any where else; and if you were as oft in your own kirks in France, as you are in our pulpits in Scotland, you'd be very sib to the kirk, as nearest the kirk, nearest the Devil." A specimen of the manner in which the subject was handled may here be added. Mr Lining, a popular orator, in his prayers is reported to have cursed Lewis, in the following very energetic manner:—"Lord curse him, confound him, and damn him; dress him, and guide him as thou didst Pharoah, Senacherib, and our late king James and his father."

**On the Death of Louis the Fourteenth.**

When Whigs for want of matter were perplext,  
Lewis le Grand was still their theme and text;  
In all their thundering prayers they damn'd and curst  
him,  
And said Dee'l knock, Dee'l sink, Dee'l ryve and burst  
him.

Now he is gone, what will you Whigs do next,  
Take Orleans gloss, that did destroy the text.†

\* An allusion to the unfounded accusation against the Regent Orleans, that he had poisoned the King.

## COLVILLE'S ODE ON BISHOP BURNET.

THIS is called "a Pindarique Ode in answer to the Dials of Gilbert Burnet, by Samuel Colville."

The "Dials" seem to be the "modest and free conference between a conformist and a non-conformist about the present distempers of Scotland," written in the form of Dialogues by Burnet, and to which reference is made by Colville in his Whigs Supplication :

"Compesce \* me, Muse, these stout bravadoes,  
Of these stiff-necked reformadoes,  
Whose stubborn hearts cannot be turned,  
By the Dialogues of Gilbert Burnet."

**Pindarique Ode.**

Gilbert, ye say this book of yours,  
Was the result of idle hours,  
And that ye did conceive and dyte it,  
As fast as any man could wryte it.  
To make folks think that ye do merit  
The name of a prodigious spirit.  
The old adage is true indeed,  
Who makes fools haste, he comes no speed;  
For here ye plead against the Whigs,  
As if your brains were dancing jigs.  
With desulterious levitie,  
Hei da, Gilbert, who but ye?  
Your own deserving still you prate on,  
And speak to Statesmen with your hat on;  
And covered, rounds in ladies' ears,  
Instead of wheat, there ye sow tares;

\* Restrain.

And when ye clatter then, and claver,  
Ye sprinkle all their necks with slaver,  
But what thanks get ye for your pains ;  
Some say that ye want solid brains ;  
And that ye look not Graham school like ;  
Others affirm that ye look fool like.  
Some say ye savour of the schisme  
Of Popery and Arminianisme,  
Some call ye linsey woolsey brother,  
Half one religion half another,  
Some say ye broach a new religion,  
As Mahomet did with his pigeon,  
Some say the head of Mr Gilbert,  
Is like a hazel nut or filbert,  
With a round shell and rotten kernel,  
Or mytie meal in a new girnell.  
When wives from spinning on their rocks come,  
And read on you, they call you coxseombe ;  
And to conclude they say in few words,  
That Gilbert is not worth two cow t—ds,  
Because when he has crack't so crouse,  
His mountains just bring forth a mouse.  
Gilbert, I hope you will excuse  
This ode, ye first provok'd my muse,  
Since she has you engag'd in so far,  
Answer her, Gilbert, if ye dare,  
She will reply you as I suppose,  
As it pleaseth you, in rhyme or prose,  
As yet, Gilbert, such is your hap,  
To get from her a fox tail flap ;  
But, if ye set her breast a fire on,  
She'll scourge you with a rod of iron.

## DISPUTE BETWEEN SATAN, AND THE DEVIL OF CLERKENWELL FOR BISHOP BUR- NET'S SOUL.

BISHOP Burnet, "a man more sinned against than sinning," died in the month of March 1715, and the following clever verses were privately circulated on the occasion. The present copy is taken from an MS. in the Advocates' Library, in which the ensuing explanatory notice precedes the poem. N.B. "That at Clerkenwell, where Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was buried formerly ther wes still the rudest noyce, twixt the devill of Clerkenwell (called the parson for appearing in parson's habite), and old Satan of Hell; but because this noyce ceased when Gilbert was buried there, therefore, its supposed, that he pleased and pacified both the said devils by ane equall division of his soul to the one and his body to the other."

### **Satan's Dispute.**

Old Gilbert, they say, is now gone away,  
There's the devil and all to doe,  
For the deill of Hell and of Clerkenwell,  
Have fallen by the ears of new.

"I'm sure he is myne, by a right that's divyne,"  
Quoth the deil of the Stygian ferrie,  
But the devill of Clerken, to that would not hearken,  
So they scolded till they were both wearie.

"I'll ne'er," quoth the parson, "wear trousers myne  
a— on,  
If I han't brawny Gil to my share,"



“But,” quoth Satan, “I trow, to hell he must goe,  
For all his Scots clan is gone there.”

Now to maik them both friends, old Sarum commends  
His soul to the devill of Hell,  
And his body in trust, to be laid in the dust,  
By the devill of Clerkenwell.

And now who can doubt, after all this d—d rout,  
But it needs must be marvellous true,  
That since Sarum is dead, it may truly be said,  
That both devills hes gottine their due.



## THE MARQUIS OF WHARTON AND BISHOP BURNET'S RECEPTION INTO HELL.

From an anonymous MS. in the Advocate's Library. There is another version in the Jacobite Relics.

Lord Wharton was an able politician, and from the share he had in the Revolution, and in all the Whig administrative measures of the succeeding reigns, he obtained first an Earldom and afterwards a Marquisate. He died in April 1715. He was as celebrated for his profligacy as his talent; in the former of which he was only exceeded by his son Philip, the last Marquis and only Duke of the name, with whom all the titles expired,—excepting the Barony of Wharton, which being a barony by writ, is presently in abeyance, between the representatives of his sisters.

The first wife of the Marquis has been, by a strange mistake of Park—in which he has been followed by Dyce—elevated to the rank of a Marchioness, whereas she was never even Lady Wharton, having died before her father-in-law, Philip, fourth Lord Wharton. She was a daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in the county of Oxford, and, judging from her writings, was evidently imbued with strong and genuine religious feelings—a most unsuitable wife for such a man as the future Marquis. Mrs Wharton has great merit as an authoress. She wrote a tragedy entitled, “Love's Martyr, or Witt above Crowns,” the original autograph of which, formerly in the Strawberry Hall collection, and subsequently in that of C. K. Sharp, Esq., is now before the editor.

The following character of the Marquis occurs in a tract (written by Dean Swift), entitled “a short character of his Excellency T(homas) E(arl) of W(harton), L(ord) L(ieutenant) of I(reland),” London 1711, 8vo. His Lordship, “by

the force of a wonderful constitution, had some years past his grand climacterick without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man of five and twenty,—whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a Templar of three years' standing. With the same grace, and in the same stile, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is Governor of the Kingdom; and all this is without consequence, because it is his character, and what everybody expects. He seems to be but an ill dissembler and an ill liar, though they are the two talents he most practices and most values himself upon. He swears solemnly he loves you, and will serve you, and your back is no sooner turned, but he tells those about him, you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel door. He is a Presbyterian in politicks, and an Atheist in religion, but he chuses at present to whore with a Papist. With a good natural understanding, a great fluency in speaking, and no ill taste of wit, he is generally the worst companion in the world, his thoughts being wholly taken up between vice and politicks, so that bawdy, prophaneness, and business, fill up his whole conversation."

A note prefixed to the MS. says, "When the Marquis and the Bishop dyed, they, (who dyed both at once) were both graciously received into Pluto's Stygian Netherlands, [where] their dialogue wes thus, viz."

### **Wharton and Burnet's reception by Belzebub.**

Fra the day of Gib's birth, whilst he lived on the earth,  
He's a weathercock still, yea and warse,

When he came here to hell, then our weathercock fell,  
He's set up with the pyk in his a—e.

Then a cursed old Peer and a Bishop I hear,  
About going to hell made a rout,  
Tho' they both had observed, it was what they  
deserved,  
Yet who first should goe in was the doubt.

This swore and that lyed, both hypocritis tried,  
And it's hard to know which was the worst,  
Give the devil his due, two worse he ne'er knew,  
But however the Bishop went first.

Since his graceless grace, upon earth had the place,  
The precedency's due to himsell,  
Who dare then contend, or Wharton defend,  
So Gib gott the first place in Hell.

But affronted in hell, whereat I cant tell,  
He stood dumb never opened his mouth,  
But soon the bright Marquiss, who now in the dark is,  
As he used, he began with this oath,

“ God d—n you, old Nick, we'll play you a trick,  
For monarchie always we hated,  
We shall also disowne your right to the crown,  
And swear too that ye have abdicated.”

“ Right, Marquis of Wharton, it's just what I thought  
on,  
His right neither you nor I know,

It would be a rare thing, to make such a king,  
And I'm sure that's not *jure divino*."

Then straightway the devil, turned wonderful civil,  
At the sayings of each hopeful imp,  
He cried—"hold up your faces, ye both shall have  
places,  
Sarum's my porter—and Wharton's my pimp."

Then they bow'd, went along, and they whisper'd the  
throng,  
"Now we're in, of our powers we'll make use,  
We shall march the old whelp, if you'll lend but your  
help.  
And who knows but all hell may break loose."

Then Wharton did say, "if we can't get away,  
Of one thing we'll give you our words,  
We shall have, by and by, with Sarum and I,  
Full two thirds of the Bishops and Lords."

"And with these helps we hope, spite of devil and  
Pope,  
If the whole honest damned will come over,  
Then my friend's zeal and mine, for the Protestant  
line,  
Shall bring in the house of Hanover."

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN ARGYLE AND MAR.

A Dialogue between his Grace the Duke of Argyle, and the Earl of Mar.

Or an excellent New Song, to the Tune of the Hare Merchants Rant, &c. From an original MS. in the Library of the British Museum.

Argyle was the Hero of Sheriffmuir—and the Earl of Mar was the Jacobite commander. He was attainted by George I.—and received a ducal coronet from James III., usually called the Old Pretender—The Title of Mar was restored by George IV. in 1824, to the *heir of line* of the attainted Earl.

**Argyle and Mar.**

Argyle and Mar are gone to War,  
Which hath bred great Confusion,  
For Church and State they do debate  
Through Difference and Division,  
And yet for what [I] know not that,  
I hope I speak no treason,  
Some say its Self, some say its Pelf,  
And some say its religion,  
Which e'er it be, I tell to thee  
And that I will not spare, Sir,  
The blades come from the Braes of Mar,  
They have us every where, Sir.

## ARGYLE.

Says great Argyle, within a while,  
I'll make Mar for to rue, Sir,  
That such great folly in his brain  
Did happen for to brew, Sir,

Tho' Mar's men do ramble throw  
 The North both here and there, Sir,  
 I'll make them to draw up their Trews  
 And whip their buttocks bare, Sir.

MAR.

Says good Lord Mar, do you so dare,  
 Both me, yea, and my Men, Sir,  
 While I have might I will you Fight,  
 And from Stirling Flit you Den, Sir.

ARGYLE.

The last time that I flitted it  
 You had no cause to boast, Sir,  
 For any thing that then you wan,  
 It was unto your cost, Sir,  
 When at Dumblain unto your Pain,  
 We fought it very fair, Sir,  
 When that Mar's Men were fore'd and fain  
 To run like any hare, Sir,  
 Some to the Hills, some to the Houghs,  
 And some to Allan Watter,  
 And unto some it was no mow's,  
 Their sculls were made to clatter,  
 And those that did escape the Sword,  
 Did we not them surround, Sir,  
 When that fourscore of Highland Men  
 Were in the water drown'd, Sir,

MAR.

Though my Men do ramble through  
 The North both here and there, Sir.

The half of what's said is not true,  
 The truth I do declare, Sir,  
 It's said they pillage and plunder all,  
 In places where they come, Sir,  
 But by this they soon would catch a fall,  
 And unto ruin run, Sir,  
 And 'twas for that when at Dumblain,  
 We lost so many Men, Sir,  
 Perhaps we may recruit again,  
 And that we'll let you ken, Sir :  
 If that once more we shall engage,  
 We shall know how it goes, Sir,  
 Whiskie shall put our brains in rage,  
 And snuff shall prime our nose, Sir,  
 With swords and guns into our hands  
 We'll stoutly venture on, Sir,  
 Yea, durks and targets at command,  
 Of these we shall not want, Sir.

#### ARGYLE.

Do what you can to prove the Man,  
 Your attempts shall prove in vain, Sir,  
 For sure Argyle shall lead the Van,  
 And the victory shall gain, Sir,  
 Tho' like a cock, Mar in the North,  
 Abroad hath sent his crow, Sir,  
 Clapping his wings now beyond Forth,  
 Perhaps he'll get a blow, Sir,  
 Argyle like to a lyon bold,  
 Will grip him in his paws, Sir,



And that perhaps ere it be long,  
We'll make him stand in aw, Sir ;  
For lo, a conjunct company,  
Both of Scots and Dutch Men,  
They're at call, on Mar to fall,  
There never sure were such men.  
Besides great numbers of gentlemen,  
Whom they call Volunteers, Sir,  
The most and best whereof consist,  
Of valiant Scottish Peers, Sir.



### Minor Satirical Verses

THE following minor satirical verses have been, except when otherwise mentioned, collected from the memoranda of Robert Mylne, many of which were written on the fly leaves of books formerly in his Library.

#### PASQUINADE.

From Balfour's MSS.

To save a maid St George a dragon slew,  
A brave exploit if all that's said is true,  
Some think there are no dragons, nay, 'tis said,  
There was no George ; pray God there be a maid.

#### ON THE AMOURS OF CHARLES SECOND, AT TIME OF THE DUTCH WAR.

Imbelles, imbellis amas, belloque repugnās,  
Et bellatori sunt tibi, bella Thori.

#### ON THE FLIGHT OF LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

Our Lord is pleased when he avengeth him,  
The world is pleased when that a knave doth die,  
The Devil is pleased when he a soule doth win,  
Now all are pleased when Chancellor Hyde doth fly.

## ON MR PATRICK FALCONER OF MONKTOWN.

Hard is thy name, but harder is thy fate,  
Choak'd with great wealth, yet in a stormy state,  
Kynd heaven has blest thee with this world's pelfe,  
Just heaven will damn thee for murderying thyselfe.

## ON KING JAMES VII., BY MR TAILZEOR.

King James the seventh's mortality's laid down,  
No Nassau now can rob him of his crown,  
Reader no more, for as the Times goe now,  
None dare give God, nor dare give James his due,

ANOTHER EPITAPH ON KING JAMES VII., BY  
MR CALDER.

King James the seventh, alas, is dead,  
And gone to good St. Paull,  
These thirteen years I wanted bread,\*  
King James the seventh, alas, is dead,  
Good Lord turn Willie heills o'er head,  
And send him to king Saull,  
King James the seventh, alas, is dead,  
And gone to good St Paull.

\* Another MS. has this line :—

His nephew strove to baik his bread.

## ON WILLIAM III.

Benting<sup>1</sup> the goblet holds,  
 Carmarthen<sup>2</sup> the goblet fills,  
 And Gilbert<sup>3</sup> he consecrates,  
 And William the liquor swills.

The goblets full of treason and sedition,  
 The health's damnation to the true succession,  
 In this carouse the health goes round the hall,  
 But few observe the writing on the wall.<sup>4</sup>

## EPITAPH ON WILLIAM III.

From an anonymous MSS.

Here lyes the unnaturall nephew, sone,  
 Ambitious as wes Absolom,  
 For which all good men did him hate,  
 From horse he fetch'd a fall by fate,  
 Of which at last he did expire,  
 A sacrifice to God's just ire,  
 Scotland rejoice, now quyt of a most cruel foe,  
 Oh ! starv'd in Caledon, and martyr'd in Glenco,  
 The ambitious monster's name accurst may it be,  
 Abym'd in deepest gulfs of blackest infamie.

<sup>1</sup> Bentinck, the Earl of Portland.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Duke of Leeds.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Burnet.

<sup>4</sup> Mene Tekell, R. M.

## LYNES TO JOHN CARNAGIE.

Oh! John Carnagie in Dunlappie,  
Thou hes a wyfe both blythe and sappie,  
A bottle that is both whyte and nappie ;  
Thou sits, and with thy little cappie,  
Thou drinks, and never leaves a drappie,  
Until thou sleepest lyke a tappie,  
O! were I John, I would be happie.

## LINES ON DAVID BAILLIE.

Lines on David Baillie, pilloried for Argyle's plot and Queensberry's against the Dukes of Hamilton and Athol, 1704. He was execut for killing his own brother at London, April 28, 1708.

This I to Jamie Wylie <sup>1</sup> owe,  
And to the curs'd Dalrymples,  
Curst with the murder of Glencoe;  
This I to Jamie Wylie owe,  
And to that cripple bitch <sup>2</sup> alsoe,  
Whose grandsire cut cow's rumples.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Stewart, R. M.

<sup>2</sup> Marques, *i.e.* Marchioness of Annandale. R. M.

<sup>3</sup> This was Thomson, a flesher, father of Sir William Thomson, Town Clerk of Edinburgh, R. M.

## THE BLESSING WITH THE BLACK SELVIDGE.

From an anonymous MSS.

When Israel's sires invoked the living Lord,  
He scourged their sins with famine, plague, and sword,  
They still rebell'd—He in his wrath did fling,  
No thunder bolt among them, but a king,  
A George like king was Heaven's avenging rod,  
The utmost fury of an angry God.  
God in his wrath sent Saul to punish Jewry,  
But George to Britain in a greater fury,  
For he in sin as far exceeded Saul,  
As Gibby Burnet did the great St Paul.

## ON THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

The Jacobites are foppish, our Jacobites are foppish,  
Our King, Defender of the Faith, both Protestant and  
Popish ;  
But let them say and do on, but let them say and do  
on,  
Our kirk which never had a head, hath now both she  
and he one.

## ON THE GRAND PLOT.

Short lifed was our grand plot,  
 Noe man did ever see it,  
 Till Johnston christened\* it by vote,  
 And Ormistount† said so be it.

## THE FRENCH KING'S CONSPIRACY.

The French King is not saucie, the French King is not  
 saucie,  
 Who with M'Lurg and his wife hath made a con-  
 spiracie,

*The same in Latin.*

Rex Galliaë se prostravit, Rex Galliaë se prostravit,  
 Cum Lurgio et Lurgia uno conjuravit.

## THE CALL.

If there be any traytor, viper, or wigeon,  
 That will fight against God for the true religion,  
 That to maintain the Parliament's votes  
 Of all true subjects will cut the throats,

\* Secretary Johnstone, the son of Lord Wariston.

† The Lord-Justice-Clerk Cockburn of Ormiston. He was  
 a great whig, and made himself "universally hated in Scotland;  
 and when ladies were at cards playing the nine of diamonds,  
 commonly called the Curse of Scotland, they called it the  
 Justice-Clerk. He was indeed of a hot temper; and violent  
 in all his measures." Houston's Memoirs, p. 92. London  
 1747, 8vo.

That for the King and his countrie's good,  
Will consume all the land with fyre and blood.

I SAY

If any such traitor, viper, mutineer be born,  
Let him repair to the Lord\* with the double gilt  
horne.

#### EPIGRAM.

One seing an Irish babie (bawbee) with Georgius Rex,  
without the words Dei Gratia, made the following lynes  
thereon. R. M.†

Oh, German Prince, whose character is odd,  
Georgius Rex without the Grace of God.

#### THANKSGIVING, 7TH JUNE 1716.

Mylne prefixes the following note:—Lines put into the  
bason of the Tron church on the thanksgiving day for  
Perth and Preston, 7th June 1716.

BY CHRISTIE FRANK.

Did ever men play such pranks,  
As for murder to give thanks;  
Hold Damnéd Preacher, go no furdur,  
God accepts not thanks for murder.

\* Marlborough. R. M.

† Is this Mylne's own composition?



## ON THE ABJURATION.

Our fathers took oaths as men take their wyves,  
For better for worse the whole lease of their lyves ;  
Now like common strumpets, we take 'em for ease,  
And whore and rogue part whenever they please.

**Popular Rhymes.**

Fools out of favour, grudge at knaves in place,  
And men are always honest in disgrace.  
Court preferment makes men knaves by course,  
If those that's out were in, they would be worse.

Wise men slight favour and preferment scorn,  
When knaves can claim it and better serve the turn :  
What have the just to do, where rogues take place,  
Or who would purchase honours with disgrace.

When King and Laws begin to disagree,  
And Court and Countrie advocat the plea ;  
Knaves here are hyr'd it's true but are not made,  
They're sent befoir, and serve bot as they're paid.

Wise men suffer, good men grieve,  
Knaves decerie and fools believe ;  
Help, O Lord ! send aid unto us,  
Else knaves and fools will quite undoe us.\*

\* These last four lines are given in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1733, as original and applied to the Ministry then in power.



## APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

### I.

LETTER FROM JAMES V., KING OF SCOTS, TO SIR  
THOMAS WHARTON, WARDEN OF THE WEST  
MARCHES.

To our well-belouit Schir Thomas Warthoun Wardane, of  
the West Merches of Ingland foranent Scotland.—  
These

WEIL-belouit frend we gret you weil. And forsamekil  
as we have considerate be your vrytings, sic ballats and  
buks of deffamatioun as ye allege ar made be oure legis to  
the displeasoure of our derrest vnclie, quhairof we ar rycht  
miscontentit gif sua beis ; and hes presentlie directit scharpe  
charges to all partis of our bordours to defend sic thingis  
to be wsit be ony [of] oure legis, and to get knawledge of the  
auctors of it ye writ is done, to the intent that thai may be  
punyschit for their demerits as accords. Bot because we  
neuer hard of sic thingis of befoir, we suspect rather the  
samyn to be imagine, and deuiseit be sum of your awin  
natioun and leigis of our derrest vnclie. Farther in this  
behalfe, we haue geuin charge to the Lord Maxwell, Warden  
of oure West Merchis, as he will schaw you, quhame God  
conserue. At oure palace of Linlytgow, the last day of  
Januar.

## II.

LETTER FROM JAMES V., KING OF SCOTS, TO  
JOHN HOLGATE, BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

REUEREND father in God,—This day we resauit youre writing send vnto us of the cietie of York, the 26th of Januare by past, hes sene and consideret the Tennoure thairof omittand all uther circumstancis of wordis. We thank you as ane treu and faithfull counsalloure to oure derrest vncle youre souerane, and gude freynd unto us, wishland as we persauie cleirlye, the sincere and faithful lufe and tenderness standing betwix oure said derrest vncle and us baith be maist tender knott of blude and utherwais band, consideratioun to remane perpetuallie vnuolat vnbroken and unassalit be ony manner of occasioun, throw quhatsomeuer euill ingynis and malicius myndis, and speciallie of youre aduirtisement of certaine despitfull and slandarous ballads maid be sum of oure legis, as is beleuit to the displesoure and detractioun of oure said derrest vncle, his honoure and ryall maiestie, and be the expreinyng of wane and fantastic prophecyis as zoure saidis letteris mair amplie proports. We beand aduertiset of this mater of before be Schyr Thomas Wartoun, Knycht, Wardane to oure said derrest vncle on his west Marches, gart incontinent direct oure scharp charges and commandis to all oure officiaris outhrough all the bordour and utheris inwart partis within oure realme to have serchit and soucht quhare ony sic injurius and displesand ballads and rymis and makaris thairof could be gotten and apprehended, and to this houre we could get nane aduertisement thairof, nor can get ony man in oure realme that evir hard, red, or saw ony sic lyke quhill the copy thairof wes now presentit. Quairfore we can nocht presume bot the samyn ar deuist be the consait of sum invious personis one of oure said derrest vncles

subjects vpoun the bordours, or be oure rebellis resident and interteynit within his realm, quhais myndis will neuer ceiss be thair crafty toill and subtil wayis that is in thame to ingener, and mak mater and occasioun to bring oure said derrest vncle and us to cauldness and besynes quhilk God willing sall nocht be in thair power. We, heirfore, for the declaratioun of oure mynde, and be the lufe that we beir unto oure said derrest vncle, hes send oure vther scharp chargis and comandis to ceis and destroy all sic slanderous balladis and rymis, and that nane be fundin within oure realme, propoing gude reward to ony ane that will schaw to ws and oure officiaris of justice the consauiris, makars and denisars; and fra this forth the hauars of the samyn certifying you, it is nocht less heuy and thoughtful unto ws to here sic despleasour, or (it) may be vnto oure said derrest vncle or to you and quhat suld be oure cayre to the extinguishing of all thir occasiouns of desplesour, ye sall nocht alanerlie knaw this tym be our provisioun and letteris past there-upon, bot (in) tym to cum, be effect and deid putting our scharp chargis to scharp executioun. Exhortand you, oure gude freind, and all oure derrest vncles trew counsallouris and serwandis, nocht to gif regard nor to be pensive of sic trumporyis, proceeding as apperis of licht myndis. And as to thir fantastic propheeyis, we neuir lak or sall lak regard to thame as thingis proceeding without foundment and aganis the gude Christin faith quhair intill we leif assuritlie: and thus, reverend fader and gude freynd, faire ze weill. At oure palice at Edinburgh, the fifth day of Februar, and of oure regne the XXVI. zeir.

To ane reverend fader in God,  
 The Bischop of Landeth,  
 President of the north partis of England.

## III.

## ANE ACT ANENT DEFAMATOURIS.

Register of Acts and Decrees, under the date May 31st 1543, volume 1st, folio 368:—

“Anent the artiklis proponit for remeid of sclanderous billis, writings, ballatis, and bukis that ar dalie maid, writtin, and prentit to ye defamatioun of all estatis baith spirituale and temporale, and gevis occassioun ilk anc to leische and contem vtheris, and for remeid heirof it is Statute and Ordanit yat na maner of man tak upoun hands to mak, write, or imprent ony sic billis, writings, ballatis defamatiouris or sclanderous bukis, vnder the pane of deid and confescatioun of all thir gudis movable, and also ordanis all prentouris and vtheris that hes sic bukis that yai destroy and burne the samin within xlvijj houris nixt after thai be chargit, be opin proclamatioun at the market croce of Edinburgh, and at the market croces of vtheris burrowis and in speciale ye new dialogue callit Pasculus and ye ballait callit the bair that ar als prentit and sett furth, and all utheris siclik that nane haif, hald privatlie or apart ony bukis or warkis of condampnit heretikis and of thair appunzionis of hereseyis conforme to ye actis of Parliament maid thair vpoun of befoir and under ye pains contenit in ye samin.”

## IV.

ACT AGAINST SCANDALOUS SPEECHES AND  
LYBELLIS, 24 June, 1609.

Our Suveragne Lord, foirseeing that there is nathing sa necessair for the perpetuall weill and quietness of all his subjectis of this monarchie, as the furtherance and accomplishment of the unioun of his twa famous and maist ancient



kingdomes of Scotland and England, whereof his majestie out of his fatherlie care of the peace and happiness of his good and faithful people, and haveing maist instantlie and earnestlie solicited the perfectioun, and by the worthiest memberis of baith kingdomes, sa effectuellie advanced the samen, as he hopes (God willing) in his regne to see the wished end of that great work, quhilk in his royall persone hes ressaut sa miraculous and happie a beginning; and neurtheless finding therein sic malicious lettis, as the Devill and his supportis do usuallie suggest to the hinderance of all just and godlie interprises, speciallie by false and calumnious bruttis, speeches, and wryttis craftelie vtterit and dispersit be some lawles and saules people of this realme, alsweill in privat conferences, as in their meittings at tavernis, aillhousis and playis, and by their pasquillis, lybellis, rymes, cokalanis, commedies, and siclyk occasionis whereby they slander, mallygne, and revile the people, estait, and country of England, and diverse his maiesties honourable counsallors, magistratis, and worthie subjectis of that his majesties kingdome, the continuance wheirof being liable to incense the people of England to just greif and discontentment, may nocht onlie hinder the intendit vnioun of all the good subjectis of this monarchie, bot stirre vp in them sic inconciliabill ewill will, as with tyme nicht bring furth maist dangerous and hairmfull effectis; for remede and preventing wheiroff his majestie remembering how strait and severie punishment hes by the laws and actis of his maist noble progenitours, Kings of this realme heiretofore bene ordanit to be inflictit vpoun sic as sould devyse or utter false and slanderous speeches and wryttis, to mak dissentionis betwene the Prince and his subjectis, or raiss seditioun in the realme. and Considering that all sic purposes and wrytis as may breed dislyking betwene the Inhabitants of the saidis kingdomes of Scotland and England, being now all become his Majesties liege people equalie subject and equalie belowed

by his highnes tendis to maist dangerous dissensioun and seditioun amongis his subjectis: Thairfoir, his majestie with advyse and consent of the haille estaitis of this Parliament Statutes and ordainis, that whasoeuer shall heirefter be word or wryt devyse vtter or publishe ony fals slanderous or reproachful speeches or wryttis of the estate people or countray of England, or of ony counsellor thair, tending to the remembrance of the ancient grudges borne in tyme of bipast troubles; the occasioun whereof is now happilie abolished by the blessed Coniunction of the saidis kingdomes vnder his majestie's souereignitie and obedience, or to the hinderance of the wished accomplishment of the perfyte union of the saidis kingdomes, or to the slander and reproche of the estait, people, or country of England, or dishonor or prejudice of ony counsallour of the said kingdome, whereby haitrent may be foistered or entertanyt or mislyking raisit betwene his majesties faithfull subjectis of this Ile: the authoris of sic seditious, slanderous and injurious speeches or wryttis or dispersaris thair of, efter tryell tane of thair offence either before his majesties Justice, or the Lordis of his heighnes privie Counsall sall be seueirly punished in thair persones and goodis, by Imprisonment, banishment, fynning, or mair rigorous Corporal pane, as the qualitie of the offence shall be foundin to merite at his majesties plesure: and all sic as heiring and getting knowledge of ony sic speeches or wryttis shall conceil the samyn and nocht revile them to his majesties ordinar officiaries, magistratis, or counsaillouris whereby the authouris and disperseris thereof may be punished shall underly the lyk tryell and pane.

## V.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF ROBERT MYLNE.

It is to this gentleman that the preservation of the greater proportion of the political satires of the reigns of Charles

II., James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne, is principally owing. There is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries for Scotland a MS. compiled by a son of Mylne, entitled "The Descent Probative, Branches, and Relations of R(ober) M(y)lne, engraver in Edinburgh, by the Mother," containing a genealogical account of the different families with which the writer was maternally connected. This MS. was corrected by the elder Mylne, and it states that upon the 29th of August 1678, Robert Mylne, writer in Edinburgh was married in the Tolbooth Church betwixt the hours of 8 and 9 at night, by the Rev. Wm. Meldrum, to Barbara, second daughter of the Rev. John Govan, Minister, at Muckart. Of this marriage there were twelve children, Mrs Mylne died after having "laboured under the palsy for six years," upon the 11th of December 1725. Her husband survived her two-and-twenty years and departed this life on the 21st day of December 1747. The following entry of his death is to be found in the British Magazine, or London and Edinburgh Intelligencer for the year 1747.—"Robert Mylne, writer, aged 103. He enjoyed his sight and the exercise of his understanding till a little before his death, and was buried on his birth-day." The Scots Magazine, in noticing his demise, states his age to have been 105. Of late there has been a great controversy about centenarians, and serious doubts have been ventilated as to authenticated instances of individuals surviving their hundredth year. The longevity of Robert Mylne however affords evidence of at least one authentic instance of the fact.

Mylne survived all his family with the exception of his daughter Margaret, who married John M'Leod, writer in Edinburgh. When Robert the younger died has not been ascertained, but a notice in the handwriting of his parent, in the genealogical MS. previously mentioned, and in which Margaret is called his only surviving child, sufficiently establishes the fact that his son pre-deceased him.

The political opinions of Mylne were Jacobite. He was a zealous supporter of the Stewarts, and was indisposed to think favourably of persons high in rank and station who entertained opinions opposite to his own. Hence he calls William Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney "two arrant rogues," an appellation not usually applied to individuals whose political honesty was never questioned, until the discovery by Sir John Dalrymple, that both patriots were pensioners of Louis the Fourteenth. With all his prejudices he was on terms of intimacy with many persons high in position who politically differed from him. So much was he respected and so much influence had he that he was enabled to procure livings in the Church of Scotland for two of his wife's relations. With persons of his own way of thinking he lived in habits of great intimacy. The witty and able Pitcairn was his especial friend, and despite his Jacobitism, he was held in estimation by all who knew him.

The persecution of the Episcopal Clergy after the abdication of James the Second, and the countenance it received from the administration of William of Orange, was not very consistent with the pure doctrines of Christianity, and Mylne felt himself very much grieved by the treatment which his wife's relative, the Rev. Robert Geddie, the Episcopal minister at Arngask, met with at the Revolution. This gentleman was related to the famous Bee-master of the same name, whose establishment for the rearing and cultivation of Bees at Falkland, was patronised by royalty. The following account of the manner in which this Reverend gentleman was used, will be found in the younger Mylne's MS.—"Mr Robert being of the Episcopal communion, was rabbled by the Revolutionists in 1688, who, putting first his gown on him in derision, barbarously tore it off again, giving him many reproachful words in his own house at Arngask, which, and other bad treatment, occasioned him, in June or

July 1690, to send the following letter to Lord, afterwards Earl Melville, whereof the tenor runs thus:—

“MY LORD,—I am necessitate to give your Lordship the account, that I have been most violently expelled from my church of Arngask by a disorderly party, who used me, my wife and children, very barbarously, as the inclosed petition, which was presented to his Grace the King's Commissioner, and read in Council, bears.—My Lord, the Petition contains the circumstances and particulars of my oppressions; and your Lordship knows how ready and willing I was always to serve your Lordship, at all occasions, to the utmost of my power; and seeing my age is great, being 73 years, and my family numerous, having nothing but the stipend to support us from being miserable, (which was but 500 merks yearly). And albeit this Petition was read, yet the Council having many other affairs before them which are preferred to me, and having none that I can presume upon, or confide in, so much as your Lordship, may you be pleased to recommend my case and conditions to any of the King's Council your Lordship shall think best, that I may be restored to my church and congregation, from whom I have been so unjustly debarred and expelled, as the Petition more fully contains, and which will be an act of great charity, and oblige him (to implore the Majestie of Heaven in your behalf) who is, and ever shall be, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant.”

The result of this application to Lord Melville is unknown, but it may be suspected to have been unsatisfactory from the circumstance that Mylne in his MSS. treats Lord Melville, his son, Lord Raith, his second son, the Earl of Leven, and the third son, the Hon. James, “the peat, or pet” with little respect.

Mylne, in 1725, got involved in a lawsuit, which must have

been exceedingly annoying to him. At this period he was upwards of eighty years of age, and he was called upon by an action of count and reckoning in the court of session to account for certain claims said to be created by an assignation in trust dated as far back as the 19th December 1682.

This vexatious process originated out of the following circumstances: John Hall, an Edinburgh shopkeeper, had been prosperous in his vocation,—had got into the Town Council,—been Provost, and at last attained the honour he had long coveted, of receiving a Baronetcy from James VII. the year before his abdication. He had purchased the beautiful estate of Dunglas in the County of Berwick, which had belonged to the noble family of Home, and which had subsequently been acquired by Sir William Ruthven.

As a trader, Sir John had many doubtful debts, some of them supposed desperate, many small and some large. It was desirable that they should be realised, and he therefore wished his agent Robert Mylne to take the trouble of recovering them, giving him authority to use his discretion in obtaining payment. With this view Sir John granted an assignation\* in favour of Mylne of debts nominally amounting to 2,800 pounds Scots, receiving in return a back bond stating the nature of the transaction. Mylne was to do “diligence,” that is to say, adopt legal compulsitors against the debtors, *only* after an order under Sir John’s “hand to that effect,” and he was bound at any time to re-assign when desired, upon being paid “his necessary disbursements.”

Mylne, before the 7th day of April 1683, recovered the whole sums assigned, with the exception of an insignificant balance due by persons unable to pay. He says, he paid what he got from time to time to Sir John. During the lifetime of the father, it was never questioned that Mylne had done his duty and properly accounted to his employer.

\* 19th December 1682.

But when Sir James came to his kingdom, he endeavoured to have everything opened up, and tho' the long prescription had elapsed he insisted in making this venerable and respectable man, liable not only for bad debts, as well as interest at the rate of six per cent, but to have the accounts dealt with, as if the business had been transacted recently and not forty years before.

What the ultimate issue of the suit was, has not been ascertained, as the case is not a reported one. But it is plain that, if successful to any extent, the victory of Sir James would not be to his credit. The idea of calling an old man of eighty to an account,—as if his intromissions had been a thing of yesterday,—when the lapse of time must have made it difficult to vouch or instruct every item, does not create a favourable impression in favour of Sir James, who evidently took advantage of the death of his father, the original client,—to whose oath Mylne might have made a reference, had he been in existence, and had disputed the accounts.

Notwithstanding his professional avocations, Mylne was one of the most indefatigable collectors of books, and transcriber of ancient writings in his own hand, that Scotland ever produced. In the preface to Crawford's History of Renfrewshire, after mentioning that Mylne "was a person well known to be indefatigable in the studies of Scots antiquities," he acknowledges "the obligations he was under to him for allowing him access to his vast collection from the public records." Of his industry, his innumerable note books, written both carefully and closely, bear ample testimony.

His MSS. after his demise were, with his library, dispersed over the country, and even now books with his well-known autograph turn up in the most remote places in Great Britain. Some of the Pasquils here printed were procured from Aberdeen: a valuable MS. of satires entirely holograph

was bought in London for the Abbotsford Club, but was subsequently lost, having been imprudently lent to one of the members, upon whose death no trace of the volume could be found. His collection of fugitive pieces of the time was unrivalled. One small 4to volume containing twenty of the rarest black letter tracts was some twenty-five years ago purchased at a sale consisting chiefly of law books. One of these was an unique edition of Robin Goodfellow, different from the ones in the Bridgewater and Daniel collections. His carefully preserved collections of Broad-sides, verse, and prose, now broken up, ought to have been deposited in the Advocate's Library, where there is a manuscript copy of a catalogue of his printed books. During the early part of last century, there were sold in Edinburgh a great many valuable collections of books belonging to members of the Faculty, then highly educated gentlemen, but no Library until that of George Paton, at the commencement of this century, ever could be put in competition for rare books and manuscripts of every kind, with the one formed by "Robert Mylne, wryter in Edinburgh," and disposed of by auction after his demise.

## VI.

## VERSES IN HONOUR OF ROBERT MYLNE.\*

1. ON MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND, ROBERT MYLNE.  
ANE ACROSTICK.

Rare bird on earth, a breast from lust set free!  
O that my Muses duely could praise thee.  
BRAVE ROBERT, and most gratfull branch, whose stock  
Endurest with honour, by thy pen's sweet stroak.

\* These encomiastic productions possess no other merit than that of shewing the high opinion entertained of Mylne by those who knew him.



Rather than that thy friends should want, thou'lt shew  
 Them to releeve, thou canst thine own bestow.  
 Will then my verse prove silent of thy merit,  
 Since your favour, my brother doth inherit?  
 Much joy remains lock't up in the pole for thee,  
 In whose joy only's the poores jollitie,  
 Light while enjoyed; sight in this book shall sie  
 Ne're ending fame, thy worth ascryves to thee,  
 Who with thy tender quill, the indigent  
 Supports, for Heaven, God signe them evident.

2. OTHER VERSES ON THE INGENIOUS WRYTER, ROBERT  
 MYLNE.

On this good writer, let it written be,  
 Long last that MYLNE wher friends grind multure frie;  
 And as thy pen, my friend's just cause doth clear  
 In heaven, so let then evidence appear.

3. ON THE PIETY OF MY DEAR FRIEND, ROBERT MYLNE.

Renounce the world, and imitate his way,  
 O! let me now give him due praise, and say,  
 Beginning with the world, which he disdaines,  
 Excluding fleshly lusts, he Godlines maintains.  
 Remembring alwayes that in sin he was borne,  
 The divell and flesh to renounce he was sworn.  
 Makeing the will of God to be his law,  
 In Godly fear he much doth stand in awe,  
 Leaving no duty to his power undone,  
 Now let me end, and lest I too far run  
 Envye him not, for non he doth envy.  
 And this in short take his EPITOME:  
 He loveth God, and hath no known evill,  
 Disdains the flesh, the world, and the devill.

Composuit Ro. GORDON, son to GORDONSTON.

4. CARMEN EXTEMPORANUM COMPOSITUM PER JACOBUM  
CAMPBELL DE AUCHINCLOCH.

Immortale decus patriæ, clarissime MILLE,  
MILLONIEQUE tuæ Lausque jubarque domus,  
Suscipis impigre tu solus MILLE labores.

MILLE modis, patris, ut clarior esses honos,  
MILLE arcana situ quæ MILLE sepulta jacebant.

Seclis tu lucem cernere MILLE facis.  
MILLE tegant nigri quam tua colla capilli,  
Unde nigri MILLI nomina MILLUS habet.

MILLE tamen fulgent radiantes pectore MILLE  
Virtutes, veluti sydera MILLE pollo.

Firma fides MILLI sceptro sacreque tiare  
MILLIA cum obsequium discernere manet.

Vivas MILLE diu tua sit sine fine propago.

MILLE ÆVIS vigeat Milleniana domus.

Mr. Ja. Campbell,  
Sheriffe Deput of Argyle.

5. ON MY NEAR AND DEAR FRIEND ROBERT MYLNE, THE  
INGENIOUS SEARCHER INTO THE ANTIQUITIES  
OF HIS COUNTRY.

Industrious MILNE, forward fly,

Raise up thy nation's ancient worthy fame.  
Bear on thy wings ther glory up on high,  
And raise the reputation of the same.

Sweet soul-enriching knowledge, reason's guest,  
Which doth distinguish man from brutish beast.

R. M.

6. ACROSTIC ON ROBERT MYLNE, WRITER.  
By Mr David Simpson.

Rise up my Muse, and mount Parnasus hill,  
On labour think, and describe Master Mill.  
Born to support depressed Loyalty,  
Even when knaves acted highest villany.  
Return to duty is thy common Theme,  
Turn to your King; escape eternall shame.  
My thoughts of thee deserves a better poet,  
Your true friend then, Pitcairn,<sup>1</sup> will surely doe it.  
Let praise and palms alwayes croun your head,  
Next to thes signs you live when you are dead,  
Even take this from him in whom is no feed.

7. JAMES SPENCE HAVING PROMISED ROBERT MYLNE A  
HIGHLAND PLAID, AND HAVING ONLY SENT HIM  
A HALFE PLAID, MR ROBERT CALDER MADE  
THE FOLLOWING LYNES THERON.

Jamie Spence,<sup>2</sup> thow art not true,  
Nor did performe the halfe,  
I'll never trust the Whiggish crew;  
Jamie Spence thow art not true,  
You promis'd me a good fatt cow,  
But gave a scabbed calfe.  
Jamie Spence thow art not true,  
Nor did perform the halfe.

The Generall Assemblie knaves  
Have taught thee still to trick;

<sup>1</sup> This was the admirable Dr. Pitcairn. R. M.

<sup>2</sup> This was Mr Spence, Minister. R. M.

To Mammon all your Whigs are slaves,  
 To General Assemblie knaves ;  
 Like Mr Wyllie,<sup>3</sup> thou deceaves :  
 Then pack you to Old Nick.  
 The General Assemblie knaves  
 Have taught thee still to trick.

8. THE FOLLOWING SENT BY MR SPENCE OF ALVES, WHEN HE  
 SENT ME HALFE A HIGHLAND PLAID, HE OFFERED ME THE  
 HAILL, WHICH REFUSEING, YITT AFTER GOT IT ABOUT.  
 1711.

Master Robert Mylne,  
 I send you this plaid,  
 My word I'll fulfill,  
 Master Robert Mylne,  
 For fear of your ill,  
 Because I so said ;  
 Master Robert Myle,  
 I send you this plaid.

But he having bein check't by the lynes on the preceeding  
 syd, for sending the half plaid in place of the haille, he wrote  
 what followes :—

The offer that I franklie made,  
 As very weell you know,  
 Was for to give you all the plaid.  
 The offer that I franklie made,  
 Why should yow then me thus upbraid,  
 As if it were not so.  
 The offer that I franklie made,  
 Yow very weill do know.

<sup>3</sup> Sir James Stewart, Queen's Advocate. R. M.

But when you told you never was,  
 The same both out and in,  
 That and that only was the cause,  
 But when you told you never was,  
 That it was parted into halves,

Which other wayes had n't bein.  
 But when yow told you never was,  
 The same both out and in.

As far your poetaster, he  
 Makes it his dayly study,  
 To make both of his sydes agrie.

As for your poetaster, he  
 Is nothing else but what we sie,

A witless silly body,

As for your poetaster, he  
 Makes it his dayly study.

## VII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE REVEREND JOHN GOVEAN, MINISTER  
 OF MUCKART, FATHER-IN-LAW OF ROBERT MYLNE.\*

Mr Govean died of a fever in the month of June 1656, at Edinburgh, to which city he had been compelled to go, in order that some disputes he had with his heritors as to repayment of certain sums of money expended by him in building the manse, might be brought to an issue, and was buried "in the Henderson's alley, in the Gray Friars Church-yard of this city, having discharged the pastoral office in the said paroch of Muckart, the space of 12 years and a month, most faithfully, with good success and approbation, the integrity and probity of his life being unsullied."

"He was (continues his grandson) a man of sharp witt and candid mind, upright life, prudent councill, and sweet behaviour. He had an excellent command of the pen, and

\* From the MS. of Robert Mylne, Junior.

could have wrote most of the approven hands in Europe admirably fine; as likewayes he was exquisite in dashing and flourishing of letters, his fancie being extremely quick and ready, in short there was non in Britain at that time would have gone beyond him in the art, and being of a gentle and pleasant conversation, was courted and rewarded by the best quality and gentrie in the nation, to write their borebreifes, which he did on parchement or vellum, mostly performed with shell gold, which made a glorious appearance. He also wrote several coppies of the Covenant very fine. He could have wrote also in a print character the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and heads of the Commands, within the circumference of a Turner. Many rare pieces of his handy-work are extant. In short, he was endowed with all the gifts of nature and grace; and being (as God would have it) called out of this world when but a young man, this loss was regreated by all good and ingenious men."

Mr Govean took to wife, anno 1646, Helen, (who survived him) daughter to Mr Andrew Rind, minister at Tullicultrie, by Anna Geddie his spouse, and by this marriage had two sons, John and Patrick, and two daughters, Anne and Barbara. His widow married her own cousin-german, Mr Patrick Geddie.

The following "Memorable" Lines to the memory of Mr John Govean, are the composition of his grandchild, Robert Mylne, junior.

He was a man that always us'd to fly  
 Upon the wings of true solidity;  
 Was always active, for he still inclined  
 His thoughts to goodness, holy was his mind;  
 He was compleat and rich in every part;  
 His tongue was never traytour to his heart;  
 But now, ah now! (I shall make death too proud  
 To speak it) he hath left the folly and the croud  
 Of this vain world, and hath gone to inherit  
 Those joys which wait upon a noble spirit.

## VIII.

LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN EDINBURGH TO  
A RELATIVE IN THE COUNTRY, GIVING AN  
ACCOUNT OF SOME PROCEEDINGS OF THE  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

EDIN. *Oct. the 30th 1690.*

All the news I can write to you is about the General Assembly which are pleasant and diverting enough. On Tuesday, by a vote of the House, they gave a call to Mr Campbell, but gave him time to consider until Lambas next. Rule is to teach the corrupt youth in the meantime in the wayes of godliness. On Wednesday there was a great deal of business done, for the Assembly sat both afternoon and forenoon. In the forenoon Mr Gabriel Semple was, by a vote, made minister at Jedburgh. Mr Gabriel Cunninghame said, that before the vote past, it was fit to pray that they might drown the noise, since there was a great gabble amongst the brethren. The motion was obeyed, and a prayer bended up, which they use to do when there's a great dinn in the House. Kirkton\* was angry at the motion, and said, what needed all that fool praying, for it was never before the custom. Then six overtures were read. The first was that the Confession of Faith should be subscribed (thats taught and believed) by all ministers. 2. That they should take Papist bairns from them, and breed them Presbyterians; some would likewise have added Quakers and Prelatical Atheist's sons. 3. That the Communion and Baptisme should not be administered in private, according to an Act of the General Assemblies, which Act being read it was against all the 5 Articles of Perth. Rule said these

\* The Reverend James Kirkton, author of the History of the Church of Scotland, a valuable and interesting work. Edin. 1817. 4to. Edited by the late C. K. Sharpe, Esq.

things were very reasonable, and that private Communion was charming, and sorcery was against Scripture and Antiquity. Kirkton said that was very disputable and he could heckle them on that head. He said that publick baptism had made 6 of his parishioners of considerable note leave him; and he added that although they should make many Acts about publick baptism, yet he would baptise privately before the curates got the children to baptise. 4. That none should be married but after three Sabbath-day's proclamation. 5. That schoolmasters, chaplains, and pedagogues should be men approved by the Presbytery. 6. That none should travell or sail on the Sabbath day. These articles were referred to the Committee to make acts on them, and then to pass in full Assembly. Afternoon they read two canting letters, the one to their old brethren abroad, the other to their young brethren. Some of those brethren whom they named were dead, and others in the King of France's prison. After this, they deposed Mr M'Kenzie of Kirkliston, with a great pomp in a manner against the Commissioner's mind. This day they have ordained 4 old men and 12 expectants to goe to offer the Gospel to Angus, (as their own words are) and also 3 old men and 11 young men are to goe to Orknay and to the Isles to convert these men. There are a great many other little debates which I cannot now write; but I shall keep them on record. Grame is also superseded or deprived for giving a pass to a Calso man, which Mess Jo. Bannatyne had. I am yours, &c.

## IX.

## PROSPECTS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN 1712.

The following letter is said to have been addressed to his Holiness Pope Clement XI., by Cardinal Guateri, who, under the appointment of the Old Pretender, called by the



Jacobites, James the VIII., was "Guardian and Protector of the British Nation," of the hopes he conceived of its return to the Popery. If genuine, it is a remarkable document. If it is not, it is worthy of preservation as a clever Pasquil.

"May it please your Holiness. The English are extremely divided in their affections and interests, and give way to the Church of Rome, not out of any zeal which they have for her, but the intestine jars and dissensions under which they labour, divert their minds from their danger in general, and allow them to fear nothing but from each other. I take upon me to say, that though I cannot affirm I have introduced the Roman Catholic truth, I have gone some length in working up an implicit regard to the word Church, without affixing any certain idea to it, and pursuing it with the utmost heat and rage, without examining into the truth or merit of the cause before them.

"The injured Prince, my master, who has your Holiness's permission to recover the possession of his dominions by the extirpation of heretics, who expelled him when an infant, has ordered me to omit no occasion of representing the state of those his apostate territories to your Holiness; and that the nation is reduced and perplexed into the mistake of words for things, and persons for opinions. There remains no more but to keep up this mistake, for which there is abundant occasion from their own hatred and animosity to each other. My master, Sir, though he may be driven out of the territories of France, may have the formidable Duke of Lorraine for his friend and patron, and favourable conjunctures may arise, whereby all the heretical interests in Great Britain may be impaired and brought low. There is a growing party called the New Converts, from whom everything is to be expected. They pretend not to new light, miracles, or sanctity, but elude the force of all principles, by having no principles at all.

“ If such kind of men should ever get into any credit, they who are addicted to no persons or principles may take out of the abandoned of all professions, proper accomplices to carry on any design they shall undertake; and wiser heads in other nations may profit by their absurdities. The new converts are entirely neither fools nor knaves, but capable of perplexing the wisest councils, and not able to conduct the ordinary affairs with decency and credit. When such abandoned wretches (I call them so amongst ourselves) who can err and go on without being dismayed, have sense enough to fall in with the ambitious of our order, they will be more wicked from that instigation and assistance. When men who should be more particularly pure of life, break through bounds of virtue, like fearful women in burglaries, they generally add bloodshed to theft.”

## X.

## PAPIST AND PRESBYTERIAN.

ANNO 1730.

In a New Miscellany, London 1730, the “ difference between the Papists and Presbyterians ” is thus determined.

They in an unknown Tongue are said to pray,  
Ye in an unknown Sense your prayers do say,  
Between ye both this difference docs ensue,  
Fools understand not *them*, nor wise men *You*.







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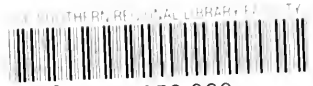
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